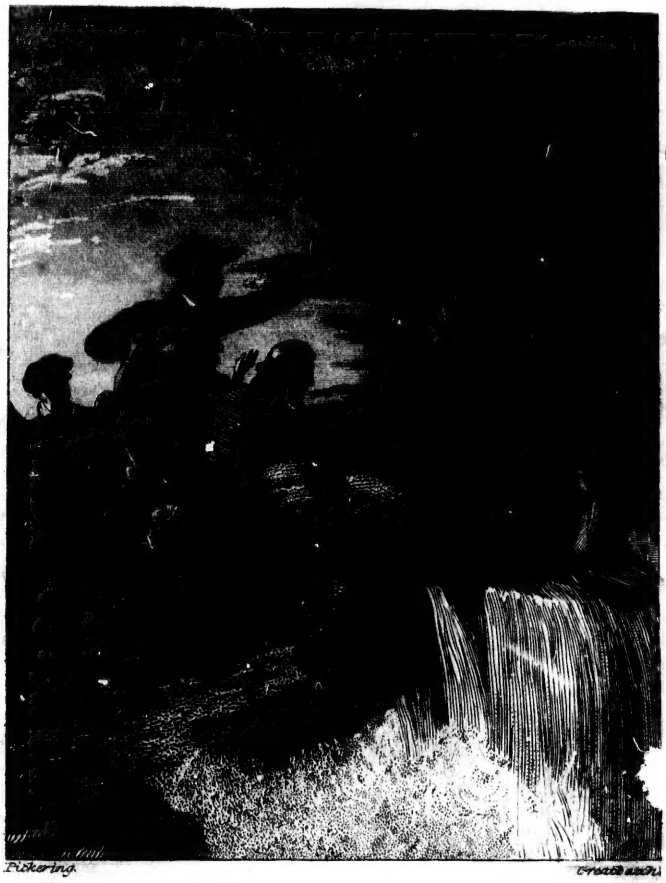


Pickering. Crowquill.

LAWRIE TODD.

Mr. Bell grasped my arm—and in an instant she was launched into the cloud of spray, and disappeared for ever

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1832.

LAWRIE TODD;

OR THE

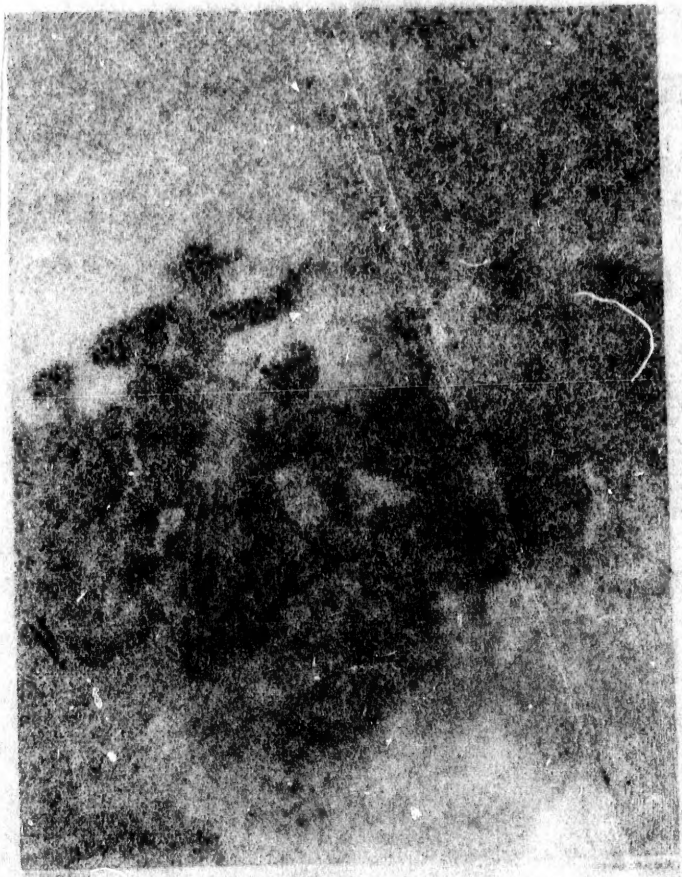
SETTLERS IN THE WOODS.

BY

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH" &c

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
(LATE COLBURN & BENTLEY.)
CUMMING, DUBLIN.– BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH.
GALIGNANI, PARIS.
1832.



an
cloud of spray, and amongst

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1832.

LAWRIE TODD;

OR THE

SETTLERS IN THE WOODS,

BY

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH." &c.

She stazied sewing or knitting till midnight—Twarkins and courting—killing two birds with one stone.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
(LATE COLBURN & BENTLEY)
CUMMING, DUBLIN.—BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH.
GALIGNANI, PARIS.
1832.

LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

LAWRIE TODD;

OR,

THE SETTLERS IN THE WOODS.

BY JOHN GALT, Esq.

F.A.S. HON. L.S. P. HON. N.H.S. M. ETC.

" I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
And with it all my travel's history."

REVISED, CORRECTED,
AND ILLUSTRATED WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION, NOTES, ETC.
BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
(LATE COLBURN AND BENTLEY):
BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH;
CUMMING, DUBLIN; AND
GALIGNANI, PARIS.

67-24859

1832.

Tho
to th
have
been
the r
of th
the o
if co
doubt
do no
there
altoge
not h
reade
been
"I
of a
I do
progr
from
settle
Euro
genui
of ch
progr

INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who have judged my works of fiction, relative to the Scotch and Scottish history, as mere novels, have not done me quite justice. My endeavour has been to make such as are historical illustrative of the manners, the circumstances, and the characters of the ages to which the transactions belong; but if the object has not been so obvious as anticipated, still, if correct, it may be at last acknowledged. I have, doubtlessly, wasted my time in writing other books that do not deserve much approbation; but in all my works there has been a constant drawing from nature not altogether unsuccessful. The selection of models may not have been always judicious, in the opinion of my readers, but the truth and the resemblance have never been equivocal to myself.

"Lawrie Todd" is an attempt to describe the career of a Scotchman in the United States of America; but I do not think there is much difference in the rise and progress of a commercial adventurer in the New World from that of a similar character in the Old. As a settler in the woods, however, he is more remarkable: Europe affords no such situation, no such trial of ingenuity, no such test of the energy and the resources of character. I have, therefore, dwelt longer on the progress of settlement than was consistent with the

narrative to which I have been much indebted; and have turned to account the result of enquiries and observations made for another purpose. The story is a fiction, but the incidents may be true; they are the result of hearsay and investigation.

I should ill discharge my duty to those who have favoured me with their attention, by omitting to relate the incident upon which the autobiography of Lawrie Todd has been constructed. I was sitting in the American Hotel, with my friend Captain Douglas, of the R. N., one Sunday evening, just before candles were brought into the room, when my servant announced a stranger in the gloom of the twilight. I looked up, expecting a man of the ordinary height to address me; but was startled by a cheerful voice under my elbow; and, on looking round, saw with surprise that it was an individual of lower stature, to whom I had been introduced a few days before. Something in the manner of this person had smitten me with extreme curiosity about him when first introduced; it seems the effect was reciprocal, and he had come to make more of my acquaintance. During the time he was with me, Captain Douglas remained, and he did not choose in his presence to affect to be more than a mere visiter who had come from the same part of the country. Afterwards, however, we became more intimate, and the result was a communication containing the adventures of his life. These led me, at a subsequent time, in the solitude of the forest, to construct the narrative which I have presented to the public as the memoirs of Lawrie Todd. The original recital did not contain all that is in the First Part; and from that the subsequent story is chiefly a compilation.

The merits of the character, however, belong to Mr. Thornton, of New York; and I have but imagined how such a man would act in the situations of my hero, and have added the best advice for settlers in the back woods of the United States which it was in my power to collect. In this, as in all my works, I have ever had in view something more and better than mere amusement; and if it has happened that the book is not interesting, a good-natured critic would say that it is in those passages where the author has been too didactic.

London, October, 1832.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Public have been pleased to regard the Author's endeavours to endow his imaginary autobiographies with a language characteristic of the supposed narrators, as among the qualities by which he has best merited their favour. In this instance, he has attempted to write as a humbly educated Scotchman, of a particular temperament, who has been some time in the United States, would probably have done — a Glossary is subjoined.

The principal portion of the First Part is made up from a personal narrative, and the peculiarities of the narrator resemble those of a singular, but worthy man.

Travellers who have visited the Genesee country will probably recognise in Judiville a shadowy and subdued outline of the history and localities of Rochester.

The Author having recently organised and superintended a Colonial experiment of great magnitude, it may be imagined that in Judiville he has described his own undertaking. But it is not so; the narrative, however, embraces the substance of his knowledge, whether obtained by enquiry, observation, or experience. The subject is more important than novels commonly treat of. — A description, which may be considered authentic, of the rise and progress of a successful American settlement, cannot but be useful to the emigrant who is driven to seek a home in the unknown wilderness of the woods. The privations are not exaggerated, nor is the rapidity with which they may be overcome. The book, therefore, though written to amuse, was not altogether undertaken without a higher object.

LAWRIE TODD;

OR,

THE SETTLERS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

" Oh, say not that the mother's breast
Is to her ailing child a nest.—
When she is laid the turf below,
Who then shall soothe the orphan's woe?"

I WAS born in the little village of Bonnytown, so cosily situated in one of the pleasantest holms of the sylvan Esk. Many a day, both of cloud and sunshine, has passed over me since I bade it farewell; but the trees and hedges are still evergreens in my remembrance; and I never look at "the pictures in the big Ha' Bible," where the saints are seen crowned with glory, but I think of the sanctified old church, surrounded, in the solemnity of the churchyard, with its halo of tomb-stones.

My father was a poor man, but honest and industrious. With hard labour, constancy, and the fear of God, he followed the trade of a nail-maker. In his religious principles, he was a Presbyterian of the old leaven; and, since I have had an opportunity of seeing men, and of observing their walk and conversations in the world, I have not met with a more conscientious Christian. He was lowly and meek in his dispositions, and regarded with a sorrowful gentleness the frailties of human nature.

His constitutional piety made him see all things with the eyes of benevolence, and he cherished a sedate persuasion, that whatsoever came to pass, though at the time it might be an affliction, was yet the forerunner of good. Supported by this comforting opinion, he endured misfortunes with singular patience, even whilst it was evident, that to him evils were no lighter than to those who were more audible in their sufferings. He enjoyed, likewise, a large gift of common sense, which enabled him to discern the latent folly of many a plausible speculation; and by this sober mother wit, he obtained greater reverence amongst his neighbours than belonged to his humble station, or even to the sanctity of his office, as an elder of the parish.

The earliest event whereof I retain any distinct imagery, was the death of my mother. I was then in my third year; of herself I bear no recollection, but the death-bed spectacle is still vivid. I yet see the family weeping around her, and I hear a fearful sound: — my father gives her drink from a small white porringer, which, long afterwards, as it stood untouched in the cupboard, I regarded with awe and sorrow, I knew not wherefore, — he softly withdraws his arm from behind her — he rises from the bed-side, — the sound is gone, and she moves no more.

My father, as I have said, was poor, but he was very kind, and his straitened means gave him only a small command over the serviceable. The woman whom he hired to keep his house was negligent, and had but little sympathy for her helpless trust. By her carelessness, I — being weakly and needful of cherishing — lost the use of my limbs, and fell into a dwindling condition, insomuch, that when I was upwards of ten years old, a five-year bairn was in comparison a Samson.

During this period I learned something of the mysteries of human nature, as I lay playing like an ashy-pet on the hearth. Those around, regarding me as a heedless, harmless baby, said and did many things in my presence, presuming I knew not their meaning or intent: many a droll scene, and favours, secret, sweet, and precious, have I witnessed among the lads and lasses who used of a night to assemble at our house, in the winter even-

ings, when my father, he b[illegible]g an elder, was at the session, anent the crying conse[illegible]ences of siclike kittling in corners.

But even in that state of neglect, by which I was marred in my growth and made a lamiter for life, as it was then thought, I can yet see, as in all my other troubles, that the present evil is the husk in which Providence has enclosed the germ of prosperity. If my decrepit limbs would not let me be a partaker in the bounding blessedness of the Saturday afternoon, they caused me to sit on the stool of observation, and to read with thoughtfulness the daily page of passing time. It is true, that the treatise of our homestead was of small matters; but in riper years, when far abroad in the world, I often wondered that the wise and the learned, and the business of great cities, were so little different from the carls and the cares of our own lown and lowly village.

Thus it came to pass, that the neighbours thought me, while I was yet but a perfect laddie, something by ordinar; and the minister once said to my father before me, who was lamenting my weakly condition, that if I was a dwarf in body I had surely a giant's head.

"I hope no', reverend sir," said I, "for I never heard that giants were remarkable for sagacity; but the wee fairies, ye ken, are masters of men in understanding."

It was not only in that way that my infirmity proved profitable: it became, when I had recovered my health, a spur in the side of my ambition, and led me to ettle at butts far beyond the scope of the spring that was thought to be in my bow, or in the strength of my arm.

Though less than the commonalty of mankind, (my stature, at this day, scarcely exceeds four feet and a half, and at no period have I weighed more than ninety-eight pounds three ounces and a half,) Providence yet so turned my consciousness of inferiority, that instead of repining at being abridged in my natural rights, I, when sent to school, burned with emulation to surpass my schoolfellows, and to show the bigger boys that the sleights of skill are more powerful than the strokes of vigour. This feeling has lived with me through life, causing my heart to over-

flow with thankfulness, that Heaven has been pleased to work out of the defects with which, in its mysteries, I may say, it gifted me, an indemnification, in the enjoyment of earnest endeavour, far more satisfactory than the flatteries which fawn on the skirts of bodily beauty. But the courteous reader and I are as yet too slightly acquainted for him to enter with a right sympathy into the sentiments with which, in my nightly thanksgivings, I bow the head of gratitude, because I am what I am. The recovery of my health is, however, a passage in my history that should not be a passover. It was accounted an almost miraculous dispensation, and was in effect as wonderful on the mind itself as on its rickety tabernacle.

CHAPTER II.

"She knew the herb,
Where it grew best, and when it should be gather'd."

It would be wearisome to descant at any greater length on my weakliness, or of how the neighbours lamented that such a spunk o' geni, as they spoke of me in their cracks, should remain an object for life. Some proposed one kind of infallible, and some another; and the minister's wife was every summer vehement in her prescriptions of the salt water at Fisherraw. But season after season came and passed; — the bud biggent and the blossom bloomed; the summer-nymph, with her growan een, walked away in the sunshine of the mountains; blithesome harvest laid down her aprontful of sheaves at the barn-door; and the gaberloony winter arose from the chumly-lug, and hirpled o'er the hill; — but still no change came to me.

At last, one morning, a gang of tinklers, with smiddy bellows, and other implements for making horn-spoons, came to town; and there was among them a decent, gausy, conversible carlin, that could turn coats and shape gumashins, for which faculty she was feed to do a day's darg in my father's house. In this, which came out of a necessity on his part, there was a visible manifestation of Providence towards

me. For Lucky A'things, as she was called, happened to cast a pitiful eye on me, as I was sitting by the fire-side, making a whistle of a willow-wand, and she began to discourse with my father concerning my complaints.

Well may I remember what she said, for she spoke with great rationality, and in a manner that was more like a graduate than a granny. I had not, indeed, until that time, heard or seen any sort of womankind possessed of such insight. Among the old women of the clachen, there were not wanting two or three who had gleaned in their time a few ears of experience.

Mrs. Musket, the widow of a serjeant who was slain at her side in the battle of Minden, was one of those, and it was allowed that her skill in bruises, visible hurts, and the cutted fingers of the shearers, would have made the fortune of an Edinbro' doctor. But she could not discern the sources of natural disease, and I had no benefit at her hands; moreover, my father, who was a sincere man, did not like to see her about the house and among his young family, for she cursed like a drum-major, and when in her cups, which was too often, her nieve was said to be worse than a battering-ram.

This Mrs. Musket was of the West country, and her maiden name had been Barbara Buchanan. Some time, shortly after my recovery, she began now and then, when her means were low, to hint to the lasses that she had a gift, and could read teacups and cut the matrimonial cards, whereby she wiled from the simpletons many a siller penny and black bawbee. But notwithstanding her necromancy, old age and its decrepitude came upon her, and by the rheumatics in her feet she was rendered incapable of spinning; indeed, to say the truth, it was reported to her disparagement that she never was good at the trade, and that if another turn could be got, her wheel might stand still. This, poor creature! led on in time to beggary; being, however, a Buchanan, as there is a society for folk of that name in Glasgow, it came to pass that she applied in her auld days for a recommendation to get her put upon the box; and our minister, being a conscientious man with a feeling heart, wrote in her behalf, but he could not commend her

just so strongly as he could have wished, nor could he conceal her fault, so that in his letter to the managers he was obligated to say, that for her moral character he had but little to advocate, farther than she was a soldier's widow, and a professor of judicial astrology, or, what was vulgarly called, a spaewife. However, it got her put upon the list, and sometime after, when she quitted this world, her departal was more lamented among us than would been that of many another of more worth. She was really, though at times a camp randy, a pawkie and droll carlin.

Widow Forceps, the midwife, was another of our college of physicians; but although Mrs. Musket, who could speak French, acknowledged she was "a bungesage fum," it was generally thought that, excepting in teethings and kinkhost, her discernment in the bodily afflictions was but moderate: she likewise could do nothing with mine.

And Mrs. Hyssop, the minister's wife, as I have already hinted, had also taken out a diploma, and was great, in weakly cases, on sea-bathing. For what she called an obstacle in the stomach she had castor oil; and for sore eyes, a salve made of bread and water boiled with a drug in a skillet that had been scoured with smiddy auze; yet for all that her faculty was not overly reverenced, and my father could not abide her coming to the house, for she would ask questions, and examine about every thing that was in chest or drawer, and sometimes alleged that in our meal of potatoes and salt there was an evidence of wastry; but notwithstanding this meddling turn, which, poor Leddy, she could not help, for in her it was nature and instinct, whenever she did look in upon me, my father always treated her with the greatest respect, on account of his veneration for her husband the minister.

But to return to Lucky A'things, the gipsy-wife; no sooner did she begin to speak anent my ailments, than it was manifest to my hearing that she knew wherein lay the cause. For she remarked to my father, that instead of letting me sit all day, croining and dwining, peaking and pining, at the fire-side, I should be taken to the hill-top to breathe the good-will of the westlin winds. This was surely sensible; for sometimes, when sitting in my chair

at the door-cheek, on the shady side of the house, in a summer-day, I have had a pleasant experience of a freshness in my blood, that gave me an inkling of what health might be.

Lucky A'things then told him of a cure she had heard of in a case like mine, and advised him to try it. This remedy was to take the patient for the summer to the south-side of some high hill, where certain little, striped, and painted shell-snails, which she described, are found. Of these, the patient, with his own hands, was to collect every afternoon about half a mutchkin, which, in the morning, after they have been seethed in new milk, he was to eat when nearly cold, with oatmeal, for his breakfast. And she gave reasons why it was a course of medicine that could not but do good; inasmuch as fresh air, and very moderate exercise, were indispensable to the regimen. My father was persuaded to follow her counsels; and accordingly I was sent to board in a farm-house on the hill, where the Romans, in ancient times, had an encampment. That hill abounded in the snails; and in collecting them, I was delighted with the beauty of their shells, and hunted for them amidst the thymy pasturage with an avidity that forced me to exercise my limbs. At first, indeed, I could only crawl; but as the summer warmed, I gradually grew stronger and stronger, insomuch that one Sabbath-afternoon, when my father came to see me, I was able to run to meet him, which so filled him with thankfulness, that he offered the incense of gratitude on the spot, extolling the goodness which had given such a signal of deliverance.

Never can I forget that hour and incident: we were alone, like Abraham and Isaac, in the solitude of the mountain-top together. Far into the west (the setting sun being then enthroned in the midst of his evening glory), beyond the Pentlands, lay a goodly prospect of the riches of the earth; the south, also, spread at our feet the green fields and prosperous granges of East Lothian; on the left lay the ocean, in holy tranquillity, as if it was conscious of the sanctity of the Sabbath; and behind, the everlasting hills of the north lifted up their foreheads in brightness. I sat down on the grass as my father was kneeling, and I felt, as

his solemn voice sounded in the still air, the spirit of divine grace enter my young heart, as if it had there found a nest.

From that epoch, I began to think of the nature of this life, as well as of the mystery which hath clothed the spirit as with a vestment of dreams; and I had often after, in the course of the remainder of the season, stripling as I then was, a wonderful experience, that the scope of our discernments is not confined to present things; nor is this notion fantastical, for future events have clearly proved to me, that the fancies of the boy are many times the foretastes of the man's fortunes.

Sometimes, as I lay with my hands beneath my head on the gowany quilt of the sunny hill-side, I have had marvellous communications with futurity, and I have seen such similitudes of unborn events, that when the issues of Providence brought on the realities, the acquest had none of its natural influence, neither moving the joy nor the sorrow which it ought to have wrought. I have met with unbelieving men, who regarded these intimations of what shall be, as mirages of enthusiasm; but the traditions of all ages have hallowed them to faith, and bound them up with the apocalypses of religion.

CHAPTER III.

"Go on, fear not,
But taking brave assurance from the past,
Meet calmly what shall be. 'Tis what hath been."

Though small of body, and, even after the recovery of my health and the use of my limbs, a dwarf in strength as well as in stature, I yet grew into the possession of a brisk and courageous spirit: no one could disparage my capacity either in school-learning or the craft of our business. My father being a nailer, I was brought up to his trade, and in it equalled all, and surpassed many of my work-fellows, being so stirred with a lively desire to excel.

This zeal of emulation animated me in every undertaking.

I remember an occurrence which took place in my fourteenth year, and which, though in itself a boyish adventure, I have often since thought was an epitome of my whole conduct in life.

The eldest son of the Duke of Buccleugh had come of age, and among other gratulations, fire-works were to be displayed in the evening in front of the palace; and, that the people in our village might join in the festivity, the drummer was sent round to give notice, that the gates of the park would be set open for half an hour, and that all those who came in time would be admitted. Something, which I have forgotten, detained me too long, for just as I reached the gates, the time had expired, and they were shut.

I was both mortified and disappointed to be so excluded, and proposed to some other lads, who were in the same situation, that we should scale the park wall, which was ten feet high, built of stone and smoothly harled; but none would agree to this, prudently remarking, that should they be able to attain the top, we knew not the danger of getting down, nor the perils which might lie in ambush on the other side, especially as it was known that a deep ditch was to be leapt over, and that man-traps and spring guns were set in different parts of the policy. Spring guns I may here describe, for the edification of those who have never seen such engines. They are fixed with wires, running in such a manner, that when the wire is trod upon, the gun wheels round, and shoots or wounds the intruder.

However, I was not to be daunted from my purpose by the fears of my companions: I was only anxious to mount upon the top of the wall, regardless of all consequences. By getting on the shoulders of the tallest of the party I reached the height, when I began to think of the dangers within; but reflection was only adding to my apprehensions; I had, like Julius Cæsar, passed the Rubicon — I dropped at once on the other side, and as Providence ordered it, I fell on a soft bed of leaves which the winds had collected in the ditch. Nothing hurt, I ran through the woods towards the palace, guided by the lights there, and arrived safe and in time to see the show, notwithstanding all the traps and spring guns which lay, like snakes, in the grass.

When the fire-works were over, the multitude dispersed; but I happened to tarry, with other idle boys, collecting the burnt-out rockets and such like trophies of the entertainment; by which negligence, on reaching the gate, I found the porter rampaging with a horsewhip, roundly chastising the boys as they passed out, for keeping him so long waiting.

This was a dreadful sight; but I was helped in my need with that mother wit which had been vouchsafed to me, as consolation for the solitary sufferings of my childhood.

I stepped back a few yards to consider by what means I might escape the dragon, and stepping back I observed a gentleman's servant with two of his master's sons, one in each hand; thereupon I attached myself to one of the boys, and began to converse with him concerning the splendour we had been witnessing. As we approached towards the rampant horse-magog, I took the boy's hand as if he had been my equal, and so slipped through the gate unmolested.

Many a time have I since meditated on this device, and on the providence of that night, when, reckless of consequences, I have mounted the wall-top of some difficult enterprise, and it was then comforting to reflect how I had been guided through the snares of the Duke's park; and instructed to escape from the lash of yon hurricane in livery.

CHAPTER IV.

"O'er the vine-cover'd hills and gay valleys of France,
See the day-star of liberty rise."

In the year ninety-two, when the French Revolution was lowing to the lumhead, and the pulpit and the press were beating the drum and sounding the trumpet to rally the champions and the adversaries of Reform, I, with that brave confidence in myself which has been so often a staff in my hand in the perils of tribulation, could do no less than become one of the friends of the people.

Though time and riper knowledge have abated my veneration for the undertakings of our society, I yet must

confess, even while I look back on some of them with a risible eye, that there was a pleasure in the phantasies of our sederunts which I doubt if wiser parliamenting often furnishes. For my own part, though I never either seconded the project for the partition of the Duke's property, or advocated the right to overthrow Kings, I cannot deny that I had queer thoughts as to how my small stature would look in senatorial garments, especially when at every new meeting of the society I spoke better and better, and was thought by many to be in a fair way of becoming a finished orator.—But the hopes of man are perishable!

We had opened a connection with the Corresponding Society of London, and a bright vista shone before us. The day, in the opinion of all, was at hand, when our heretofore obscure names would be emblazoned on the monuments of renown, with those of the ancient worthies and Solons of old. But as the fulness of time drew near, when, as we deemed, the millennium was, by our own achievement, to come to pass, I was seized with occasional misgivings, and could not believe it had ever been ordained that a wee coomy thing of a nailer like me was to shine amidst the stars of the nations.

One morning, as I was under this dismay and shadow of a cloud, I was roused by a clap of thunder. Out came a warrant from Edinburgh, whereby seventeen of us were marched, in two and two, and an odd one, as prisoners, to answer for high treason before the Lords. The consternation among us was, however, but for a short season, for when we saw the dragoons around us flashing their flaming swords, our hearts swelled with pride. God forgive our vanity! we thought ourselves martyrs, and marched away singing *ça iras* of patriotism, confident that the fraternal citizens of Edinburgh would, when they saw us, rise in a mass, make our cause their own, and install us in the Parliament House to work wonders.

But the vapour was soon let out of our balloon hearts: as we entered the town a crowd was collected to see us, in which a loquacious old Highland randy, with a tartan gown and a big key in her hand, was loud in her loquacious contempt at our appearance. When she beheld me, hirpling

among the hindmost, she gave a loud shout, clapping her hands in a fool-like manner, and crying, "Losh preserve 's! but the King maun be a coward if he's frightened for sic a modiwart;" and the crowd joining in her obscene rhapsodies, we were humbled to the dust. I wished myself a mousie and could see a hole into which I might creep. I need not therefore say, that when we came before the Sheriff, I was incapable of uttering a single word of the speech I had meditated as we came along for the occasion.

But by that contempt the favour of Providence was manifested. Our proud hearts became as flattened as unblown bag-pipes, and our countenances saddened with humiliation;—we were objects of pity more than of scorn by the time we reached the council chamber, where the Lord Advocate, with the Sheriff and the Bailies, were awaiting our arrival. There was, in consequence, when we were accused of high-treason, a raising of eyes and a lifting of hands, as if it was impossible we could be traitors; indeed, we certainly had not much in our appearance to bring to mind the rampageous barons and iron Johnny Armstrongs of auld Langsyne, being all young lads of mechanical vocations; only myself of the whole tot was accustomed to the handling of iron, and that was in the way of my trade; it is true that two of us were tailors, and a needle may be reckoned a sharp weapon.

One of the Bailies, a small red-faced man, with a rotund belly, when he heard us charged with imagining and compassing the death of the King, could sit still no longer.

"My Lord Advocate," said he, "it's no possible; it's no in the power of nature, my Lord, that such poor waifes could be guilty of any thing like that. That they might ha'e dreamt of reforming the Government, I'll no' contest—for that's an itch and malady common among the lower orders, and especially among those of the sederunt crafts. Are not thir misguided lads, for the most part, weavers? and are not weavers well known to be subject to philosophy, which mounts from the empty stomach to the brain, and infects it as with a vapour? Oh, my Lord! look at that Duddy Bogle (that was me), can ye for a possibility think that he's an orator of the human race, though

in a certain sense, meaning his dress, he may be like Anacharsis' Clouts."

The humbling pathos of this address had, with the illustration of our downcast countenances, a great effect on all present, insomuch that the Lord Advocate and the Sheriff, after consulting, agreed to take a small bail for our appearance to stand trial when called; and the bail being given by some of our friends who had followed us, we were dismissed with a contemptuous exhortation, which, after what we had undergone, might well have been spared.

CHAPTER V.

"The booming wind, the roaring sea,
The tolling of the untouch'd bell,
The fearful lurches to the lea,
And worse than all, the lubber's yell."

The tribulation into which I had thus brought myself gave my father a sore heart; and a ship, the Providence of New York,—happy name!—being then lying at Leith, taking passengers, he, to get me and my brother out of harm's way, paid for our passage by her, and after arranging with our bailsmen, sent us off to espouse our fortunes in America.

She was a very small vessel, and having on board above a hundred persons, crew and passengers, to describe all that befell us during the voyage, would, without other matter, fill a big book.

Before this time I had never been twenty miles from the house in which I was born, and save the summer I spent on the hills recovering my health, I had not been three nights from home. Here, in my twentieth year, was I, without having experienced or seen aught that could be said to be of the world, set as it were on my feet, close jammed in a crowd, from whom there was no retreating, whose ends, motives, and dispositions were as various as their faces. But even in this discomfort there was matter for thankfulness; our situation was such, that we could

not indulge in reflection; our attention was distracted by the bustle around us; and I saw the hills of my home passing away without having time to breathe a sigh towards them.

It was a maxim and a saying of my worthy father, that young people ought to earn money before they begin to spend; and accordingly the outfit of my brother and myself, though we were well provided with necessaries, was yet, in the way of money, both of us thought, rather stinted.

After laying in for us a large chest (which had been an heir-loom for near a century) well filled with clothing, and a reasonable stock of such provisions as the ship did not furnish to steerage passengers, the old man with his parting benediction gave us twenty shillings for contingent expenses, after we might land in New York, and to support us until we should get into employment.

The ship, as I have already mentioned, was extremely crowded. Betwixt decks she was only four feet and a half in height, with two tier of sleeping berths on each side of the steerage, and three persons slept in every berth.

With my brother and myself slept a large Benlomond of a Highland porter, and with the wonted selfishness of his countrymen, he would always lie in the front of the berth without regard to the tack the ship was on, so that I, being stowed between him and my brother, was often in danger of being smothered by his bulk and enormous weight. Moreover, he was subject to the nightmare and to talking in his sleep. One stormy night he dreamt the ship was sinking, and roared with all the might of his tremendous voice — "Lord God Almighty! help, help!" — A large Newfoundland dog on deck took the alarm, and began to bark and bay with all his might and main; I too awoke with the cry, and catching the alarm roared "Murder, murder!"

When a light was procured, what a vision was revealed! men and women rolling out of their berths, some with petticoats, some with drawers, and some in a state of nature — children screaming — women wringing their hands — and commodities and utensils that are best out of sight,

capering and triumphing, as if they had the instincts of life, like termagants in a passion.

After we had been two or three days at sea, and the passengers had got somewhat over the customary sickness, the captain called the roll of us all, and appointed every seventh man the head of a mess.

The duty of the mess-man was to receive from the mate provisions for a week for himself and six comrades. It fell to my lot to be a mess-man, being one of the seventh numbers, and in addition to receiving and serving the rations, it was my duty to keep our pots and pans clean.

Among other articles we were allowed a pint of molasses per day; and it happened, after some days, that the mate neglected to serve out the molasses, by which much grumbling arose among the passengers. A meeting was held between decks, and I—[observe how things are brought to servitude and use]—having acquired some skill in the method of managing assemblies in the Society of the Friends of the People, was on this occasion chosen moderator, and appointed to represent the grievance to the captain, which I did in a creditable manner next day on the quarter-deck. The mate was called on for an explanation, and gave as a reason the want of time; whereupon I said to the captain, if he would allow the mate to give me the quantity every morning, I would serve it out to the different messes. This suggestion was adopted, and executed by me to the end of our voyage. But this was not the only mutiny that disturbed the orderliness of the ship.

Every person on board was allowed two porter-bottles of water every morning. One bottle was to go into the ship's boiler to make our porridge; and from this, as we got into the warm latitudes, sprang the second mutiny. Many of the passengers, instead of depositing their allowance of water in the breakfast-kettle, reserved it for drinking, but when the porridge was dealing out, they also came in for their share: thus it came to pass, that for several mornings there was not enough made to supply the several messes. I soon found out the cause, and stated the difficulty to the captain, who authorised me to stand by the kettle to see that none received any of the porridge, but only those who

had put in their bottles of water. This order I faithfully executed during the remainder of our passage, and finally my firmness and equity in the trust gained me the good-will of all on board.

Among the passengers, were, of course, both odd and curious characters; and as the revolutionary fever was then raging on sea and land, our ship was a type of the world;—we had heads so hot, that all the waters of the Atlantic could not have cooled them; we had also men of diverse religions, and of no religion; and it was not uncommon, when the wind was fair, and the weather fine, to see an antiburgher minister, one of whom was on board, holding forth on the quarter-deck, and singing the old version of the psalms of David, and at the same time a batch of eight or ten universalists, chanting the Winchester hymns on the forecastle. At last their controversies grew to such a pitch, that the captain was obliged to put a stop to their strivings, by declaring the Presbyterian religion to be the established religion of his ship.

The courteous reader will see, by what has been related, that what with the business I had in hand by day, and what with the oppression of the dreadful Celt by night, I had no time to philosophise on the wonders of the deep. I trust he will likewise see a better thing — and that is, the extraordinary manner in which I was made an instrument to prevent misrule and mutiny in the ship, and to minister to the comfort of all on board.

CHAPTER VI.

"The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

I HAVE now to speak of the greatest event in my eventful history, being no less than of my arrival in New York, and of the great things which were done for me on that occasion Hitherto, saving in the small matters rehearsed in the foregoing pages, I may say I had been but as a bird in the nest.

For nearly thirteen years I had sat on my hunkers in the puddock hair, under the wing of a kind parent, eating the worms and crumbs which Providence gave him, in the wherewithal with which he fed me. And though I was at last strengthened to an ability that enabled me to jump out upon the household boughs, and to pick and carol in companionship, who ever thought that my wings were feathered for such an eagle's flight as a sweep across the wide Atlantic?

Here were my brother and I in a new world; two inexperienced young men, with scarcely a crown remaining of all the pound which our loving father had bestowed upon us, with the tear in his eye, and his blessing. It is true, like Adam and Eve, when driven out of the garden of Eden, we had Providence for our guide, as that solemn sounding gong of the Gospel, the mighty John Milton, bears testimony; but we were worse off, for they had the world all before them where to choose: we had no choice.

I say we scarcely had a crown remaining; we had but three shillings and sixpence; for with all our frugality, and notwithstanding our well-plenished ark, we had several items of necessaries to buy from the ship's steward, by which our pound was cast into a consumption. But an encouraging spirit inspired our bosoms, and in our fortunes we feared none ill.

It was on the 16th of June, Anno Domini 1794, about ten o'clock A. M., that our ship came to anchor opposite the city.

In those days New York cut but a humelt * appearance from the water. The only steeples tall enough to be seen to any advantage, were those of the Trinity church, St. George's, and the new Dutch church fronting on Liberty, Nassau, and Cedar Streets. The stores were mean, temporary timber tabernacles, compared with those Tower-of-Babel warehouses which now surpass the warehouses of Tarshish and of Tyre, and lift their lofty foreheads, in the pride of prosperity, over the tributary fleets that pamper them with treasures from the uttermost ends of the earth.

* Want of horns.

The anchor was scarcely cast into the water when the vessel was surrounded with boats, and I believe every passenger but myself went ashore: my brother went too, and, for fear of accidents, took all that was left of our cargo of specie with him. If ever I felt the chill of the shadow of the clouds of fate fall upon my spirit, it was at the moment when he stepped over the gunwale down into the boat, and yet it was a sadness without dread. I felt I was on the wall-top of my fortune, and that to return was as dangerous as to leap the unknown side — moreover, there was in my imagination a glimmering of bright and beautiful things— they may be summer couts, thought I; and the fear of that was the cause of my solemnity.

In those days, a ship with passengers was a rare sight; but as New York was then full of Scotchmen, I was not long of discovering among the crowd that came on board to hear the news, several of my countrymen, which emboldened me to address one who had come from Edinburgh about a year before.

After some talk, I enquired if he thought my brother and I could get employment to make nails; but he struck my heart with a snow-ball, in saying he thought not, for that a machine for cutting nails out of iron hoops had been recently set up, by which the Americans were of opinion they would soon have the supplying of the whole world with nails. The dismay did not last long.

While we were conversing, a passenger, who had been on shore, returned, and having changed a guinea, he paid me a sixpence, which he owed for a glass of wine to one of his children when it was sick. At the time there was none but ours remaining on board, all that had been provided for the cabin passengers was drank out: we had been then eight weeks at sea.

I should here note as a matter worthy of remark, and creditable both to my brother and me, although we could afford to bring with us but one bottle of wine, we yet, by a judicious economy, had the last wine in the ship.

About eleven o'clock the captain returned on board, bringing a capital supply of fine fresh beef and new potatoes, which he told the cook to get ready for the sailors'

dinner, and seeing me looking very sober and somewhat down-hearted, he bade me join the mess and not to be discouraged, —"For if there is a man on board," said he, "to make a figure and a fortune, you are the man."

Being thus so cheered, my heart was lightened, and I went about as usual to assist the cook (he was a black man), and being anxious to taste fresh meat, we proceeded to get dinner ready as quickly as possible. I sat down with Cato, as he was called, square on the deck, his feet against my feet, with a wooden bowl of potatoes between our legs, and began to scrape off the skins.

While thus employed, a boat came alongside with several visiters. One enquired for a farmer's servant, wishing to engage one; another for a housemaid; and the third, thanks be and praise! asked if there was a nail-maker on board. My greedy ear snapped the word, and looking up, I answered, "I am one."

"You," replied he, looking down as if I was a fairy, "you, can you make nails?"

"I'll wager a sixpence," (all I had) was my answer, "that I'll make more nails in one day than any man in America."

This reply, the manner of it, and the figure of the bragger, set all present into a roar of laughter, which ended by Mr. Tongs (that was the stranger's name) giving me his card, and requesting me to call with my brother at his store.

As an apology for having made so bold a brag, I may mention, that a few weeks before leaving home I did, for a bet of sixpence, make in one day, between six in the morning and nine at night, three thousand two hundred and twenty nails, which was more, by four hundred, than ever was heard of in Britain as the work of one man among the craft within the like period of time.

When my brother returned on board, and the vessel had been hauled to the wharf at the foot of Government Lane, we went ashore together; but, like Noah's dove, we were timid, and having no place of rest, returned back to the ship for the night, where we slept with more comfort than we had done since the day of our departure from the pier of Leith, communing and rejoicing together at the wonderful

manner in which an angel of deliverance, in the shape of Mr. Tongs, had been sent, a present aid, in the midst of our straits and fears.

CHAPTER VII.

"I thought upon that kindly hearth,
The hawthorn and the burn—
Had I the wealth in Hyder's vaults,
I'd leave it to return."

NEXT morning we sallied forth, with the important card in our hand, "No. 33. Maiden Lane," in search of Mr. Tongs, and at the head of the wharf we were stopped by a man, who told us his name was Anvil. He had seen us land; and, wonderful to relate, he enquired if our ship had brought any nail-makers over. Here already was a competition for us in the market!

We replied, we were nail-makers by trade, and informed him that we were then going to 33. Maiden Lane, where we expected to find employment.

He advised us, on hearing this, to go first and see his shop, which was hard by; and said he would employ us, and pay a penny a pound more for making nails than ever had been given before, as he was much in want of hands, all his men having gone to sea. We accordingly went, and found in his shop places for twelve men to work, but only one occupied. He made us many tempting offers, which we partly agreed to accept; only, as we had promised to give Mr. Tongs a call, we thought it would be but fair to hear his terms, before coming to a definitive treaty.

I thought, however, upon consideration, that as a bird in the hand is better than two in a bush, and especially as Mr. Anvil appeared to be a reasonable and liberal man, it would be as well to accept his terms, so I went back to the vessel: and my brother, to make good my promise, went to see how the land lay at Mr. Tong's. But when

he returned and told me that Mr. Tongs and his wife were Scotch folks; that we could have the shop to ourselves, as it was quite empty; that he would do all for us that Anvil had promised, and that besides he was not given to swearing like the other, we concluded to go to him.

Experience caused us to thank Providence for so directing our choice, for Mr. and Mrs. Tongs were Christian people, and treated us as if we had been their own children. Moreover, there was an instance of even greater goodness vouchsafed to us on this occasion; for having the shop to ourselves, we were not exposed to the corruptions of bad company.

When established in the exercise of our vocation we engaged to board in a house which is still standing, No. 8. Dutch Street. Mr. Lapstone, a shoemaker, occupied the ground-floor, and David Shavings, a carpenter, lived upstairs; his wife kept a few boarders, and they being all Edinbro' folk, we, from natural affection, went to board there too.

About sun-down, on the 17th day of the month, the afternoon being calm, with fair weather and light breezes, as the ship's mate used to write in his log-book, we brought our baggage from the vessel to the house. It consisted of the large chest, the ancient ark, whereof I have before spoken, containing our clothes, a box of books, a mattress and blankets. But I suspect that we, the lords of this cargo of riches, made but a sorry appearance: for it was quite repugnant to our Scottish notions of economy to wear our Sunday's coat on a week day. But however that may have been, the appearance of a cart at the door with our moveables drew out the wrath and body of Mr. Lapstone to the street, declaring that our rubbish should not enter the house; that Mr. Shavings hired the house from him, and that he should not bring any of his dirty Irish blackguards into his house; with a great deal of other bow-wow. Had he called us lousy Scotch, we might have endured it, but to be thought Irish was a dose I could not swallow. However, after the war of words had raged for some time a parley was obtained, and we were permitted to convey our bedding and baggage to the garret.

This reception was, no doubt, very uncourteous, but I got my revenge, though it was seven years after. I then kept a grocery, and one morning that rabiator, Mr. Lapstone, came into the shop. He either knew me not, or thought I knew not him. He asked if I would give him a few articles on credit, and he looked decayed and poor—I gave him what he wanted and treated him with kindness. As he seemed thankful, I enquired if he had ever known me before; he said it was only within a few weeks he had seen me: I then reminded him of the rough opposition he had made to my brother and me, when we went to lodge with Mr. Shavings, and added, I had now had an opportunity of returning good for evil; at which he became much confused, and left the shop, but never returned.

As I have mentioned, we deposited our luggage in the garret, but our accommodation was not comfortable. Shavings and his wife were poor, and not having a spare bed, we laid our mattresses on the floor, and made a bed with our own clothes.

The weather was hot; the garret was alive with musquitoes, domestic familiars, and other bloody-minded beasts of prey: I could not, of course, sleep.

About midnight it began to thunder, and the rain rattled on the shingles of the roof with a noise I had never heard before. The deep and dreadful drumming of the thunder, the vivid flashes of the lightning, so unlike the sober and considerate thunder-claps and glances I was used to at home, alarmed me greatly — sleep flew away in a fright from my eyelids, and I tossed on the rack of restless ecstasy until the morning light began to dawn.

After thanking the Lord for his preserving mercies through such a night, I thought, by way of passing the time until the people should begin to stir, to unpack our box of books, which had not been opened since it was packed in our father's house: my brother and three of the other boarders who lodged in the same room, were fast asleep. I was feverish and low spirited; the sultriness of the air and the want of rest had greatly discomposed me; I longed to be again in my father's house; and I resolved, if spared, to earn as much money as would pay my passage

home. But *He*, in whose hands are all our ways, had ordained that the fond wishes of that disconsolate moment should not come to pass.

When I opened the box of books, the first that caught my eye was a small pocket Bible. It had been placed there by the hands of our pious father. Without purpose I opened the book — my thoughts were running on our home and the kind old man, and my eyes were suddenly fascinated with these words — "My son, forget not my laws," and I read on to the end of the chapter — the 3d of Proverbs.

Now, reader, if thou art a believer in a particular Providence, I request thee to take thy Bible and to read that chapter, and say if it was a vain enthusiasm which made me at the end, in such circumstances, look upon it as a divine instruction how to shape my course. It filled me with hope and comfort, and a joyful admiration — I fell on my knees, with my face towards the east, where Scotland lies, the land of my home. The sun was just rising — it was the time when my father's family assembled at family worship. I knew we should not then be forgotten in this foreign land — I thought I was joining in the exercise, and rejoiced that as sure as the same glorious sun shone on us all at the same time, so sure the eyes of the same Lord were on us in every place to guide, instruct, and preserve us. I took the walls to witness, that if the Lord would be with me, and keep me in the ways in which I ought to walk, and give me meat to eat, and raiment to put on, and return me again to my father's house in peace, then, indeed, should the Lord be my God.

I rose from my kneeling, refreshed in body and mind, and went forth to earn my first cent in America.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed."

In the course of about six weeks after we had domiciled ourselves, we changed our lodgings, and went to board with an old American lady, a widow, and her daughter, who lived in a wooden house, where No. 100. Liberty Street, now stands. In this house we learned the secret, that in whatever country Heaven is pleased to cast a man's lot, if he expects to live comfortably, he must live with the natives of the country; and for the same reason, if he wants a wife, he should marry a woman who has been brought up there. We here found the victuals cooked as they ought to be; but in the European boarding-houses the proverb holds good, that God gives meat, but the Devil sends cooks. How, indeed, can a woman make a pie that never saw a pumpkin? How can she make cakes who never saw buckwheat?

The daughter of our landlady was a big, masculine, single damsel, about thirty-five years of age; she, however, had a child, but where she got it I know not, as I never could learn that she had had a husband. This child took sick; and one morning, after it had been ill some four or five days, I was in the jeopardy of falling into a deep pit just as I was stepping in the morning out of doors. This pit had been dug by the swine in the course of the previous night, and when it was discovered, the child was given up for lost, for the hogs are regarded as ominous grave-diggers; great lamentations and woe accordingly took place, and sure enough that same evening the child was removed.

It was about this time that the rage for moving up-town commenced, and our good landlady, at the instigation of her big daughter, could do no less than follow the fashion of the town, with a cart-load of moveables, driven by a

Dutch carman, leaving us to seek new lodgings, which we found in a house next door to our workshop.

When my brother and I had hoisted our large chest upstairs, and landed it safely in the attic where we were to sleep, I sat down upon the lid and began to moralise. — "Well," said I to myself, "I guess this New York is a stirring place. Here we have been little more than four months, and have already lived in three different families, and all by their, not our, movements."

The time I lived with the lady and her large daughter was the only period of my sojourn in America that I spent in boyish amusements. The school for the children belonging to the Society of Friends was kept in a small building on the spot where the meeting-house now stands. Brown, afterwards General Brown, who bore a conspicuous part in what was termed the Northern Campaign, in 1812 or 1813, was at that time their teacher. The boys before school-hours assembled in our nail-shop, where they used to warm themselves, and amuse away their spare time by feeding a monkey I had obtained from a Portuguese vessel, and kept in the shop. They always brought nuts and apples enough to supply the wants of Jacko and his master too. And here again I beseech the courteous reader to recollect this circumstance, for, as will be seen in the sequel, the goodness of Providence in giving to me that monkey was made most manifest.

By means of Jacko, I formed an acquaintance with many of those young lads who are now useful and respectable men of business in the city, and who have on divers occasions proved to me friends indeed. But for the present I am called upon to observe, that I was soon to be occupied with more important matters than feeding monkeys and cracking nuts.

It has always been my custom to rise early; and as the house in which I slept was on the right-hand side in Liberty Street, a few rods below Lumber Street, I kept on that side in going and coming. I observed almost every morning, just as I had crossed from Dark's Corner, — (so called from Mr. John B. Dark, the most extensive retail hardware dealer in all New York, keeping his store on the

west corner of Liberty Street and Broadway,) — that a young woman met me exactly at the same spot. The first few times I thought nothing of this; but the same thing continuing many days, I began to wonder what the young woman could be doing up so early every morning. Just as the clock struck five I crossed Broadway, (this was in August and September,) and she at the same time turned the corner and walked towards the battery.

There was nothing about her which inspired me with any other sentiment than curiosity at the odd circumstance of meeting her always on the same spot, and at so early an hour. Sometimes I would stop for a moment and look after her: she was tall, about five feet seven inches; and her face was pale, with sometimes a slight hectical tinge of red on the cheek, and I thought I could read melancholy in her countenance. Her carriage was very erect, and she walked with a slow solemn step, like a veteran meditating on his part of the scenes and dangers he had passed.

According to the fashion of the time, she wore a small black beaver hat, with two cords on each side to turn up the brim, just enough to show the ears. Her hair, which was long and flaxen, was turned up in a broad fold, the extreme ends being fastened under the hat, and the broad fold spreading in a genteel manner over her shoulders. Her dress, otherwise, was neat and plain, and denoted neither poverty nor riches.

For many mornings we continued to meet and pass each other at the same time and spot without growing into any acquaintanceship, for I satisfied myself with the conjecture that she was a mantua-maker, and rose so early to walk on the battery for the benefit of her health before going to her seam.

One day, as I was at work in the lower part of our yard, I noticed a number of people in the street looking earnestly towards Broadway. Curiosity led me out to enquire the cause, when I saw a hearse standing at the door of the next house, and was informed that there was to be a burial; not having seen such a thing in America, I stopped a few minutes to see it.

The corpse was brought out, followed by an elderly lady and this same mysterious young woman. I then enquired at a neighbour who they were, and was told they were the wife and daughter of the deceased, and that they were very poor, but greatly respected, especially the daughter, who by her needle was the chief support of the family. With her fair hair, black hat, mourning dress, and pale countenance, she seemed to me to resemble one of those Eastern ladies, who, having offended their tyrant lords, are bled to death, and just on the point of sinking with their last sigh — so wan, so delicate, so sad, and lowly she then appeared.

Next morning at the accustomed hour we again met, and continued to do so for some time, still without a wish entering my mind to speak to her. At this period my brother and I had occasion to change our lodging, and we were desirous of being accommodated near the place of our business, but found some difficulty in being suited. One day, as I was ruminating on this, and what was best to be done, the burial which had taken place came across my mind, and I thought with myself thus: —

"The widow is poor, the daughter is of age; they must have had two beds while the husband lived — now the mother and daughter may sleep in one, and perhaps they may board and lodge us, to assist them in getting a living."

While I was thus cogitating, a neighbour, who lived in the under part of the same house, came in, as he was wont of an evening, to see us work at nail-making. I mentioned our situation to him, and asked if he thought we could be boarded up-stairs in the house where he lived. After some consultation, he went and made enquiry, and the report being favourable, we next day lugged our big chest to the new lodgings.

My wish to board there was merely for convenience, the house being next door to our workshop. I had not the most distant inclination of courting the acquaintance of Rebecca; indeed, my inclinations were at that time far otherwise directed; they were bent on home, and I only

waited until I should have earned money sufficient to carry me back.

Our landlady, Mrs. Marsden, the mother of Rebecca, was a sensible, obliging, motherly woman; and Rebecca, being about our own age, appeared to us like a sister, and she became the more interesting to us both, as we knew her better, by her concern for the salvation of her soul. She was, when we became boarders, a regular attendant on the Methodists, and was entirely ignorant on the subject of the ruin of man by the fall. We, who had been instructed from our infancy in the great doctrines of the Scriptures, endeavoured together to point out to her the only path which we believed led to everlasting life. I soon, however, perceived that she preferred my company and conversation on these subjects to that of my brother, and it made me the more industrious to repay her partiality.

But before I proceed with the tender part of our courtship, I should mention that my brother's health about this time began to decline, which induced us, in order to save him from the toil and smoke of the nail-shop, to hire a small store. Having saved about one hundred dollars, we laid it out, and fifty dollars more on credit, in hardware, consisting of needles and pins, and scissars and knives, &c. My brother was to attend the store, while I was to make nails to support us both.

When I began to place our stock on the shelves, I found they would make a very poor appearance; and as I was just beginning to find out that appearance was of great effect in this world, I procured a number of brick-bats and round junks of wood. The wood I sawed into suitable lengths, and covered it with ironmonger's paper, having a shaving-box or a snuff-box attached to the one end of each piece. These, when laid on the shelves, occupied the space of, and appeared to be six, twelve, or twenty boxes, as the size of the wood served. The brick-bats being covered and adorned with a knife and fork outside, looked equally ornamental and opulent. By this device the shelves appeared to be furnished most respectably. I also procured a glass

case to stand on the counter, in which I placed several articles for retail; and as they were sold off, I procured more, so I had no occasion to discompose my brick and wood representatives.

But although it must be allowed that this was a clever and innocent artifice; yet, like other dealers in the devices of cunning, I had not been circumspect at all points, for by mistake I happened to tie a round shaving-box on a brick subterfuge, which a sly, pawkie old Scotchman, who sometimes stepped in for a crack, observed.

"Ay, man," says he, "but ye hae unco queer things here! Wha ever saw a four-corner't shaving-box?" Whereupon we had a hearty good laugh. "'Od," he resumed, "but ye're an auld farrant chappy; and na doubt but ye'll do weel in this country, where pawkrie is no' an ill nest-egg to begin with!"

I shall not intimate to the sagacious reader what might be the matter with my brother; but he tired of keeping store, and went off to Philadelphia,—an event which caused me to be much troubled in mind. We were beginning to make a bawbee by the store, and I did not like to give it up, neither did I like to give up the nail-making, for that was sure; so I resolved to push my courtship, calculating that if I got married, I would have a storekeeper of my own; but if not, to sell all off, and leave the city, for by this time I could not endure the thought of seeing Rebecca the wife of another. In the mean time I continued to keep the store, and to follow my trade. I rose at four o'clock in the morning, and made nails until eight; I then opened the store, where I remained until eight in the evening, when I shut up, and went to nail-making until twelve; thus getting but a short four-hours' sleep in the four and twenty. But the Lord was working with me, and lessened the privation, and lightened the toil.

My nail-shop window opened into the yard of the house where I boarded, and where Rebecca lived; and after I came from the store in the evening, she used to come like a dove to the window: I helped her in, where she staid, sewing or knitting, till midnight; I working and courting,—killing two birds with one stone.

CHAPTER IX.

"As when some snowy mountain's heavenward brow
Beams with the glory of the solemn moon,
Her forehead shone with holiness."

THE great Dr. Mason was at this time in the fulness of his power; the vehement dresser of the Lord's vineyard in Cedar Street. It was with his watering-pot that my brother and I, from the time of our arrival in New York, were watered; and it was his pruning-hook that pruned in us the tendrils of worldly affection.

By our persuasion, Rebecca went with us to hear him; and having once tasted the delicious clusters of his preaching, her heart, on every new visit, longed for them more and more, until it was accomplished that she was ordained to be taken within the hedge; and a day and an hour was set — the Friday before the appointed occasion of the Lord's Supper — for her baptism: for as yet, like many in those days, she was unsanctified by that ordinance.

As I considered myself to have been an instrument in bringing about this sacred event, I was greatly lifted out of myself on the occasion, and I resolved to be present at the solemnity.

The evening service being the time appointed, I shut up my store at an early hour, and went to the church, that I might choose a seat where I could obtain a full view of the holy ceremony. Often my eye turned towards the door, and my heart fluttered because she yet tarried. At last she entered, and my spirit was filled with awfulness and joy.

When I beheld her tall, slender, and erect form, with slow and measured steps, move up the middle aisle, dressed in a white robe, in maidenly simplicity; when I saw her stand serene in the midst of a vast congregation, and give the regular tokens of assent to the vows which Dr. Mason, in a solemn and affecting voice, laid upon her, while all the congregation seemed hushed in the stillness of death;

when I saw her untie the black riband under her chin that held on her hat, whilst the minister was descending from the pulpit to administer the ordinance; when I saw her hands hanging straight by her sides, one holding her hat, and the other a white handkerchief; when I saw her turn up her face to heaven, and calmly close her eyes as the minister prepared to pour the consecrated symbol of grace; and when I saw her wipe the pearly drops, I thought that her gentle countenance shone as with a glorious transfiguration, and I swore in my heart that, with the help of the Lord, nothing but death should part us.

On our return home she said, in a sweet soft voice, that she might thank me as the means which had been employed for what had come to pass that night. I then told her, for the first time, of the fervour that was in my bosom; and added, in the words of Ruth to Naome, "Entreat me not to leave thee: where thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!" Such was the declaration; but the battle was yet to be fought.

She looked with pity and sorrow in my face, and turned away with a sigh. In the course of a few days I learned the cause of this sigh, and it awakened all my fears: from herself I learned it.

It was caused, she said, by the pain it would give me, when she was obliged to let me know that she had been addressed by a young man for nearly two years, to whom she was all but engaged. I had seen this young man twice or thrice in the house; but I had no apprehension he was a rival. He was, indeed, so far above her in fortune, that a match between them was a thing I could never have imagined. He kept a rich jewellery store, had houses in Broadway, and was computed to be worth at least fifty thousand dollars. What a temptation to a poor girl and her mother, whose whole property was not worth a hundred; and how hopeless for me to contend with a man of such substance! I, a stranger, an humble nailer, without aught to win favour in woman's eye, and who with hard working could scarcely earn seventy-five cents a day. But the industrious are near of kin to the independent; and his wealth weighed

as nothing in the eyes of Rebecca, compared with the estimate of his worth, for her needle was earnest and her mind was willing. But he came in the name of his god (the world), making offers of settlements on her and her relations. My trust was in another, — in Him who hath all hearts in his hand, and can turn them as easily as he turns the gently flowing stream. But at times the weakness of the mortal man overcame my confidence; and I had days darkened with doubts, and nights which, though sleepless, were yet full of dismal dreams.

Sometimes I was grieved with humility, and almost repined that Heaven had so abridged my stature, and withheld from me a fair proportion of youthful grace. Then I was moved by a strange envy, questioning wherefore I was made so uncomely, and doomed to be so poor, while others were favoured with beauty and riches; anon a ray of blessedness would break through the gloom of my spirit, and I would say she is not so sordid as to be won by wealth alone; and hath she not often acknowledged that in her esteem a true heart and a virtuous mind were worth more than the bloom and gallantry that so easily win with the rest of her sex? But another cloud would soon overcome me: all her relations, with the exception of her excellent mother, were against me, and for my rich rival; and then I would think of them beseeching her, and sigh lest their entreaties should prevail.

One day as I was sitting in my little store, when my thoughts were in this disconsolate uncertainty, I heard as if some invisible comforter whispered these words to my very heart, — "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him. Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart." From that moment hope came upon me again, and despondency melted away as the morning mist; and I continued my suit with an inward confidence of success.

About a month after her baptism, we were married in the house of a friend, with quiet and sobriety befitting our circumstances; but it was an event not allowed to pass without the hand of Providence being visible in it.

As I was walking towards the house of Dr. Mason, to

bespeak him for the ceremony, and to fix the time and place, being on the opposite side of the street, I observed my rival standing at his door. As I knew he was informed that Rebecca and I were soon to be married, and report said he took on like a demented man, I slackened my pace, and seeing him admitted, concluded to defer my visit until the next day, persuaded that his business was somehow connected with our affair; and so it appeared it was, for when I did call next day, the reverend Doctor told me that the young man had cried like a child, and urged him to use his influence to break off the match. Now in this, was there not a manifest interposition? for if it had not been ordered for me to see him at Dr. Mason's door, and had I been two minutes later, we should have met in the house, what a catastrophe might have happened! In his phrensy he vowed to shoot me; and certain it is, when he heard we were married, he became quite delirious, and attempted to destroy himself; raving, had she only married a gentleman he would have thought nothing of it, but to refuse him and take up with a poor, black nail-maker was more than human nature could bear. His passion, however, soon cooled, and he comforted himself by marrying another poor girl after a few days' courtship.

Being married, the courteous reader, no doubt, thinks it was necessary for me to provide a household; for if he has a right understanding of domestic happiness, he cannot but know that a prudent pair will never abide in the parent's house of either the one or of the other. We accordingly went to housekeeping in a small wooden building, No. 22. Nassau Street, having only a ground-floor, which was partitioned off into a store, kitchen, and bed-room, which also served for our parlour. It was twelve feet by six in extent, and I will rehearse the catalogue of our plenishing, for the benefit of other young folk.

We had a bed and bedstead, good and most comfortable of their kind—a fine table, worth no less than half a dollar—three Windsor chairs, one for each of us, and a spare one for a friend—a soup-pot, a tea-kettle, likewise a tea-pot, six cups and saucers—three soup-plates, which on days of fish and steaks served as well as plain ones could have

done—three pewter tea-spoons, and two soup ditto of the same material—three knives and forks, a girdle for cakes, a frying-pan, and a gridiron; it was enough—it was all we wanted, we were all the world to one another. Then was, indeed, the midsummer of my life; for now that I have carpets to be shaken, brasses to scour, stairs to scrub, mahogany to polish, china to break, servants to scold, and a cat that plays the devil, I often say to myself, in the words of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

CHAPTER X.

"'Twas death—in haste."

HITHERTO I may say that my lines had fallen in pleasant places—especially when, in the course of a few months after my marriage, my brother returned from Philadelphia, and became a clerk to one of the most respectable merchants in the city. This was a pleasant reunion, and all things went prosperous—my thrift was thriving, and the time when Rebecca expected to be a mother was drawing nigh. But a sentence against the city had gone forth, and the angel of the pestilence was on the threshold of heaven, shaking his black wings for a flight to the earth. About the middle of July he alighted in New York, and with a phial in each hand, filled with the wrath of the yellow fever, he began to pour out the desolation.

On the 12th of August, a wail and lamentation spread throughout the town—Rachel weeping for her children; then there was a hurrying to and fro—the inhabitants flying from destruction, followed by carts loaded with furniture, feather-beds, and tables,—a universal flitting. The city was forsaken, and Silence, with weeping eyes, sat in the market-place.

We, having no friends in the country to fly to, and not having money to support us there in idleness, concluded that it was ordained for a purpose, that we should remain in the midst of the calamity—and in this frame of mind, I invited my brother and my wife's mother to join us in

an offering to the Lord. We assembled in the evening; it was the Sabbath, and on that day there had been no worship, for the stern angel with his phials stood at the church-door, and the worshippers dreaded to enter.

The air was fearfully warm, and our windows were open. The setting sun shone in upon us, and we all thought, as we prepared for the prayer, that there was a yellow drowsiness in his eye, as if the glory of the world was smitten with mortal disease—we contemplated the prodigy in silence, and when he disappeared, we all fell by one thought upon our knees. It was my intent to have spoken, but utterance was denied to me: we folded our hands, and offered ourselves to the mercy of Providence with the voices of our hearts. After a season we arose and embraced one another, and cried aloud, "Let the will of God be done!" My brother then went home to his master, and sickened next day, but Rebecca's mother remained with us for the night—such a night!

Next morning my employer removed his wife, and having laid in a stock of iron and coals, desired me, as he bade me farewell, to make and sell the nails; and my employment was making and selling nails for coffins. Some days after, three young men of our acquaintance, who assisted in sitting up and attending on my brother, sickened. The family where they resided had fled to the country, so that none were in the houses to give them a drink. I thought they had caught the fever from my brother, and I felt myself bound to attend them; which I did, going from house to house by day and by night; but it was not with them only that I fearlessly (trusting in the Lord) hazarded myself,—I had many patients.

In one house lay three brothers—one after the other died, but I had time to attend the remains of the last only to Pottersfield, and it was then I felt grief for the first time. They had been my schoolfellows, we came from Scotland in the same ship, and we had all sat with our parents in the same pew in the same church.

The hearse had brought five other bodies for the sepulchre; but they were all unknown, and I was the only mourner at that funeral. I assisted the hearsemen and the

sexton to lower them, one by one, into the same grave; but when the coffin of my friend, which was the last, was drawn out, my limbs so shook that I could not take the cord. Lord, in thy mercy, spare me from the sorrow of such another trial!

As I was returning home with a heavy heart, I happened to observe the door of the third house from my own open. All the family had some days before gone into the country, leaving the house to a physician who boarded with them, and to a young man his assistant. I know not what prompted me, but I softly knocked at the door to enquire how it was with them. No one obeyed the summons. I listened; I became alarmed; I knocked a little louder, but still no one answered. I listened again: I thought I heard the groans and heavy breathing of one dying. I walked up stairs, and my eyes were withered with a sight that no pen can describe.

On a cot, in the middle of the room, lay the physician: his eyes, already glazed with the varnish of death, were fixed, and without speculation; and his bosom was heaving with the last struggles of reluctant nature. I spoke: he took no notice. I called aloud for help; but there was no help. On a sideboard stood a bottle with some wine, and beside it lay a table-spoon. I poured out a few drops, and applied the spoon to his lips: when it entered his mouth, he seized it so suddenly, and with such force, between his teeth, that it rung through the solemn room. It was the knell of death; for in the same moment he expired.

For the space of several minutes I stood immoveable, overwhelmed with horror; but the flies settling in clusters on the dead man's face, recalled me to myself, and I took a bunch of weeping willows which was lying on the floor and brushed them away. I then drew the sheet over the corpse, and, kneeling down, prayed that the reception of his soul might be happy.

The woes, however, of that terrible pestilence were not confined to the guilty race of man: the sufferings of the lower animals were manifest and affecting. In the numerous deserted houses the poor cats were left unprovided, and they became wild with hunger. Their cries were a grief to

ear, as they went about in bands wailing for food. I gave hem what I could spare, but to relieve them all was beyond ny power: they died by hundreds in the street. And here, ould I speak of it in adequate terms of commendation, I would record the kind-heartedness of two Long Island Irish ilkmen, who, for several weeks, daily left a quart of milk my door in charity to the starving cats; and, at the orner of John and Cliff Street, lived a large, blithe-looking lack woman, who was seen every morning in the street efore her door, dividing the offals which she had collected om the market among forty or fifty cats. Truly the sight these catastrophes were sufficient to cause the pitiful eyes gentle humanity to overflow.

But there were compunctionless men amongst us whom othing at that feast of death could daunt from their orgies. ne beautiful moonlight evening, towards the end of Sepmber, I walked up Broadway, mourning for the desolation ound. I stopped near the spot in Chamber Street, where e man in other times used to fix his telescope to look at e moon. I felt as if I then stood on the line between the ving and the dead. Below was the stillness of death, only terrupted now and then by the groans of the sick and the ying, and the rattling of the slow-coming hearse. Above as the usual bustle of street-walkers; and the wind owing gently from the north, I could plainly distinguish e blasphemous mirth of a crowd at the door of the circus, hose interior was filled with citizens who had but lately ed from death. The sound was to my ear as rottenness to e smell: it was as the neighings of Gomorrah.

CHAPTER XI.

" O sing unto my roundelay,
O drop a briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holiday:
Like a running river be;
For she is dead,
Gone to her death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

As I have already intimated, the fulness of my wife's time was coming on; but the dreadful work of the pestilence saddened the hope which my Rebecca and I cherished. Our neighbours were falling around us; the reaper was busy, and his arms were filled with the sheaf, and few were to bind or to record the number. I was so engaged in my attendance on those of our acquaintance who were ill,—going, as I have said, from house to house, both by day and by night,—that I have often wondered since by what secret miracle my poor strength was enabled to undergo the fatigue and the grief which day after day brought to me, in the removal from the earth of some kind or some early friend.

Rebecca's mother sometimes chided me for the risks I ran; but Rebecca, like myself, having committed our lives into His hands who gave them, were without dread. But as the old lady's acquaintance were one by one carried away, her fears increased, until her alarm grew to such a pitch, that, poor as we were, we advised her to go into the country; and it was a sad sight to see that mother and that daughter rive themselves asunder. Rebecca was calm, for her anchor was on high; but her mother lacked in religious confidence; and her heart being torn between a wish to remain with her daughter in her interesting situation, and a dread of the angel of destruction, she wept bitterly, and complained of her frail fortitude.

But her departure proved less of a misfortune than we at first thought it would be; for I providentially fell in with an elderly, sensible woman, whom I engaged to live with us, and to take care of my wife. She slept with Rebecca, and I established my bed in the garret above. Often, after

ve had parted for the night, have I sat listening on my bed-stock till I ascertained they were asleep; when I have taken off my shoes, and gone out softly and visited my patients. The time was awful. Some of my patients, it is true, recovered, and among them my brother; but the sign of the passover had been streaked on few doors, and many were taken away. Such was the time, and such the circumstances, in which our first-born was delivered into the world.

But the courteous reader, after the things I have told, may well spare the recital of my own sorrows. In the birth of that child my happiness was complete; the cup of earthly felicity was full to the brim. I drank it off; I drained it with a greedy joy. I forgot that the angel of death was in the street, and in rejoicing in the greatest blessing bestowed upon me, I forgot Him to whom thankfulness was due. I esteemed the gift that had been given as the greatest I had ever received, saving the love of Rebecca, and yet I returned that day no thanks. But He soon reminded me of the ingratitude; yet in his displeasure there was great goodness, and in his justice much mercy.

In the natural course of time Rebecca recovered; the pestilence was assuaged; men returned to their wonted vocations; families re-assembled, and Silence, startled from her sorrow in the market-place, returned to the churchyard, and resumed her ancient seat on the tomb-stone.

The winter which followed that dreadful season was bright and clear; the air was nimble and bracing; and the spirit of man glowed as if a new effusion of the element of health had issued from the gates of heaven, when the angel returned to account to Providence for the awful host he had performed. But pure, delicious, and invigorating as it came, freshening to all the pulses of nature, it entered not my dwelling. Before the blossoms of the spring had bloomed, a fatal rose was supplanting the lovely lily of Rebecca's cheek; I watched its growth, oh, with what tenderness! and I thought, when I beheld her gentle eyes kindling with the flame that consumed

her, it was as if her blameless soul was already incorporated with the glory and the holiness of Heaven.

From the first symptoms, the physician, with a judicious humanity, told me there was no hope; and as the spring advanced, she, the fairest of all flowers, gave no sign that its genial gales were for her.

On her death-bed she was often visited by the elders and other pious members of our church, and often she told me how full of gratitude she was to Heaven for having made her acquainted with me, who was the means of introducing her into such society, by whom the couch of disease was sweetened with a holiness passing all that was precious in the myrrh and frankincense of this world.

On the morning of her death, the sun rose with unusual splendour; I had watched all night by her bed-side, and as his beams entered the room, they fell upon her mild countenance, as if mercy had tempered their light. I looked upon her for a short time, as she lay pale as the monumental alabaster; but who can express what the faithful and loving heart feels at such a time? I then rose to drop the curtain, fearing the light would molest her beautiful eyes, but she softly forbade me; "I am already," said she, "entering the brighter precincts of a brighter sun;" and turning her face to the wall, her gentle spirit departed in peace.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"He placed his chin upon his staff,
And thus began."

If a man marry once for love, he is a fool to expect he may do so twice—it cannot be: therefore, I say, in the choice of a second wife, one scruple of prudence is worth a pound of passion. I do not assert that he should have an eye to dowry; for unless it is a great sum, such as will keep all the family in gentility, I think a small fortune one of the greatest faults a young woman can have; not that I object to the money on its own account, but only to its effects in the airs and vanities it begets in the silly maiden, especially if her husband profits by it.

For this reason I did not choose my second wife from the instincts of fondness, nor for her parentage, nor for her fortune; neither was I deluded by fair looks. I had, as I have said, my first-born needing tendance; and my means were small, while my cares were great. I accordingly looked about for a sagacious woman — one that not only knew the use of needles and shears, but that the skirt of an old green coat might, for lack of other stuff, be a clout to the knees of blue trousers — and such a one I found in the niece of my friend and neighbour, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, a most respectable farmer, from Vermont, who had come to New York about a cod-fish adventure that he had sent to the Mediterranean, and was waiting with his wife and niece the returns from Sicily.

This old Mr. Hoskins was, in his way, something of a Yankee oddity. He was tall, thin, and of an anatomical figure, with a long chin, ears like trenchers, lengthy jaws, and a nose like a schooner's cut-water. His hair was lank and oily, the tie of his cravat was always dislocated, and he wore an old white beaver hat turned up behind.

His long bottle-green surtout, among other defects, lacked a button on the left promontory of his hinder parts, and in the house he always tramped in slippers.

Having from my youth upward been much addicted to the society of remarkable persons, soon after the translation of my Rebecca I happened to fall in with this gentleman, and without thinking of any serious purpose, I sometimes, of a Sabbath-evening, called at the house where he boarded with his family, and there I soon discovered, in the household talents of Miss Judith, his niece, just the sort of woman that was wanted to heed the bringing up of my little boy. This discovery, however, to tell the truth quietly, was first made by her uncle.

"I guess, Squire Lawrie," said he, one evening, "the Squire has considerable muddy time on't since his old woman went to pot."

"Ah, Rebecca! she was but twenty-one——"

"Now, Squire, you see," continued Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, "that 'ere being the circumstance, you should be a-making your calculations for another spec;" and he took his cigar out of his mouth, and trimming it on the edge of the snuffer-tray, added, "Well, if so be as you're a-going to do so, don't you go to be a-standing like a pump, with your arm up, as if you would give the sun a black eye*, but do it right away."

I told him it was a thing I could not yet think of; that my wound was too fresh, my loss too recent.

"If that ben't particular," replied he, "Squire Lawrie, I'm a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their damnedst with me. But I ain't a pumpkin, the Squire he knows that."

I assured him, without very deeply dunkling the truth, that I had met with few men in America who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five.

"I reckon, Squire Lawrie," said he, "is a puffing of a parley voo, but I sells no wooden nutmegs. Now look ye here, Squire. There be you, spinning your thumbs with a small child that ha'n't got no mother; so I calculate, if you make Jerusalem fine nails, I guess you can't a hippen such a small child for no man's money—which is tarnation bad."

* "An eclipse," thought I.

I could not but acknowledge the good sense of his remark.

He drew his chair close in front of me, and taking the cigar out of his mouth, and beating off the ashes on his left thumb nail, replaced it. Having then given a puff, he raised his right hand aloft, and laying it emphatically down on his knee, said in his wonted slow and phlegmatic tone,—

"Well, I guess that 'ere young woman, my niece—she ben't five-and-twenty—she'll make a heavenly splice!—I have known that 'ere young woman 'liver the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a-morning, and then fetch Crumple and her calf from the Bush—Dang that 'ere Crumple! we never had no such heifer afore—she and her calf cleared out every night, and wouldn't come home on no account, no never, till Judy fetch'd her right away, when done milking t' other thirteen."

"No doubt, Mr. Hoskins," said I, "Miss Judith will make a capital farmer's wife in the country, but I have no cows to milk—all my live stock is a sucking bairn"—

"By the Gods of Jacob's father-in-law! she's just the cut for that.—But the Squire knows I ain't a-going to trade her. If she suits Squire Lawrie—good, says I—I shan't ask no nothing for her; but I can tell the Squire as how Benjamin S. Thuds—what is blacksmith in our village—offered me two hundred and fifty dollars—gospel, by the living jingo!—in my hand right away; but you see, as how, he was an almighty boozer, though for blacksmithing a prime hammer,—I said no, no, and there she is still to be had—and I reckon Squire Lawrie may go the whole hog with her, and make a good operation."

Discovering by this plain speaking of Mr. Hoskins how the cat jumped—to use one of his own terms—we entered more into the marrow of the business, till it came to pass, that I made a proposal for Miss Judith, and soon after a paction was settled between me and her, that when the Fair American arrived from Palermo, we should be married; for she had a share in the cod-fish venture by that bark, and we counted that the profit might prove a nest-egg; and it did so, to the blithesome tune of four hundred and thirty-three dollars, which the old gentleman counted out to me in the hard on the wedding-day.

CHAPTER II.

"He that begins with needles and pins,
May end with horned knout."

A SHORT time before my second marriage, which took place within the twelve months after the death of my sanctified Rebecca, the introductiou of the cut nails began to cut me off from earning a living by my hammer, and the business of my hardware sto. being of itself insufficient for the maintenance of a family, I bethought me of invading the borders of the grocery line. I ought not, however, to say that I did so of my own conceit, for I was led into it by one of those wonderful providential suggestions, of which I have had such a large experience.

One day, as I was standing in the store, wiping and blowing the dust and stoor from the knives and shaving-boxes that made the brick-bats and wooden blocks shine on my shelves, a sailor from the West Indies came to the door with a bag of coffee-beans on his back. There might be the better part of two whole hundred weight, but though he offered them at a cheap rate, I had not money enough to make a bargain with him. After some confabulation, however, into which I threw a spice of my natural jocosity, we came to an understanding; and from less to more, I proposed that we might trade, if not for the whole, at least for a portion. This, as he was going back to New Providence, where he had bought the coffee from a wrecker, was not out of his way, especially when I showed him how he might sell the razors, and knives and forks, at a great profit in Nassau, the chief port and place of business in the Bahama Islands, whereof New Providence is the principal.

Accordingly he in the end consented to leave the bag of coffee with me, and to come back in the afternoon, when the part of the price that was to be paid in money would be ready for him, and the cargo of hardware with the invoice made up.

This was not arranged without forethought, it being ne-

essary that I should have the store to myself while unacking the articles from the parcels to which they were astened; moreover, the money promised was six dollars ore than I had then at command, and I was in consequence obliged to borrow, which was a thing requiring me and dexterity.

Having taken from the shelves divers of the apparent ackages of my hardwares, I made up those things that ere on the outsides in a small box, and I placed the brickats and blocks of wood from which they had been taken nder the counter, to serve for another occasion, leaving heir places vacant on the shelves. I then went home and ook what money I had out of the big chest; afterwards I roceeded to Mr. Parcels, a member of our congregation, who kept a store for notions at the corner of Maiden Lane nd Pearl Street, to see if he would oblige me with the loan f six dollars, to enable me to make up the sum required.

Though the amount required was not heavy, yet I own t was not without a considerable trepidation I went to borrow. had obtained wares on credit to the extent of more han fifty dollars all at one time; but I was sensible f a wide difference between asking credit in the way of usiness, and begging the help of actual money. But in his negotiation I was surprisingly assisted.

Mr. Parcels had that very day made a capital spec of rushes and baskets, and when I called he was in great licity with himself, and all mankind. He told me of his ood luck, and showed me the articles, which I, of course, ommended and complimented to his satisfaction. I then old him, that I, too, had not been without a benefaction rom Fortune, for that I had made a speculation in coffeeeans, by which I would, even by wholesale, turn the heels ver the head of what it cost me.

"But," continued I, "the want of money, Mr. Parcels, s the root of all evil in trade. Did I possess a command of capital like you, there is no saying what I might not do; for I may tell you in confidence, that although, in a sense, my small dabblings in the hardware line are not barren of return, yet I have for some time discerned that few retail traders pay so well as those which deal in articles of a brisk

consumpti - He was of the same opinion, and we continued discoursing sagaciously and leisurely in this way, like two political economists, or chancellors of the English Exchequer, fo- considerable space of time; at last I heard the clock stri- an hour, at which, taking the dollar notes out of my p- t, I said, in an off-hand manner, "I'll be obliged to you, Mr. Parcels, for the loan of ten or twelve dollars till the morn, as I have to settle for my coffee spec, and may be short."

"With great pleasure," replied he. "But do not be hampered, I have some twenty or thirty in the drawer much at your service;" so pulling out the drawer, he lifted the bundle and handed it over to me. Thus came I, in a most extraordinary manner, to be not only in a condition to pay the sailor, but to have an overplus. And here I should say, let no man regard this as an incident of blind chance; for when I returned to my store, the sailor was standing at the door with another lad, who had a cigar box full of indigo to sell, and who was willing to trade for it, half cash, and half in pewter tea-spoons. As the value he set on his indigo was reasonable, we soon came to a conclusion: for although I had not just so many spoons as he wanted, I yet got him persuaded to take two pair of scissors, and paid him the remainder in money.

Having thus acquired a valuable stock of coffee and indigo, I then began to devise with myself, how it might best be realised. I was naturally inclined to sell in the small way—for the profits of the retail trade are pretty considerable on such merchandise; but that required time; and to keep my credit with friend Parcels, it was necessary I should have a quick return.

The upshot of these reflections accordingly led me to shut the store a little earlier than usual, and to take a turn in Broadway before going home. In the course of that walk, I was directed into a large grocery, kept by Mr. William Raisins; to whom, on going in, I said that I had that morning, in the way of trade, taken some coffee and indigo, which being articles not in my way, I would be glad to sell. He was a 'cute man, and brisk at a bargain, so the nail was soon driven. I brought him the articles; they

ere weighed before me, and he paid the money down; by hich I was enabled, next day, to repay Mr. Parcels, and sack a reasonable profit.

The event was great in another way, for it emboldened e to make the proposal for Miss Judith Hoskins, by the lp of whose fortune I enlarged the borders of my dealings, adually entering more and more into the West India de with the sailors, until I fairly found myself a grocer a very prosperous way of well doing.

And here it is fit I should make, as the ministers some- mes say, an improvement on what has been said. The urteous reader must have discerned how little in all that roke of good fortune was owing to any wisdom of mine. the bargain for the coffee, I had evidently mounted the ll-top: I had placed myself in a predicament of danger; d had there not been a providential gathering of leaves in e luck which Mr. Parcels had that day met with, who n tell if I might not have come a cripple from the ad- nture?

CHAPTER III.

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"

UT the sunshine is not always, neither is it good for a n that prosperity should endure for ever. Hitherto it d been well with me; for, save in the loss of Rebecca— d somehow I never could account her removal a loss, but ly as a change by which she was a great gainer—I had t tasted of the bitterness of life: not that my cup was iformly sweet and overflowing, but all things had a owth and progress with me. Carefulness sat on the orstep of my threshold, and frugality blithened my velling.

No man ever thrives without nettling the malice or the vy of some of his neighbours: and accordingly, persons ere not wanting, who regarded the custom of my grocery ore with eyes askew. Among these were two cabinet-

makers, on the opposite side of the street, carrying on a respectable business, and having in their employ ten or twelve journeymen and 'prentices. They reckoned the number of my customers; they counted the casks of sugar I took in, and the chests of tea that were brought to me; and, having laid their heads together, they concluded it was a fine thing to be a grocer.

Accordingly, with the temptation of a great rent, they hired the house at the corner of Broadway, three doors above mine, over the head of a decent old Dutchman, who was well-known as the sexton of the Dutch church; gave up their own business; and fitting up the house in an elegant style, commenced the grocery business.

Their store, having the advantage of being at the corner, and opening upon Broadway, attracted away many of my customers: besides, they were men of substance, and they could afford to lay in a better assortment of goods than it was in my power to do; so they carried all before them. This, assuredly, was a great misfortune, and troubled me severely; for although it did not come in all its weight at once, the consequences were yet plain to be seen, and day after day my scales had less and less occupation.

It was some time, however, before I became seriously alarmed; for I flattered myself that the unsteadiness in the character of my rivals would soon prompt them to try some other concern; but the business proved better even than they had expected, and begot a perseverance in them which I could not but applaud, though it prospered at my cost.

My goods thus began to hang heavily on my hand; the boxes of raisins and the frails of figs in the window became dry and fushionless. There was a great in-drink in my teas, occasioned by the boxes being long open, and the outgoings in my house were more than the incomings of the store. Still I was not cast down, for although I beheld poverty creeping towards me, like the barren sands of the desert, which travellers say are gradually overspreading the corn-fields of the Egyptians, I had an encouraging hope which defied adversity — nor was it long until proof was granted, that, in trusting to Providence, my leaning was not on a broken reed.

The ladies of New York were, about this time, beginning, among other elegancies of taste, to cultivate flowers their parlours, and the grocery stores commonly supplied them with pots. It happened that I was one day asked by a very fine and gentle maiden of the higher order, I could not procure for her two or three pots of a handsomer figure, and more ornamental than those in use. This, after she had left the store, set me a thinking, when all at once it came into my head to paint some of my flower-pots with green varnish, persuaded that this would please the ladies better than the common brick-bat colour.

Accordingly, I painted two pair, and exposed them in the window, when they soon drew attention, and were sold. I then painted six pair, and they presently went the same way. Being thus encouraged, I continued painting and selling to good advantage, and thereby gained something to help the decay of my grocery profits.

One day, in the course of the following spring, I observed a man, for the first time, selling flower-plants in the Tuesday-market. As I carelessly passed by I plucked a leaf, and rubbing it between my finger and thumb, enquired the name of it. He answered, a geranium. This, to the best of my recollection, was the first time I had ever heard that there was a geranium in the world. Before that morning I had no taste for flowers, though I certainly could tell a red cabbage from a moss-rose.

I examined the plant, though it had a pleasant smell, and that it would look well if removed into one of my green flower-pots. I then bought it of the man—but observe—not with the intention of selling it again, but only to adorn my counter, and to let people see how handsomely the pots looked when a plant was in them.—Next day a customer fancied and purchased the plant and pot, at so enticing a price, that I went, when the market was nearly over, judging the man would sell cheaper, rather than have the trouble of carrying his plants across the river,—for he lived at Brocklyne, and in those days there were neither steam nor horse boats,—and I purchased two other geraniums, which I also placed in two green pots, and soon after sold to good advantage.

This led me to think that something might be done for my family in this way; and thus it came to pass that I continued to go at the close of the market, and bargain for the unsold plants; and the man, finding me a beneficial customer, would assist me to carry them home, and he showed me how to shift the plants, and to put them into my green pots, if customers wished it.

I soon discovered that the gardener, George Briars, was a Scotchman, and being a countryman, we worked into one another's hands. Thus in the course of a short time, from having one plant on my counter, I had fifty, all beautifully blooming, and shedding a delightful fragrance that sweetened the air of the street far beyond the door. Nothing of the kind had ever before been seen in New York; and people in taking their country friends to see the curiosities of the city, would step in as they passed, marvelling at the sight of my balsams and geraniums.

In these visits the strangers would sometimes express a wish to have a plant, but having far to go, could not carry them. Then they would ask if I had no flower-seeds; others again would enquire for cabbage, turnip, or radish seed, &c., until, from less to more, these frequent enquiries set me a thinking, that if I could get seeds, I should be able to sell them. But no one sold seed in New York; none of the farmers or gardeners saved more than they wanted for their own use. George Briars, however, told me, that he was then raising seeds, with the intention of selling them with his plants in the Fly-market next spring. Out of this grew a partnership between us, by which it was covenanted, that I should buy his seeds, and that he should stay at home and raise plants and seeds for me. I accordingly purchased his stock for fifteen dollars.

I then advertised garden-seeds for sale — in the newspapers; and my stock was soon sold off at a consolatory profit, which made me regret that I could not replace it. But the darkest hour is the nearest to the dawn. At this juncture a neighbour came into the store with a stranger, whom he introduced to me as just arrived from London, with a small venture of seeds, which he was willing to dispose of at a moderate advance on the invoice. A bargain

was soon struck, for his venture consisted of the very sorts for which I was daily applied to, and knew not where to obtain.

Next day, on opening one of the casks, I found a catalogue of seeds for sale, by William Spades and Co. of London. This was a prize indeed: and it had marginal notes, stating the best time of sowing; valuable information, of which I was, till then, totally ignorant.

After this I published a catalogue of my own, and with the assistance of George Briars, adapted the time to suit the seasons of our climate; so that now, when my customers enquired when such and such seeds should be sown, I was able to give them the fullest information.

In the fall of the following year, I remitted a sum of money to Messrs. Spades and Co. with an order, which they honestly executed; and the seeds arriving in good season, enabled me, with those which George Briars raised at Brocklyne, to take the field with great courage. My business increased apace, insomuch that the grocery became secondary to it, so I began to let it gradually run out.

But although I had much reason for thankfulness, both for the manner in which I had been guided into the seed business, and for the issue thereof, it was, like all other human concerns, liable to vexations. The gardeners seeing my advertisements, and hearing how I was topping in the trade, raised seeds to sell to me; and I, having as yet but little skill in the quality, was often deceived by the knaves; one which molested me the more, as it made my customers dissatisfied, particularly an old friend that I was most desirous to please at Canandagua. However, experience was daily instructing me, and my footing growing more steadfast, I had a goodly prospect of a prosperous fortune. Alas! short-sighted mortals, we know not what a day may bring forth.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ring the alarm-bell."

It is only remarkable men who are privileged to write their own histories; no doubt there are conceited persons who take upon them to do the same thing, but the world has little respect for such vanity. For my part, it would have been far from my heart to have thought of inditing this book, had I not discerned in the accidents of my life something that will be accounted extraordinary, to say nothing of the manner in which I have been guided; itself a demonstration that Providence had a purpose for me — whether in the way of example, or as an agent, is not for me to determine. This much, however, I may affirm, that from the first hour I had a right notion of the condition of man, I felt myself to be a something that was deemed deserving of special care and preservation, and what I have now to relate bears witness to the fact.

Close behind my house and store stood a large soap and candle manufactory, at which I never looked without receiving an intimation that it was ordained to be consumed by fire. This remarkable presentiment became at last so assured to me of fulfilment, that I spoke of it as I would do of any intent or business which must be performed. For months before the catastrophe came to pass, when the fire company, on the first Monday of every month, came to wash and clean their engine, at the pump near the corner of Liberty and Nassau Street, I often jocosely told them how I wished they would act when the candle-box, as I called the soapery, should take fire; and so persuaded was I of the sentence that had been passed upon it, that I insured my property. I had at the time a large stock on hand of early cabbage-seed lying open in the store: it had been imported; but the long embargo being then laid on, rendered it doubtful when, if any accident happened, I should be able to get another supply.

One day, while sitting at dinner with my wife, reflecting

n this circumstance, I told her that in the afternoon I ntended to pack up my most valuable seeds in flour barrels, n order that they might be quickly and safely removed at the reaking out of the fire next door.

This packing detained me later than usual, and when I eturned up-stairs, finding my wife much fatigued with ursing one of the children who was sick, I advised her to e down, saying, I would look to the child until she got leep. This was between nine and ten o'clock; she lay own accordingly, and I watched the cradle.

The noise in the streets began gradually to subside, till nly single sounds at intervals were heard. The poor baby reathed heavily, and the ticking of the clock grew more nd more audible, but I heard nothing else.

Exactly as the clock struck twelve, my wife, awakened, esumed her vigil, and I took her place in the bed. Being ery tired, I soon fell asleep, but could not have slept many inutes, for next day, when I found the clock in the neighouring church, into which it had been hastily carried, the ands stood exactly at a quarter past twelve.

Being roused by a startling scream from my wife, I prang on the floor before my eyes were well open. "What the matter?" cried I.

"We are all on fire!" was her wild answer.

I rushed to the back window which looked to the candleorks, and beheld them at last burning.

Having for many months previous resolved in my own ind how I would act when the event should take place, I as prepared and composed. My wife being dressed, I de her carry the sick child to a place of safety, saying, hat I would wake up and take care of the other children and ervants. In the mean time I calmly but quickly dressed myself, and with considerate presence of mind I put on a air of old double-soled boots, lest in the confusion I should read on a rusty nail in some of the boards that might be ulled down: I then wetted my night-cap, and put it on o preserve my hair from being singed, and having sent off he children and servants, I went down into my store, and ecured my valuable papers and money, pinning them in my acket pocket.

As the engines came up, I directed them to the places where their service could be most effectual, reminding the firemen of what I had foretold. I then ran from place to place, snatching what property I could from the destruction; and here I have to record a most wonderful preservation.

The house in which the fire originated stood on the south side of my premises, and my back store, a wooden building, was often covered with the flames; but the wind, which was then blowing strong from the south, carried with it such showers of ashes, that they protected the building as much, it was thought, as the water of the engines. The damage it sustained was indeed so trifling, that ten dollars put it in as good repair as it was before the fire began, but the heat within had been dreadful.

The forenoon previous I had been painting flower-pots with green varnish. The shelf, on which the painted pots stood, was on the side nearest the manufactory, and beside them were several other pots and a pitcher, containing rosin, varnish, and spirits of turpentine. The fire burned through the boards directly opposite to where these inflammable articles were standing. The end of the shelf was actually so scorched that it dropped from its niche, and falling about a foot, rested on the floor. When the fire was mastered, the pots and pitcher were found glued fast to the shelf, the heat having caused the paint to melt, which running down the sides, fixed them in that manner. Had these combustibles taken fire, the whole of my premises must have perished.

Among many who came in the morning to see the ruins was my friend Mr. Hoskins, who was then in the city, superintending another spec of cod-fish and flour, which he was shipping off to Lisbon, where the British were then fighting, and were thought to be in great want of provisions. When he beheld the combustible pots and pitcher, he could not believe they had stood where they were, amidst the ashes and embers, during the conflagration. I told him, however, to lift them, and he tried to do so.

"Well," said he, "I guess this is pretty particular. By the furnace of Babylon, it beats Shedry and Abendy to immortal smash."

CHAPTER V.

But though this fire was a most calamitous event to my neighbours, there was in it a mercy towards me as great even as the marvellous preservation of my property.

Mr. Hoskins, as I have mentioned, was in New York, seeing a cargo made up for Lisbon, and once or twice, before the fire broke out, he had proposed to me to send a venture by the same ship, or to go on shares with him. To acknowledge the truth, I was coming round to be so inclined, saying to myself, "faint heart never won fair lady."

The chief cause of my hesitation was owing to a doubt I had of the propriety of stepping out of the line of my own business—for it was one of the solid advices of my father, never to leave a trade so long as it would bide with me. The confusion caused by the fire settled the question; for although I could not complain of any loss, the insurance company having at once made good my damage, I was yet for several days in a state of great confusion, and could think of nothing but of my missing articles, and how I should get my store again in order. Sooth to say, I was disturbed and fykie, and could lay my mind to no sort of consideration.

"I guess," said Mr. Hoskins, one evening, when he came to drink tea with us; "I guess the Squire ha'n't a got 'livered of 'at ere fire fright."

In the way of jocularity I did not object to being called Squire by him, for it was his way; but the fire was connected in my mind with so many awful things, that I could not endure to hear it lightly spoken of, so I replied,—

"You know, Mr. Hoskins, that I have no right to be called Squire, and, therefore, it would oblige me if ye would not use to me such a decoration."

"Well, if that ben't Solomon, I a'n't nobody; for to speak the truth right away to Mr. Todd, I have myself obstinacious objections—a considerable some—against 'em ere parley voos; for though I be a major of militia, and a

judge in our county, State of Vermont, I ain't special 'bout pedigrees; but my wife, she's, as the gentleman knows, an almighty ambitious woman, and will have her kitchen as clean as her parlour—she won't have nobody call me but Squire; for myself, Zerobabel L. Hoskins, I ain't so audacious, and yet, when I judgefies at sessions, there isn't such a Belzeebub to knaves in all the Union. They sha'n't speak to me then but as I lets em. But giving such gabbing the go by, Squire, marlin spikes and cucumbers! I have a compulsion to call you Squire: are you screwed up not to make a shipment?"

"As dourly as a door-nail, Mr. Hoskins," was my answer; and then I expatiated on my reasons for declining the advantages which he promised himself from the spec; adding, among other things, that may be, before the ship could reach Lisbon, Wellington might be obliged to take his knapsack on his back and go home.

"And if so be, I calculate, that ain't nothing to make nobody afeard, for we have got double papers for the ship."

Poor man! but he was strong in worldly wisdom, little thinking that where he thought himself so well-fenced would be found his weakest part. The ship soon after sailed, and was not well clear of Sandy Hook, when a British frigate laid hold of her by the cuff of the neck, and hauled her, by the lug and the horn, away to Bermuda, where she was detained, on account of the two sets of papers, so long, that the cod-fish began to spoil and quicken to such a degree, that they spoilt the flour, and the whole cargo became a dead loss. Was it not a capital escape my having nothing to do with it? though in the end, I, with others, came in for a share of the consequences, by the embargo and the war with England that soon after followed. For you see, when Mr. Hoskins heard of what had happened to the ship, he fell into a terrible passion, and went about kindling the people to revenge his cause, until there was not a patriotic heart in the Union, but thought the island of Great Britain ought to be tarred and feathered.

One night, as Mr. Hoskins was enlarging on this text and saying it would be a devil blessed thing if the King were skinned alive and crammed up to the neck in a cask

ith a salt and vitriol pickle, I tried to counsel him to mo-eration, but the more I reasoned he grew the madder; nd when I but hinted, in a far off way, that his misfortune ight be altogether owing to the dissimilation of the ship's apers, he was touched to the quick, asserting that the ship f every free country had a right to carry what goods or apers her owners chose to send by her. This sort of un-ound doctrine, as I at the time maintained it was, infected he heads of every body that heard of Mr. Hoskins and his nlucky and unsavoury venture, till at last the Government aw no other way of pacifying the people but by declaring ar against England.

As a Christian, I deplored this violent step; and as a cotchman, I was distressed to think of the detriment that ight be done to my native land, though I never went the ngth of those who thought the United States would scuttle he island.

"To a moral certainty," said Mr. Hoskins, "we'ill do , and inflict considerable damage;" for really he was be-ide himself, and talked even down nonsense about the reedom of the seas, until there was no arguing with him. o to bring the matter to a conclusion, I may here at once y, that his vehemence caused a rent in our friendship, the hich I had long reason to regret; for though, in his way, particular character, he had yet in concerns of business a harp eye to the main chance. No man could give better dvice in a difficulty; nor if money would do, was any eadier to help his neighbour. I pay him this compliment ith great sincerity, for I am well sure, that had we been n our wonted familiar footing when the embargo and non-ntercourse acts prevented me from importing seeds, that, ith the assistance of Providence, he would have saved me rom the ruinous effects of what then came to pass.

CHAPTER VI.

"We 'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

When I had got the damage repaired, and my goods and furniture placed in order again in the house and store, I continued to attend with my wonted carefulness to the business; but it is just and right, in this unvarnished narrative, to confess that I sometimes, as the moon of fortune was waxing, felt myself growing inclined to try my hand, like my neighbours, at a spec. However, I wrestled against the hazardous inclination with surprising fortitude, considering how I was tempted, until an event came to pass, which by its issues, as will appear in the sequel, was plainly ordained to be a trial. The matter arose thus.

At the time I was in the Bonnytown school, a boy was there by name Alek Preston, a spirited, clever, venturesome creature, as gleg as a trout, and souple as an eel: nothing would do for him but going to sea, which he did in a vessel from Leith, about the time my father took me into the smiddy to be a nailer: we had been great companions and sworn brethren in many a funny prank and harmless frolic. Indeed, he had such a natural instinct for mirth, that it was impossible to be half an hour in his company without being diverted, or to become acquainted with him without liking him for life, and yet he was the most thoughtless thing that man could put trust in. That part of his character I had, however, forgotten; I recollected only his light-heartedness and ever gambolling gaiety.

One day, as I was walking on some purpose anent seeds along Greenwich Street, I fell in with a sick sailor sitting on a door-step, in a very disconsolate condition.

He was barefooted; his trousers, which had been of superfine navy blue, though full of unsewed rents and holes, had never been mended; his jacket, too, was of the best stuff, with many small brass buttons, men-of-war's fashion, but in no better plight, and he wore a slouched canvass hat

hat was either pitched or black painted. Yet, though all hese symptoms of a spendthrift were so visible about him, omething in his appearance won my attention, and I stopped o enquire what ailed him, with the intent of giving a trifle. udge of my astonishment when, on his looking up with he tail of his eye, I discovered in him my old marrow in ests and mischief, Alek Preston.

He did not so quickly recognise me, for he was sickly, nd his eyes were languid and inattentive; but when I had oken to him a few sentences, his countenance brightened, nd he took me freely by the hand. Alas! I was con-rained to snatch mine from the touch, dreading contagion, r his was fearfully hot.

I said to him "Man Alek, you are very ill, and it's no ght for one in such a condition to be sitting in the street."

"Sit! I can't stand," replied he, as if he would have ade a joke, but his head drooped suddenly on his bosom.

I thought him dying, and called aloud to a porter who as passing by to help me: with his assistance and that of nother man, having moved poor Alek into a neighbouring oarding-house, I went for a doctor that lived hard by, who resently took blood from him, and we put him to bed very l. I then went home and told my wife, and we agreed, oth for humanity and auld lang syne, that Alek Preston hould want for nothing in our power to procure or to spare.

After suffering several days of great distress and a sus-ension of understanding, during which he raved in such a omical way, that although it was feared he was dying, no ne could hear him with a composed countenance; he at st fell into a deep sleep, out of which he awoke free from he fever, and with his reason, which had been laid on its eam-ends, fairly again righted. He continued, however, or some time after very weakly, and but for our care and omforts, it might still have gone hard with him.

When he had in a measure recovered from his distemper, e came often to our house in the evening, and we had reat pleasure in discoursing of former days. This led on o a rehearsal of his adventures, and my heart, for auld cquaintance, having a warm side towards him, and my ircumstances being then green and prosperous, I began to

think of some way to serve him. I could not, however, of my own mind, devise a right method, but I told him, if he could point out a way wherein I could be useful, he might count upon my friendship.

A short time after this conversation — I am disposed on recollection to think it was the very morrow following — Alek came to me, and said that he had fallen in with several old shipmates willing to embark with him a privateering, if they could get a man of capital to hire with them a fast-sailing, pilot-boat schooner.

As privateering was in my opinion not a very reputable trade, to say nothing of British tars becoming enemies to their native land, I remonstrated strongly against the project, and point-blank, in a sense, refused to have any thing to do with it. However, without being well able to tell how it came to pass, Alek Preston, by little and little, so overcame my scruples, that at last I consented to take a very small share just to oblige him.

But when the outfit was completed, a difficulty arose which had not been thought of. We could not get letters of reprisal, unless the captain and a certain number of the crew were American citizens. This had well nigh knocked the whole scheme on the head. Alek Preston, however, swore a boatswain's oath that he would not be stopped by such laws: accordingly, he went away, and I saw nothing of him for several days; at the end of which he came to inform me that all was cleared, and that he intended to set sail on his cruise that very evening.

For some time I tried without success to discover how he had overcome the difficulty which I thought insurmountable, but he made me no wiser. However, as it behoved us to take a glass of punch on the occasion, it came out in the drinking that he had got himself certified to be an American citizen, by an old woman swearing that she had known him from the cradle, in which she had herself rocked him.

This was true; for, man as he was, he had mounted into a child's cradle, and the old woman certainly did rock him. This, to my shame I must acknowledge, was a device which, without approving, caused me to laugh so heartily,

at I could not very indignantly condemn it. But as he as proceeding to rehearse the story with great glee, I had p ng of conscience, and I started from my seat in a vehe- ent passion, declaring I would have nothing to do with such rgeries. Alek Preston rose at the same time, and before had given vent to the half of my indignation, he left the use, went straight to the schooner, and was off and away his cruise before daylight.

I hope the courteous reader discerns in the part I had in is privateering affair, that I was altogether actuated by y regard for an old school comrade; and I hope, too, he s a better opinion of me than to think I would ever have nsented to such deceit and profanity. The like things, was said, were common in those days among what were lled the picked-up-along-shore English sailors, but I never ard of a decent American that did not condemn the prac- ce; and what honest man, be he Turk or Pagan, could prove it?

I need not say, after this preface, that the venture came no profit. Alek Preston, being captain, instead of ruising where he was likely to meet prizes, went down to e southward, and ran races with his schooner against her craft, by which, in less than two months, he perished e pack, and left the vessel at Charlestown by moonlight. never heard of him more, but I had long reason to rue e trust I had placed in him.

CHAPTER VII.

"I showed him all the secrets of the isle."

THE venture with Alek Preston was the first in which I oo lightly considered the hallowed maxims of my father, nd by it I received the first admonishment that the issues f fortune are ruled by another kind of wisdom than the unning of man. I had, in a theoretical manner, a just conception of this truth, but it was a theory unsanctioned

by experience — a plausible supposition which made no part of the sentiment nor of the reasoning which influenced my conduct. In short, though the thoughtlessness of that poor young man caused a great loss to me, I yet saw not in what had been done the extent of my own folly, but pacified my conscience, then too easily appeased, with the strong argument of pity for a gallant young man, and the obligations which early friendship fastens upon young hearts. Thus it came to pass that my inclination for specs was not restrained by that untoward concern.

Indeed, about this time, I could not help being brought into other troubles, owing to the same kind-heartedness. I was becoming, by the success of my business, better and better known in the city; and many emigrants, after they had been landed a time, came claiming acquaintance with me, some on a far off remembrance of myself when I was a boy, others because they had heard of my father, and a third crew of cravers, for reasons never properly explained, though no doubt well known to themselves. Thus I had a host of ingenious young men every day at the door of the store, telling how fortunes could be made, though their ragged elbows and thread-bare vestments were but poor seconders of such opulent suggestions.

However, as in the case of Alek Preston, I was beguiled sometimes to give more heeding to these Eldorados than I ought to have done, and in consequence, although I never risked in any one adventure so much as the loss of the whole of it would overwhelm me, yet I found myself growing poorer and more hampered in my own available assets. In short, I was going down the hill, while every body thought I was triumphing victoriously.

But I was not so far left to myself as to persevere in that course; after losing, I shall not say how many hundred dollars, it may have been thousands, I resolved to make a halt, and with great earnestness and tears of contrition I implored help and fortitude to moderate my ambition.

That happened on a Sabbath night, and on the Monday morning I went down into the store with my purpose well knit.

I had scarcely taken my place behind the counter, when

oung man from Aberdeen came in with a great bravery of sgow prints and muslins to sell. That they were cheap, could not deny, and beautiful was evident, but I was served above temptation.

"No, my friend," said I, "we cannot deal. It's true, t I have now and then meddled with an odd or an end, as it only served to wile me from my own steady bu- ess, I have given up the trade." I then exhorted him tick to one line, and recounted how I had gone to lee- rd, from the time of the privateering with Alek Preston; I was never slack of giving good advice when a fitting portunity came in the way, always considering it a duty cumbent to benefit the rest of the world with the fruits of experience.

This conversation begat an acquaintance between me and . Finhorn, so the gentleman was called; and sometimes er he would look in to take my advice, for he was cau- s and methodical, picking his steps, one by one, very ike the ordinary splash and dash ways of young men in urry to be rich. In short, I was greatly pleased with respect he had for my opinion, and, by little and little, et him into the secret history of my own rise and pro- ss, with many events of which he was greatly diverted, ghing very heartily at them.

The history of the business led me at times to speak of business itself, and to recount what articles I had found most profitable; and we both marvelled how, with so e previous knowledge, I was guided to gain so much ght of the nature of seeds, the soils which the several ds best suited, as well as the seasons for their cultivation. Sometimes I thought he was a little overly particular in questions; but as he was in the dry-good line, I saw in t nothing to take amiss, especially as he entirely coin- ed in opinion with me, that a man who expects to thrive business, must not go a wandering after strange gods. dge, however, of my consternation, when, in the course the following spring, I heard he had imported a great go of all the best seeds that I used to import to the most vantage, and had opened a store for the sale of them in ater Street. Surely no man could be guilty of greater

treachery. Thus was I, in the fulness of my kind wishes to serve him, unbuttoning my bosom and showing him all the profitable secrets I had learnt in business, while he, with cunning ears and sinister intents, was devising how he might circumvent me. Verily, there are few pangs like the discovery of perfidy in a friend.

In the affair of Alek Preston, though, besides considerable positive loss, I had to endure some self-upbraidings for having trusted one who had been from his youth upwards remarkable for heedlessness, I was yet thankful he had not turned a pirate with the schooner we had hired, and, moreover, I had put no more faith in him than was necessary for his own part of the business as master of the vessel. But with that smooth and deep pool of deceitfulness, Mr. Finhorn, I had acted as if he had been worthy of sincerity, and was diffident of himself from natural modesty.

My conduct with respect to both of these young men, I have often since thought was an omen of a change in my own condition. It was in both cases, though springing from the best of motives, manifestly imprudent. Had it been criticised by the discernment of others, I fear it would have been seen that a like rashness and uncalled for confidence in strangers was visible at that time more or less in all my undertakings, proving that the outward fortune and the inner man partake of the same influences, waxing and waning together. Not that I recollect any other equal examples of my indiscretion, but I have a general persuasion it was the case. Mr. Finhorn, however, had not long cause to exult in the success of his cunning. The store he had hired in Water Street was two steps below the surface, and most unfit for seeds. In a short time, all he had must have perished, had not an accident signalised the punishment of his perfidy more openly.

One night, while yet the people were talking all over the city how he had got the weather-gauge of me, a dreadful thunder-storm came on, attended with deluges of rain, such as none remembered the like — Water Street was truly a running river, and a branch of the torrent poured into Mr. Finhorn's store, among his barrels and paper parcels, to such a degree, that when he was roused in the morning to

amine the damage, he saw himself a ruined man; and for
s comfort and consolation, a lad that was a helper in my
ore, being among the on-lookers, told him he had only met
th his reward. What became of him afterwards was
t known, for the following night he cleared out, and was
ver more heard of in New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Can't to-day, not convenient, call again."

is an ancient and a true saying, that wealth makes wit
ver. From the time of the fire, as the sagacious reader
st have discerned in what has been related, I grew
rly well pleased with myself. It was, therefore, needful
hould receive a chastisement, but I never thought I had
erved it till it was inflicted.

Falling into the folly of thinking every thing was or-
ned to go prosperously with me, I thought, when I had
hdrawn myself from accidental speculating, that every
g in my own business must thrive. To sell seeds, and
aise seeds to be sold, I thought two parts of one thing;
accordingly, about the time the non-intercourse acts took
e, I began to consider of this seriously, and that I might
e myself independent of importations from England.
design, however, was not carried into effect without all
ning due consideration. No one could be more circum-
t than I fancied myself to be. I was long before I
d find a lot of land convenient to my purpose; and
n I did at last warily make a purchase, I read and
idered the title-deeds as if I had the eyes of three
yers, and certainly, as it was said, no deeds could be
e better. This land was to be cultivated under my own
ctions, — the directions of one who did not know clay
n gravel: of course, it soon came to a bearing; I do
mean the ground, for that never bore any thing to the
ose, but the speculation. The soil, naturally poor, was
usted; it produced not enough to pay the labour, while

it greedily swallowed, as with a hungry appetite, all the profits and savings of my business; yea, even the capital likewise — stock, lock, and barrel, all went.

I yet often marvel how I was so hoodwinked about that farm which I bought in Jersey; every thing concerning it was delusion. My wife, having learnt the craft and mystery of the farm-yard at her uncle's in Vermont, was, if possible, more lifted out of the body about it than even I was, and gave such flattering accounts of what she would do with cows, pigs, and poultry, that I was almost persuaded the seed business would become but a secondary affair. My eyes, however, were soon opened; it was surprising how quickly I laid out money, — none came back; we saw the spec was to be ruinous; that a blight had fallen upon us; that our hopes had all failed. I was out of my element; the elder children having been brought up in a town, had no right notion of rural matters: we lived in the midst of scolding and confusion; never did an unfortunate man find himself, when too late, farther astray. At last, all my money being drained off, I began to think of giving up the ghost in the way of trade; but it was necessary to make some previous preparation: accordingly, sapless and leafless, heartless and penryless, I went one day over to New York, to borrow two or three hundred dollars to meet a need, and to arrange for parting with my farming stock and the farm.

First I went to one acquaintance, and then to another; but the war and the stagnation of trade had sealed up every heart, and all were either poor or fearful. Some had nothing to spare; others gave a plain refusal, and a third party recounted their manifold losses. My heart was breaking; when, suddenly recollecting that Mr. Hoskins was again in the city on some privateering job: — I wonder what the douce Scotch farmers would think of cargoes of cod-fish and privateers! — however that may be, the recollection of Mr. Hoskins being then in the city brought hope with it, and I resolved to call on him right away.

There had been, as I have already related, divers causes and controversies, which had led to a non-intercourse between us, but we had not actually quarrelled; and therefore, as I knew that, with a cold look, he had a warm

rt, I made sure of being accommodated; so I proceeded he house where he usually lodged.

I found the old gentleman in his own bedchamber; and received me in his odd cool and collected manner, as if difference had ever been between us. He enquired, first my wife, and then for my children, one by one, adding, But I reckon, Mr. Lawrie Todd ha'n't o' late been pro-sing so top-gallant-sail proud."

I acknowledged it was true; and then told him how my umstances were altered, and that I had come to consult as to what should be done in such extremity.

"Well, I guess," said he, "the gentleman can't be par-lar: you must cut and run."

"Cut and run, Mr. Hoskins!"

"Yes; clear out!"

"How could you think I would do that? I have been ys an honest man!"

"Well, that's noteable: but is Mr. Lawrie Todd a-going ay a hundred cents to the dollar?"

What could I answer to this? I shook my head, and ved a sorrowful sigh.

"I was a 'specting this," said he, "and ha' been a king my calculations 'bout it; for, I guess, the Squire been erroneous considerable: when I sees a man er-ous in his calculations, by G—d! it makes me sick."

From this, it was plain that me and my affairs were eway talk, and that it would not add to the repute of prudence, if I went on struggling with such a powerful ny as a farm of a barren and ungrateful soil. Before d time, however, to make any answer, Mr. Hoskins med:—

"I guess, and if so be you can't clear out bekase of esty, you should sell off your notions and the farm; when you have paid all, or compounded, go into the n a chopping."

"Then," said I, with a heart greatly daunted, "you not lend me two or three hundred dollars till I get gs settled?"

"Not a stiver! that's plump; for Mr. Lawrie Todd ld squash it all on that 'ere tarnation farm what's in

Jersey state. That 'ere farm, I have heard for gospel, Squire ha'n't never no capacity no more to raise garden-seeds, than the sole of the Devil's foot to grow water-cresses."

"I'm a ruined man!" was all I could ejaculate.

"Well, I guess you be; and the sooner the gentleman goes on t'other tack the sooner he'll come to land, or I'm a Pagan, called Me-hal-a-leel-hash-bash, and not Zerobabel L. Hoskins, what was christened so on mother's lap when father kept tavern at Lebanon."

"Then there is no hope of any help from you?" was the only answer I could make to this, as it seemed, unfeeling speech and ill-timed jocosity.

"Squire," said he, "I ben't a thing to bray in a mortar, so thinks I myself; but I would be damneder than seven fools and a philosopher, seeing as how the team 's smashed in a mud-hole, if I leant a hand to right it, when I know it ain't worth nothing at all of nobody's money. Let the gentleman go right away, and tumble his gear into cash, pay off, and then we can make our calculations for another spec. But I reckons, Squire, it be raising garden-seeds on a tarnation farm, in Jersey state, to talk 'bout help, when the business, by G—d! is necessitous — look ye, and help could do no more good than any thing that can't."

Seeing I could make no better of it, I lifted my hat and bade him good day, wishing him better luck in his undertakings than I had met with in mine.

"Well, that should be, Squire," said he, as he shook hands with me; "for I a'n't so glorious of myself, as not to take no man's 'pinion but my own. 'Somesever, as the Squire's capsised, I pities the gentleman, and mayhap have a friend's heart were the tide turned."

When I left the house, I could not but think Mr. Hoskins was a man of a forbidding manner; but the more I came to reflect soberly on what he had said, I discerned both prudence and good advice in his counsel. I thought, however, it would have been but civil, considering my humiliation, had he restrained the taunt at my self-sufficiency, the punishment of which was then as manifest, as the contrition I felt for it was deep and sincere.

CHAPTER IX.

"Man was made to mourn."

RETURNED homeward very sad and grievously cast down, it was not a reasonable grief with which I was affected. My situation had been long daily becoming worse, and re was not a chance within the scope of any probability t by perseverance the difficulties might be overcome. e advice of Mr. Hoskins pointed out the only way by ich I could hope to escape from my unutterable anxieties, I was determined to follow that advice "right away." l, I could not shake off the sense of calamity, which, as vere, gnawed my heart.

What I felt is ever in my remembrance terrible. It was alsy of the mind; the black jaundice of despondency; ould exert no firmness, and dreadful suggestions trans- d me, as it were, with the pangs and cruelties of dis- e. But I might beggar the dictionary, and yet be poor words to describe what I suffered; still, I was not ually touched with despair, for I had so often in trouble n the shining hand of Providence suddenly stretched of the cloud to help me, and I hoped it would yet be again. Nevertheless, I was in spirit as one driven to door of hell, and struggling with Fate on the threshold; was the measure of my affliction complete.

It was late in the evening before I reached the village the neighbourhood of which my little farm was situated. faint streak of the twilight still served to show the out- e of the houses between me and the western sky, and e and there a light twinkled in a window. The voice he river came to me as if many spirits were murmuring ut man: it was a solemn time.

As I drew near to my own house, I saw the window- tters were closed, but I discerned with surprise and a obbing bosom, that more than the wonted candles were ning within. With a trembling hand I opened the

door, at which I was met by Phemy, our old servant. She came towards me softly on her tiptoes, and raising her spread hands close to her cheeks, said, "Hush, hush!"

The gloomy, worldly fancies which had hovered like ravens about me all the way from the landing at the ferry, were instantly dispersed.

"In the name of Heaven, Phemy, what's the matter?"

She said nothing, but beckoned me to follow her, and she conducted me straight into the parlour, which was in the back part of the house, looking into the garden. There sat my wife in the midst of our children: seeing me enter, she looked up; instead, however, of speaking, she only moved her hand in a way that at once bespoke silence, and told of the presence of sorrow; a second glance at the group informed me that one of the children was not there. 'What is this? and where is Sarah?" said I, scarcely able to articulate.

My wife without speaking rose, and lifting one of the candles, for two—a most unusual thing—were on the table, walked before me to a small bedchamber, which opened from the parlour. "There!" said she, pushing open the door, bursting at the same time into vehement weeping.

I lifted the curtain aside, and there, indeed, lay our sweet and beautiful child a disfigured corpse; I staggered back into a chair, and covering my face with my hands, prayed inwardly that I might be forgiven for having thought so bitterly of the loss of worldly substance.

The lovely child had gone out with two of her brothers in the cart, and in coming back something had startled the horses, by which she was thrown out, and a wheel went over her.

It was not possible that any impartial parent could more dearly love a child than I did that sweet bud; but verily we are wonderfully made, fashioned in darkness and living in mystery. The sight of her corpse lightened my heart; I felt, and surely it was not sinful so to feel, as if, in the accident, there was an admonishment to me, to consider the blessings still spared to me in the young olive-plants by which my table was surrounded.

I rose from the chair into which I had sunk down, and leading my wife back into the parlour, took a seat beside her: strange, that in such a time I should experience, instead of an augmentation of grief and care, a holy tranquillity diffused within my bosom, and a resignation to the will of Heaven, that could have come from no resolution of mine.

In the morning, in was needful to think of the funeral, and I gave all the necessary directions without once reflecting that I had not the means of defraying the expenses. This extraordinary forgetfulness was no doubt granted for a consolation; but when it is considered how my very dreams were in that season dunned with sordid apprehensions, it was surely an amazing dispensation—one of those rare instances of the marvellous manner in which Providence is often graciously pleased to mitigate adversity, to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

In the evening, after the burial, when I had composed my family with worship, and the children were laid to sleep, I walked forth alone, for the cares of the world were again coming back upon me, and adversity was saddening the ear of reason with the bodements of her heavy tale. My experience that night, though of a calmer kind than the anxiety of the other, was still gloomy and oppressive. A moral sultriness affected my spirit and weighed upon my thoughts, and I began to distrust the continuance of that goodness which had so often done for me so much, when expectation had sickened and reason was deserted by hope.

In this melancholy mood I took the path leading to the creek, and on approaching the ford, I perceived a man on horseback coming across towards me. I was about to turn and go home, when he called on me by name, and alighting, on reaching the bank, he came leading his horse by the bridle. Enquiring kindly for all my family, he shook my hand in a friendly manner.

"I have heard," said he, "what has befallen you, as well as how it has of late gone with your business; and thinking a little cash might be of service, I have come to pay you a debt that has been too long due."

This proved to be,—for at first I did not recollect him,

—a young man with whom, when I was moving my family over to Jersey state, we happened to fall in with on the road, going home to his friends ill of the ague. We took him to our house, and nursed him with cordials and comfort, until he was able to resume his journey. In going away, he bought from me on credit eleven dollars' worth of different kinds of seeds, but we never heard nor saw aught of him again till that night. For this, however, as he showed to me, he was but little to blame, having, on reaching home, been again taken ill, and for several weeks rendered incapable of attending to any business; at last he was persuaded to try a sea voyage, and accordingly went a trip in a privateer, by which he recovered his health, and got a power of prize-money.

I need not say that the payment of this honest lad's debt was as water from the rock. It enabled me to set at once about the sale of the farm and stock in trade, from the proceeds of which I paid cent by cent all my creditors; with which they were so content, though I could not satisfy my own desires, that they voluntarily gave me a receipt in full of all demands. I then went back to New York, to begin the world pennyless, really worse by a sixpence than when I landed nineteen years before, a young man, having only himself to provide for: I had now a wife and five children in my knapsack.

CHAPTER X.

"Close not the eye; the lip hath not yet lost
The radiant ripeness of its living beauty;
And see, is it not so?—upon the glass
The breathing spirit hath a token given
That it still lingers."

When the mind has been shaken up from the bottom as mine was, a long time must elapse after the cause of the agitation has subsided, before a calm comes again; I felt it so. The tempest within me was past, and the winter over and gone when I returned with my family to

New York; but the dark billows of unsettled thought still rolled heavily, and reason, like the helm of the mariner in the swell which follows the storm, proved often ineffectual to guide me in the course I was desirous to steer.

My intention, as I have intimated, was to resume my seed-store in the old place; but the house had been hired for auction-rooms, and was not to be had. After looking about for a whole day, I returned, wearied and dejected, to my family in the evening, without having seen any one place that would suit; a day at this time was precious to my light and lank purse, and it was with unspeakable sadness of heart I was obliged to tell my patient wife how fruitless my search had been.

She was at no time one of those women who are obtrusive of their counsels, nor ever a Job's comforter, to point out how matters might have been better, had her husband turned to the left hand instead of the right; but a quiet, earnest practitioner of household thrift, doing her in-door part to the best of her ability. On this occasion, however, she came out of her usual habitude, and seeing me so greatly downcast, remonstrated with me.

While she was speaking, her uncle, my old friend Zerubabel L. Hoskins, came most unexpectedly to see us. I have told the courteous reader how coldly and bluntly he had rebuffed my application for the small loan; I need hardly say he was in consequence one whom I was not likely soon to have solicited again.

"Well," said he, looking around him, as he sat down unbidden, "I guess this 'ere house is considerable small for you: but the Squire he knows, when folks be in the bush, they shouldn't 'spect the springs to run cherry bounce. 'Somesever, Judy, my niece that was afore you was harnished with the Squire, I han't a come to talk nothing at all—bekase, says I, their store a'n't a-going yet—so I made my calculations, and says I to myself, says I, there is in my box there—it was in the corner, snug behind the door—there lays, says I, five hundred dollars in that 'ere box, not worth a cent as they lays there, or I'm a male cow; and they ha'e been a-laying there dead as mummies ever since that night the Squire couldn't start the two

hundred. Well, you see, I looks at that 'ere box, what's in the corner behind the door, and up I gets, and goes right away and takes out 'em dollars; and so here they be, and the Squire may buy fiddlesticks, if he can't trade 'em for no better."

We were astonished: we had not words to express what we felt at such unlooked for liberality, such a God-send — but the worthy old man did not stop long to hear our thankfulness, for as soon as he had placed the bag in my wife's lap, he rose and walked out of the room as negligently as he entered; perhaps there might be a little more haste in his exit.

But I have now to rehearse a very strange thing, a sad demonstration of the caprice and waywardness of the human heart. This rich gift, instead of giving me at the time confidence in Providence, whose continued bounty I had so largely shared, overwhelmed me with disconsolate ruminations.

As my wife was putting up the children in their cribs for the night, I moved my chair to the table at the window, and sat with my cheek upon my hand, looking out to the stars, and recalling to mind all that had happened to me since I left my father's house.

"Why is it," said I to myself, "that my soul is thus cast down, and the tokens of providential care yield me no delight? Hath the toil of a vexed spirit worn me out, that I droop like a plant which hath lost its steadfastness in the ground, and sinks beneath the gracious rain which should restore its vigour?"

While I was thus silently indulging in sad thoughts — the tears of the spirit — my wife again came to me, and laying her hand gently on my shoulder, tenderly enquired how, after so great a testimony as we had that night received, I should still distrust our future fortunes.

"I distrust them not," was my solemn reply; "but I can discern nothing in myself that gives me encouragement to be joyful. This, which makes me rich again, is fraught with reproach;" and so on from less to more did I express my inward sense of humiliation, that my poor wife began to weep, saying, in seeing me so downhearted,

I had convinced her we were indeed unfortunate. To console her, I made several endeavours to shake off the despondency which had fallen upon me, but they were all ineffectual; I prayed with anguish of heart that the load might be removed, and my spirit lightened; but it was of no avail; my bed that night was as the gridiron on which the Papists say St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom, and scorpions crawled upon my pillow.

My wife sat beside me the whole night, but neither with her gentle nursing, nor by solicitation, could sleep be won to approach me. Towards the break of day my head began to throb with intolerable pain; and long before my poor children were stirring, a fever raged in my boiling veins: a doctor was sent for soon after breakfast, but could do no good; all the wonted secrets of his art were tried in vain for three days; and ill as I was, I could discern that, though he afterwards continued his prescriptions, he had himself no faith in their efficacy. I began to consider myself as a dying man. In the crisis of the fifth day I fell into the trance of a catalepsy, and it was verily thought I was dead.

But although the body was immoveable, and all the powers of corporeal life stood still, my mind was vividly awake. I heard every thing that passed in the chamber—the deep, low, composed sorrow of my wife, and the wilder grief of our helpless children—I saw the matron who was sent for to assist in laying out the body begin the preparations for her task, and I had a horror that my condition was death, and that I was to remain to the end of time as conscious as I was then. Interment seemed inevitable. Little did I think that I should survive to indite this book; but the means by which great things are brought to pass beggar the conjectures of man.

My brother, after my apparent decease—he was not present when the trance came upon me—was sent for to assist the old woman in adorning me for the worms. In that business it was necessary to move me from the position in which, as it was supposed, I had departed; so he pulled me up by the shoulders; although I was but a small subject, yet, when Mrs. Morts was moving my

feet, something happened which caused my brother to lose his balance, and swung me out of bed, by which my right temple was severely cut on the corner of a chair, while my feet dashed the poor woman's head against the wall.

The shock broke the spell that was upon me; and my brother and all present, when they stooped to lift me up, were seized with consternation in beholding the blood begin to drop from the wound, and flow at last in a copious stream; the stiffness of my limbs relaxed, and my bosom heaved with the inspirations of returning life.

In the course of less than half an hour I was entirely restored to all my faculties, the fever had left me, and I was in every thing, but for the weakness, as cool, sensible, and collected, as I had ever been in my life.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

My recovery was very slow — the dregs of the fever remained long about me, and it was at one time thought I was tainted with the subtle malice of consumption, and could never hope to be myself again, — such were the fears of my friends and the opinion of the doctor. But from the time I was disenchanted from the catalepsy, a more hopeful sentiment kindled within myself. The gloom that preceded the fever was dissipated, I was again on the bright south side of things, and enjoyed the sunshine of blue and breezy skies.

The only molestation that gave me any uneasiness, was my inability to return to business: my limbs were as feeble as a baby's, and my head was liable at times to be light and vapoury, unfit for any sort of application. I was also now and then vexed, when I reflected that it had not yet been in my power to put the liberality of

Mr. Hoskins to thrift, and that it was diminishing and dwindling, though hoarded with the utmost care: but disease is a strong master, and malady will have its will, so what could I do but submit?

After I had been some two or three weeks afoot, and gradually, though tardily, getting better, I was advised to try the effects of a sail to Albany in one of the steam-boats. The suggestion was certainly in itself reasonable, but to spend the money in such gallanting was a thing I had never thought of. However, as at this period I sometimes took a glass of wine for medicine, which I never tasted at any other time; in like manner I considered the voyage as a nostrum of pharmacy, and change of air a dose that might do me good.

Accordingly, it was determined, that on the first fine day I should embark for Albany, and come back by the same steamer on her return, by which I should not be obliged to change my bed more than once, for strange beds are to be eschewed by ill health. My wife on this occasion was anxious to go likewise, in order that she might see me properly heeded; but our means did not allow of pleasuring, and I thought that for so short a time I was able to take care of myself.

Having embarked, and the vessel under way, I began to inhale the blithe fresh air of the Hudson, and to feel, as it were, the breath of life blowing up the embers of health in my wasted frame. Every thing was new around me; the precipices that overlook the river, the Katskyll Mountains; all I saw were new; and the steamer herself, waddling and paddling up against the stream, was most vastly entertaining. I forgot care, sorrow, and disease, and went about from one place of the vessel to another, seeing all her ins and outs, and acknowledging that surely Mr. Fulton was a more ingenious boat-builder than Noah.

Being, however, as yet not able to undergo a great deal of fatigue, I was obliged often, in the course of my inspection, to take a rest; and it happened on one of those occasions that I sat down beside a decent-looking elderly woman, having the charge of two children, evidently too young to be her own.

As it has ever been with me both an instinct and a habit to glean knowledge where it may be gathered, I entered into conversation with Mrs. Micklethrift, whom I soon found was a countrywoman of my own, and one well deserving of having her acquaintance cultivated. The children were her son's, who, with his wife and two older boys, were already in the Genesee country as settlers, where they had raised a house, and made, by all accounts, as she said, a brave clearing in the woods, having seven acres chopped, and three of them under crop. Her son and his wife, with the two boys, had come out from Ruglen the year before, and seeing they were all likely to do well, had sent for her and the two little ones.

Although I had been now many years in America, yet, as my perambulations were never above eight or nine miles from New York, I was really at this time entirely ignorant of every thing a settler has to do and endure. I am not sure if I had then seen a tree older than myself felled; in short, I knew as little of bush-work as any other storekeeper or mechanic, or even a director of a land company. Nor was Mrs. Micklethrift, from her own experience, very well qualified to instruct me; but she had heard something; for her son was particular in his letters to let her know what she had to expect, and in conversation she was in consequence not only full of matter new to me, but wonderfully edifying.

After we had discused all about her son, and what difficulties he had met and overcome, and of the great fault that inexperienced emigrants commit in bringing chests of drawers, eight-day clocks, and bread au'mo'ries with them from the old country, to say nothing of Carron grates,—we then discoursed of trade, which at that time she said was in a poor way about Glasgow, and was the cause of their coming to America.

"What will be the upshot," said I, "of all this breaking of banks and revalling of manufacturers, that every other year bring both the old and new world almost to an end?" for at time trade was suffering greatly in New York.

"'Deed!" replied Mrs. Micklethrift, "there never will be any other sort of upshot than what we have seen in by-

gone times. Trade 's just like the farming, sometimes a good and sometimes a bad harvest; and so it will to the conclusion. There 's no steadiness in trade more than in the seasons. It was this persuasion that made my son loup off the treadles and go into the woods, where, if he now and then meet with a bad crop, he 's still as certain of making a living; and as men increase and multiply, the value of his land will rise in the natural way, and without the artifice of speculation."

I thought this sagacious mother wit, and began to reflect, that prosperous as I had been in the seed-line, maybe, had I gone into the bush and become a settler, it might have been better with me: for I was convinced it was true what Lucky Micklethrift said, better times may come round again, but it will only be as a better harvest; some other year, another short-coming will be followed with its disappointment.

Thus the accident of meeting with that sagacious carlin, I must, from this conversation, ever regard as one of the most important that had hitherto befallen me. It opened my eyes to a new light, by which I saw that trade, in the generality, is likely ever to be fluctuating. According to statesmen and orators, it may be only a little higher or a little lower one year with another; but among the individuals who toil and moil in stores and factories, there will always be some driven to the door: whereas, the settler in the woods, when he has cleared enough to maintain his family, and does not let his wants outgrow his means, rises, of necessity, with the progress of the community, in comparative safety and steadiness.

When I had pondered these things well, which I did during my stay in Albany, and all the passage down the river I began to be of opinion it was a good thing for me that I had not, according to my wishes, found a convenient store to resume the seed business, more especially when I reflected on my increasing family; for somehow it happened, that in the course of a month or two, we were to look for an increase; in short, I resolved to give up all idea of entering again into trade in New York, and came to the resolution, before I got home, to retire with my wife

and children to the back woods, with the remainder of the five hundred dollars, convinced by what I had gathered from Mrs. Micklethrift, that it would be an abundant sufficiency for the purpose. This scheme, however, required some dexterity in the handling; we owed the money to the friendship of Mr. Hoskins, and it was hard to say if he would approve it. To go against his opinion would look like ingratitude, and to reckon on his consent was more than could be expected, seeing how much he himself preferred trading and speculations to the regular business of his farm. But in this I was as greatly mistaken in his character as on the former occasion; for when I took an opportunity soon after in a far-off way to sound him on the subject, much to my surprise he launched out in praise of the certainty that awaited the hopes of a settler in the bush.

"I calculate," said he, "the making of the bush into corn-fields is the right American manufacture; and if a man can never grow no richer at that, he's sure to be roasted like a quail on the Devil's prongs at every thing else. 'Somesever, that 'ere chopping, I reckon, is tarnation hard work; and if the location bean't a 'dicious one, the swamp fever will hop off with the Squire like nothing in a fortnight."

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

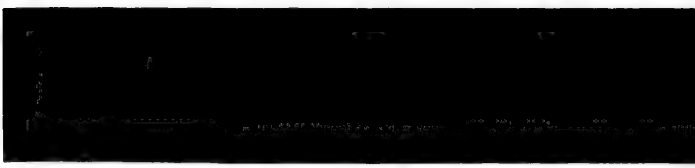
"Spread the sail, spread the sail,
We are bound o'er the sea;
Our lot lies in a foreign land,
But merry we shall be."

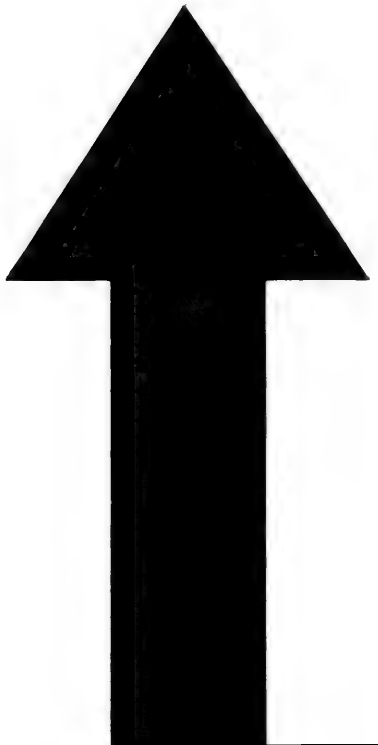
My trip to Albany did me much good. I returned reinvigorated both in body and mind. The doubt which had still hung about me, as to the prudence of resuming my old business, was dissipated: I had discovered a new field, and was eager to enter on the cultivation.

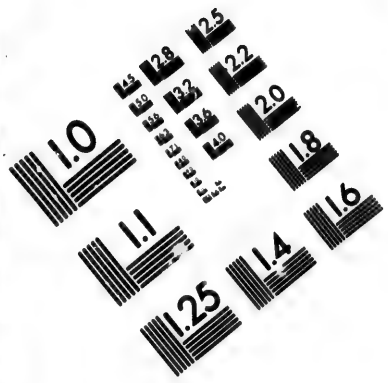
No time was lost in making the necessary arrangements for the removal of my family to the western part of the state, — the Genesee country; which, at that period, as I have already hinted, was fast filling with settlers, emigrants from Europe, and swarms from Pennsylvania and New England.

Peace having been restored a short time before, the number of passengers from London and Liverpool, all bound for the new settlements, was extraordinary. They came by the earliest ships in the spring, and brought great accounts of the multitudes who were to follow in the autumn. The prospects, in consequence, of the land-jobbers, as well as of the settlers, were cheering; insomuch that Mr. Hoskins, who took a deep interest in my proceedings, talked vastly of the prosperity I should see come to pass. He even hinted that I need be none surprised if he sold off his land and betterments in Vermont, gave up all speculations, and operated with his capital within the tract where I proposed to settle. Our exodus from New York thus commenced under the happiest auspices.

I had reflected on what Mrs. Micklethrift had said about the inconvenience of lugging and hauling furniture so







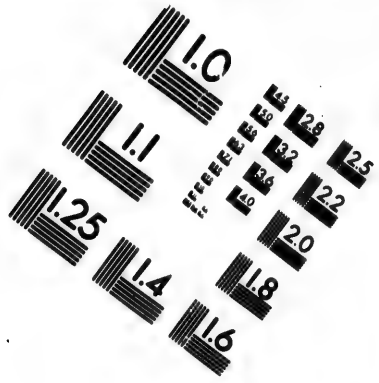
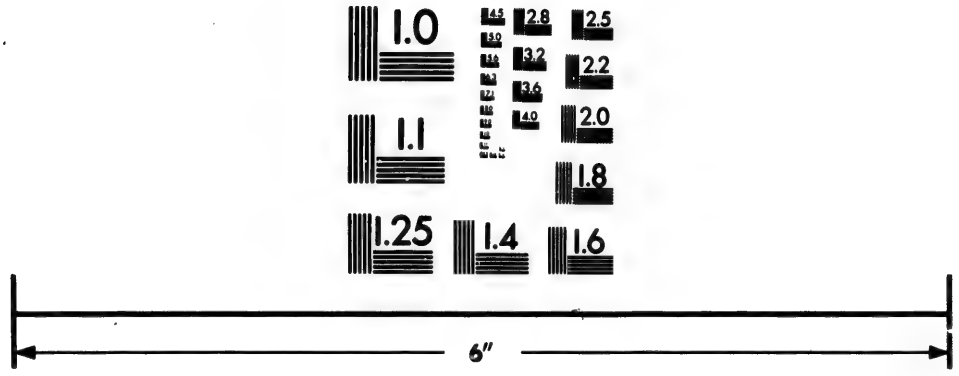
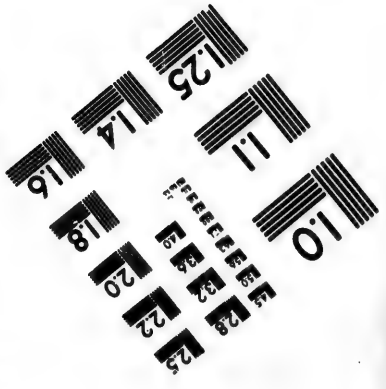


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

far to the back of beyond; and accordingly, after due consultation with my wife, it was agreed between us that, saving the ark, whereof mention has so often been made, and some three or four boxes with necessaries, we should set out as light-handed as possible; and our purse, as the courteous reader is well aware, not being one of the weightiest, we made our calculations that it would be cheaper to take passage in one of the Albany schooners than by the steam-boat. This I accordingly did; and made an agreement with the skipper of the Van Egmond, of Troy, a Dutchman, for less than a third of the money.

My family consisted at this time, besides the old cock and hen, of five chickens. Robin was fifteen, and Charley twelve; the other three were girls, of something more than eighteen months between the two eldest; but though so young, none of them were without hands. Susy, the eldest, could do all kind of household work, and spin, as well as bake bread. Mary was a perfect nonpareil at knitting stockings, and had sewed a sampler with the Lord's Prayer in the middle, surrounded by the initials of all our names, in different stitches, that was, by competent judges, much thought of; at least they said so. Becky, the youngest,— so called after my beloved Rebecca, — was the new bairn.

Having placed the ark and boxes on a cart, we went down in a body, following it to the wharf, at six o'clock in the morning of the 19th of April, 1815, when we embarked on board the Van Egmond, happy with ourselves, and pleased with the hopes which, like the buds of the season, were beginning to kithe in green before us.

We were not, however, the only passengers in the schooner. A family of six, from the neighbourhood of Paisley, was already on board, and had fitted themselves in the best berths.

The gude-man, — James Pirns by name, and by trade a weaver, — was a douce, discreet bodie; something of the reforming order, and, as I found out in the course of the voyage, not overly orthodox in some of his religious opinions. His wife had been bred to the tambouring, and was neither so sensible, nor so orderly with her children, as she might have been. In short, it was evident that although the poor

man was constrained by the hard times to come to our new Canaan, the want of "meconomy," as he called it, in his helpmate, was probably the chief cause. Their four children, being all young, one of them a baby, attracted no particular notice; farther than that they were impudent, and had an instinctive dislike to soap and water. Altogether, James Pirns had a heavy handful in his wife and her uncouth and uncombed brats.

He was, however, a man of some substance. Not having had the good fortune, like me, to fall in with a woman of sagacity, like Mrs. Micklethrift, he had brought with him, in the vessel from Europe, all his gear and chattels, not forgetting his wife's tambouring apparatus: a spinning-wheel would have been more to the purpose in America. They had hampers with delf teacups and saucers, black bottles, rickety chairs, paralytic tables; every thing, in short, that a plain mechanical family requires, even to a bairn's chair with a hole in the bottom, and its appurtenance in wood.

While we were on board the schooner, but little inconvenience was suffered from that cargo of garret lumber; nor in the voyage from the Clyde to New York, had it occasioned any great degree of molestation to James; but as we were sailing up the Hudson, I heard him several times complaining to his wife of the cost it had put him to in bringing it only from the East River across the town, and expressing his fears of the expense to which he would still be subjected before they reached Oswego, towards which they were bound.

When we reached Albany, which was on the morning of the third day after leaving New York, I leaped on shore; and carts being ready waiting on the wharf, in less than no time and a jiffy I got our chest and boxes out of the vessel, and on a cart, and having placed my wife and the girls on it beside them, we were on our way rejoicing, towards Scennectady, before James Pirns had half concluded a bargain for the transportation of his trumpery.

That same night we reached Scennectady, where we stopped to sleep. Next morning we embarked in a boat on the Mohawk, which carried us to Little Falls, where we came on shore, and hired a wagon to bring us on to Utica.

My wife, tired with being out all night on the river, and finding herself and the younger children discommoded in the boat, which was crank and unsatisfactory,—moreover, being afraid to go up the rapids,—persuaded me to take this step. What a change has come to pass in those parts since! and what a blessing it would have been to James Pirns, had the Erie Canal then been open! He might, in that case, have brought on every thing he had in safety, and without trouble. But the economical discernment of Mrs. Micklethrift would not have deserved the respect with which it inspired me, when I heard some time following how the poor man, after getting his tables lamed, and the legs of his chairs dislocated, besides having a smashery among his crockery ware and black bottles, was obliged to sell the wreck and the main part of his furniture at Scennectady.

As we came along, I made it a point, wherever we had occasion to stop, to enquire particularly as to the opinion of the country folks concerning the different settlements then forming; but I was surprised to find that both Mrs. Micklethrift and James Pirns, though but newly come to America, were much better acquainted with every thing about them than those tavern-keepers and others to whom I applied. This was owing, as I learned afterwards, to the friends who had come before them, and who had written every particular necessary to be known.

At Utica we halted two days, chiefly that I might inform myself as to the state of the western country; for I was averse to go too far into the wilderness, lest I should pass the reach of education, and expose my children to the hazards of ignorance,—a matter of the deepest concernment to those who think of settling in the bush.

After weighing well the knowledge I collected at Utica, it was determined that we should proceed to Babelmandel,—a newly located town, about a hundred miles to the westward,—and that somewhere in the neighbourhood I should choose my land. I was also advised not to take my family at once upon the land, but to leave my wife and the girls in the nearest village, until I had raised a house to receive them; many of the misfortunes which befall new settlers being caused by risking their health on new ground and

ague beds, without sufficient caution. But I shall not descant on these things here; neither shall I describe the roads we travelled, nor the anguish we endured from the corduroy crossways, made of trunks of trees, which we were obliged in many places to pass over for miles together before we reached Olympus, the village within fifteen miles of Babelmandel, where it was arranged my wife and the girls should make their sojourn.

CHAPTER II.

"——To live in those dark woods,
And with the ponderous trunks of ancient trees,
To stretch on wither'd leaves our weary limbs,
We go."

Olympus was a new town, only about three years old, and, but for being injudiciously located in a deep swampy hollow, rapid as it had been in growth, it would have, even in so short a time, been a much more considerable place. As it was, it consisted of upwards of twenty houses, a place of worship, a school, and two taverns. It was, however, the opinion of the inhabitants, that it would not succeed, for no fresh enquiries were made for lots by new settlers; indeed, the unhealthy situation was one of the causes which led to the formation of the new settlement at Babelmandel, towards which the tide of emigration was at this time flowing.

Besides arranging a sojourn for the mistress and her three girls, until I should have determined our location, and raised a house for them, it was necessary to stop a day or two at Olympus, to settle with the land-agent of the Babelmandel settlement, who held his office at that time there. But in both concerns I found no difficulty. In one of the taverns we were creditably accommodated on terms that could not be complained of; and the agent was a most civil gentleman, doing all in his power to make

things easy, and giving me a deal of good and profitable advice.

Among other things, he remarked, that he thought, considering my stature and light weight, I should find it more to my advantage to try if the overseer of the roads, which were then opening through the settlement, could give me employment as a boss, or foreman, to look over a gang of the roadmakers; and, in that case, to contract with an experienced woodsman to do the chopping on my land, in which work the two boys would be found serviceable, either in collecting the brush or in burning off the logs. "For," said he, "I can see you are one of those sort of settlers, whose heads are worth four of their hands."

Having selected on the diagram of the Babelmandel township a lot of fifty acres, near the forks of two considerable creeks, within about half a mile of the new village, I prepared a few necessaries for the boys and myself; and on the third day after our arrival at Olympus, we set out with packs on our backs, to take possession, accompanied by one of the inhabitants, who undertook for a dollar to show the land. It may be thought, in buying the lot before I had seen it, I was buying a pig in a poke; but it was not exactly so, for I reserved to myself the privilege of changing it for another if not satisfied.

The road from Olympus to Babelmandel, after quitting the cleared land, was desperate bad. It was then but the mere blazed line of what was to be a road; stumps and cradle heaps, mud-holes and miry swails, succeeded one another, like the big and little beads of perdition on a papistical paternoster. But the fatigue and toil of travelling it was as nothing, compared with the disheartening task, as it then seemed, of finding the land-marks. Certain I am, that only an eye long practised in the business could ever find the posts, placed as they are in the very heart of the bushes of a wilderness, where no airt can be traced, save by the moss on the northern side of the trunks of the trees.

Before we had accomplished half our journey, though it was but fifteen miles, I resolved we should go straight on to the village for the night, and take a fresh day to ex-

amine the land. Had we not done so, I am persuaded the boys and I would have sunk with fatigue: our guide, being used to the woods, suffered comparatively little. Accordingly we proceeded straight on, and at last reached the road, which was being opened from the town, and the clearings in the vicinity.

Of all the sights in this world the most likely to daunt a stout heart, and to infect a resolute spirit with despondency, that of a newly chopped tract of the forest certainly bears away the bell. Hundreds on hundreds of vast and ponderous trees covering the ground for acres, like the mighty slain in a field of battle, all to be removed, yea, obliterated, before the solitary settler can raise a meal of potatoes, seemingly offer the most hopeless task which the industry of man can struggle with. My heart withered as I contemplated the scene, and my two little boys came close to me, and enquired with the low accents of anxiety and dread, if the moving of these enormous things was to be our work. Fortunately, before I had time to answer their question, a sudden turn of the road brought us in sight of the village, where the settlers in all directions were busy logging and burning. The liveliness of this spectacle, the blazing of the timber, and the rapid destruction of the trees, rendered, indeed, any answer unnecessary. They beheld at once, that so far from the work being hopeless, the ground was laid open for tillage even as it were while we were looking at it; and we entered Babelmandel reassured in all our hopes.

The village as yet consisted but of shanties and log-houses. The former is a hut or wigwam, made of bark laid upon the skeleton of a rude roof, and is open commonly on the one side, nigh to which, during the night, the inmates, who sleep within, raise a great fire to keep themselves warm; some say to protect them from wolves and other wild beasts. Notwithstanding the rough appearance of the shanty, it yet affords a shelter with which weary axemen are well content. I never, however, had a right solid sound sleep in one, for, as they are open, I had a constant fear of snakes crawling in upon me; nor was it imaginary, for that very night, the first we passed in

Babelmandel, the boys and I, being obliged to make our bed on hemlock boughs in a shanty, had not well composed ourselves to rest, when Charley, the youngest, felt something like a man's finger wimbling in under his neck, and starting up, beheld a large garter-snake twisting and twining where he had made his pillow. We were pacified in our alarm, by an assurance that it was of a harmless kind; but truly it will be a long time before I am satisfied that any serpent can ever be a commendable bedfellow.

Saving that molestation, we passed, however, a comfortable night; at first, it was proposed, on account of the snakes, that we should alternately keep watch; but when I had the watch myself, a drowsiness fell upon me, and shut up my eyes in sleep, till the sun was more than an hour high, and every one at work.

Betimes, after taking some breakfast, at which we had hemlock-tea, a pleasant and salutary drink, though not in much repute at Bridals, we buckled on our knapsacks, and proceeded with our guide in quest of the lot I had bargained for, and which we easily found, as it answered very correctly to the description received from the agent. It was a pleasant situation, looking up the forks of the two rivers. I decided at once on being content with it, and forthwith we began to seek for a suitable place to raise a house on. This was not difficult to find; and I made choice of a rising ground near a pretty spring, as the site of our future home. But as it was necessary in the mean time to provide a place of temporary shelter, we went nearer to the village with our shanty, and for divers reasons: first, a lone man, neither a giant nor a Samson, with two little boys, I thought too weak a garrison against wolves and bears; second, by the kind recommendation of the agent, I was to be made a boss on the road; and third, as the boys were to work with the guide with whom I contracted to clear five acres for me, I wished to be with them at night, which could not have been accomplished, had we sat down at once upon my own land; so we raised our shanty within the boundaries marked out for the town plot, on a rising bank, overlooking the main river, and near to a large shanty, which about a score of the axemen

and carpenters had constructed for themselves. Our shanty was completed in good time before the evening, so that when we dressed our supper at the fire before the door, I could not but acknowledge with thankfulness that we had reached the Mount Pisgah of our pilgrimage. The wall top was surmounted; I thought myself safe among the leaves on the other side; and at a fitting time, the boys being already in the arms of Morpheus, I stretched myself beside them and courted sleep.

But the sleep that came was not like the downy comforter of the preceding night. It was uneasy and ominous. I dreamt of serpents, and fancied that I saw wolves looking over the fire at us as we lay in the shanty on the ground; while ever and anon I heard, or thought I heard, a voice warning me to vigilance;—altogether, it was a comfortless time; and the wind, having changed, blew the smoke of the fire so in upon us, that I was obliged to get up and go to the outside. Here my condition was but little improved, for the skies were overcast with thick black clouds and a screech-owl in a neighbouring tree was making the night hideous with her evil prophecies.

CHAPTER III.

"The waters, the big waters
Are coming, see, they come."

About daybreak it began to rain, and continued to pour with increasing violence all the morning; no one thought of stirring abroad who could keep within shelter. My boys and I had for task only to keep the fire at the door of the shanty brisk and blazing, and to notice that the pools, which began to form around us, did not become too large; for sometimes, besides the accumulation of the rain, little streams would suddenly break out, and rushing towards us, would have extinguished our fire, had we not been vigilant.

The site I had chosen for the shanty was near to a little brook, on the top of the main river's bank. In fine weather, no situation could be more beautiful; the brook was clear as crystal, and fell in a small cascade into the river, which, broad and deep, ran beneath the bank with a swift but smooth current.

The forest up the river had not been explored above a mile or two: all beyond was the unknown wilderness. Some vague rumours of small lakes and beaver dams were circulated in the village, but no importance was attached to the information: save but for the occasional little torrents, with which the rain sometimes hastily threatened to extinguish our fires, we had no cause to dread inundation.

The rain still continued to fall incessantly: the pools it formed in the hollows of the ground began, towards noon, to overflow their banks, and to become united. By and by something like a slight current was observed passing from one to another; but thinking only of preserving our fire, we no farther noticed this, than by occasionally running out of the shanty into the shower, and scraping a channel to let the water run off into the brook or the river.

It was hoped that about noon the rain would slacken; but in this we were disappointed. It continued to increase, and the ground began to be so flooded, while the brook swelled to a river, that we thought it might become necessary to shift our tent to a higher part of the bank. To do this, we were, however, reluctant, for it was impossible to encounter the deluge without being almost instantly soaked to the skin; and we had put the shanty up with more care and pains than usual, intending it should serve us for a home until our house was comfortably finished.

About three o'clock the skies were dreadfully darkened and overcast. I had never seen such darkness while the sun was above the horizon, and still the rain continued to descend in cataracts, but at fits and intervals. No man, who had not seen the like, would credit the description.

Suddenly a sharp flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous thunder-peal, lightened up all the forest; and almost in the same moment the rain came lavishing along as if the windows of heaven were opened; anon another

flash, and a louder peal burst upon us, as if the whole forest was rending over and around us.

I drew my helpless and poor trembling little boys under the skirts of my great coat.

Then there was another frantic flash, and the roar of the thunder was augmented by the riven trees that fell cloven on all sides in a whirlwind of splinters. But though the lightning was more terrible than scimitars, and the thunder roared as if the vaults of heaven were shaken to pieces and tumbling in, the irresistible rain was still more appalling than either. I have said it was as if the windows of heaven were opened. About sunset, the ground floods were as if the fountains of the great deep were breaking up.

I pressed my shivering children to my bosom, but I could not speak. At the common shanty, where there had been for some time an affectation of mirth and ribaldry, there was now silence; at last, as if with one accord, all the inhabitants rushed from below their miserable shed, tore it into pieces, and ran with the fragments to a higher ground, crying wildly, "The river is rising!"

I had seen it swelling for some time, but our shanty stood so far above the stream, that I had no fear it would reach us. Scarcely, however, had the axemen escaped from theirs, and planted themselves on the crown of a rising ground nearer to us, where they were hastily constructing another shed, when a tremendous crash and roar was heard at some distance in the woods, higher up the stream. It was so awful, I had almost said so omnipotent, in the sound, that I started on my feet, and shook my treasures from me. For a moment the Niagara of the river seemed almost to pause—it was but for a moment—for instantly after, the noise of the rending of mighty trees, the crashing and the tearing of the unrooted forest, rose around. The waters of the river, troubled and raging, came hurling with the wreck of the woods, sweeping with inconceivable fury every thing that stood within its scope;—a lake had burst its banks.

The sudden rise of the water soon, however, subsided; I saw it ebbing fast, and comforted my terrified boys.

The rain also began to abate. Instead of those dreadful sheets of waves which fell upon us, as if some vast ocean behind the forest was heaving over its spray, a thick continued small rain came on; and about an hour after sunset, streaks and breaks in the clouds gave some token that the worst was over; — it was not, however, so; for about the same time a stream appeared in the hollow, between the rising ground to which the axemen had retired, and the little knoll on which our shanty stood; at the same time the waters in the river began to swell again. There was on this occasion no abrupt and bursting noise; but the night was fast closing upon us, and a hoarse muttering and angry sound of many waters grew louder and louder on all sides.

The darkness, and increasing rage of the river, which there was just twilight enough to show was rising above the brim of the bank, smote me with inexpressible terror. I snatched my children by the hand, and rushed forward to join the axemen, but the torrent between us rolled so violently, that to pass was impossible, and the waters still continued to rise.

I called aloud to the axemen for assistance; and when they heard my desperate cries, they came out of the shed, some with burning brands, and others with their axes glittering in the flames; but they could render no help: at last, one man, a fearless backwoodsman, happened to observe, by the fire-light, a tree on the bank of the torrent, which it in some degree overhung, and he called for others to join him in making a bridge. In the course of a few minutes the tree was laid across the stream, and we scrambled over, just as the river extinguished our fire, and swept our shanty away.

This rescue was in itself so wonderful, and the scene had been so terrible, that it was some time after we were safe before I could rouse myself to believe I was not in the fangs of the nightmare. My poor boys clung to me as if still not assured of their security, and I wept upon their necks in the ecstasy of an unspeakable passion of anguish and joy.

About this time the misling rain began to fall softer;

the dawn of the moon appeared through the upper branches of the forest, and here and there the stars looked out from their windows in the clouds. The storm was gone, and the deluge assuaged; the floods all around us gradually ebbed away, and the insolent and unknown waters which had so swelled the river, shrunk within their banks, and long before the morning had retired from the scene.

Need I say that anthems of deliverance were heard in our camp that night? O surely no! The woods answered to our psalms, and waved their mighty arms; the green leaves clapped their hands; and the blessed moon, lifting the veil from her forehead, and looking down upon us through the boughs, gladdened our solemn rejoicing.

CHAPTER IV.

"His household gods were all removed, his hearth
Extinguish'd, and his home made desolate!"

THE restoration of the shanty was but the work of a few hours, and was performed by Amidab Peters, the guide, and the two boys; for, being eager to be doing something, I entered next day on my office as boss on the road, to gang number five. For several days nothing particular occurred; but the weather was unsettled, and less work was obtained from the labourers than usual at that season of the year, which made the agent peevish, as the speculators for whom he acted often grumbled most when they ought to have been best pleased; not that any party who have to pay for out-of-door work are ever otherwise than dissatisfied with bad weather.

But the rainy, do-nothing days, which increased the agent's bills, were holidays to the settlers. On those occasions, they were wont to assemble in the large shed, to tell stories and sing songs for pastime, the rain forbidding every kind of active sport. This, as the season was uncommonly wet, came round so often that the songs and tales at last

began to grow stale, and we had recourse to different devices to raise fresh supplies. It was to me they were indebted for the suggestion, that every one should tell a story either of himself, or some adventure that had taken place within his own knowledge; and as encouragement to begin, I opened the ball by a full, true, and particular account of some of the adventures herein related. This led on others; till at last the turn came to an old man, who, for his mild and genteel manners, was jocularly known in the settlement as Mr. Gentleman. Nobody, however, ventured to address him so familiarly.

I had frequently noticed him with curiosity; but somehow was restrained, without knowing wherefore, from making his acquaintance.

I saw him first in the woods alone. He was sitting on the trunk of a tree which he had newly felled, caressing a little dog: his axe rested against the stump; at a short distance, on the ground, lay his coat and straw hat, and near them a dead snake recently killed. Something in his air and appearance bespoke my compassion; and the fairness of his hands showed that to him the toil of the chopper was a new trade: moreover, he was evidently aged,— threescore at least; for his hair was quite white, and, besides the deep furrows of thoughtfulness, his countenance was impressed with those other dry and withered wrinkles, which age as well as anxiety is necessary to produce.

After some hesitation, he began:—

"It is of no importance to tell you who I am; nor would the disclosure of my real name increase the interest of my little story. You see me here alone, unknown to you all. Some of you deem me proud, because I shun your occasional amusements; but whatever motives lead me to keep myself sequestered, they may have their own source in deeper feelings than any emotion in the power of present circumstances to excite.

"To begin, then, you see, in the strictest sense of the term, a forlorn man. All of you have some friend, kinsman, or acquaintances here; or you have previously heard something of some amongst you. It is not so with me: I

stand solitary in a circle which excludes every affection from without; none can pass the interdicted bound, and all within seems eradicated. I am, as respects my former individuality, dead to the world. It is believed by those to whom I was formerly known that I exist no longer. My story belongs to necrology. The void which my departure left in society has, long ere this, been filled up; or if I am yet remembered by some kinder heart than another, it is with wondering whence I came, and into what obscurity I have returned: doubtless the common opinion is, into the dust.

"You see before you one of those unfortunate men, who, without fortune or influential connections, yet, owing to something in address or character, attract a larger share of attention than befits their humble circumstances. From my childhood, I was one of whom high expectations were cherished: my youth was countenanced by many in superior stations. It was thought that I possessed the endowment of more than ordinary talent, and I was esteemed because I diligently cultivated the supposed gift. My small paternal inheritance was just enough to raise me above the necessity of a patron — too little to secure me a friend among those whose tastes and inclinations accorded with my own. I say not this in satire; but some equality, even in sordid circumstances, is essential to friendship: without it, however closely two young hearts may have been cemented, the mutations of fortune will, sooner or later, shake them asunder, never to be reunited again.

"I was made sensible of this truth at an early age. Just as I was entering upon the threshold of life, a false step, or rather a miscalculation, suddenly taught me to know my helplessness. I needed assistance, and could obtain none; nor did I solicit any. I was confident in myself: I persevered against the effects of the accident: I ultimately overcame them, and went forward with a higher and brighter career. But I saw that in my difficulties I was avoided by those whom, in the flattery of youth, I counted my dearest friends: I could not disguise from myself the fact of that disaster; nor could I refrain from comparing my condition with theirs. All had some relation or

connection, bound by other than moral sentiments to their fortunes and reputation, and to whom their success was an object of solicitude. Some of them had thus ties or claims on persons superior to their rank and circumstances; but all my connections, without one exception, though not poor for their station, were yet unable to assist me. This, and the innate emulation of my disposition, placed me at all times on the verge of a precipice. My means were ever put to their utmost: the slightest shock was sufficient, at any time, to disarrange my operations.

"Still, however, I worked onward. I was enabled to keep the course I had chosen, and the sphere in which I moved was enlarged and exalted. At last, as my hair began to grow grey, the goal to which I had pressed forward with so much constancy and vigour appeared in view. I redoubled my efforts; and soon it placed in my power all I desired, presenting the means of an honourable repose for my old age. I succeeded. A few years of energy and endeavour only were necessary to secure the fruits of my long, unwearied, cheerful industry; and my exertions were not unworthy of the object. All I undertook prospered: nothing that I did could I have wished undone. I was in an eminent public trust; honours were proposed for me; my couch was spread; and though in the enjoyment of a green old age, I prepared myself for the embraces of repose. Alas! how fugitive are the fortunes of men!

"In that crisis, the blight which has fallen upon the universal industry of the world infected the concerns and interests of my trust; and thus, at the age of threescore, was I cast adrift, and in poverty. The original scope of my line of business prevented me from ever being in a situation to become rich; a respectable income was the maximum it ever offered. I was then too old to begin the world again: moreover, the world itself was no longer the same; so that, even if I could have commanded the means to commence a new career, I could discover no path into which, with any chance of success, I could strike; and a disappointed heart, beneath the load of threescore years, hath but ineffectual energies.

"In this state of hopelessness, being then at the sea-side,

I went out one day with two fishermen in their boat. We had not been long on the fishing-ground, when the wind began to blow strongly from the land, and the appearance of the heavens indicated an approaching tempest. The fishermen became alarmed, and made for the shore. for me, I felt no fear, I saw no danger, but in living too long. An abrupt heave of the sea upset the boat: the two fishermen were drowned; I was, however, saved as by a miracle, being somehow enabled to mount upon the bottom of the boat, where I remained upwards of three hours at the mercy of the waves, and drifting from the shore before the wind. Indebted to instinct rather than resolution for the preservation of my life, what was there to me in life to make it worth preserving?

"At last, a vessel from the French coast came in sight; and the squall having by that time abated, she discovered me, and bore down to my assistance in time to save me, before the dashing waves and the cold had quite extinguished the embers of life.

"The captain, with the urbanity of his nation, contributed every thing on board which could minister to my restoration; but more than two days elapsed before I was in a condition to express my gratitude, and they had no cordial for a broken heart.

"My reflections, in the mean time, were inexpressibly painful. It could not but be thought by my friends that I had perished with the fishermen. What friends?

"The ship being bound to New York, I was carried thither; where, soon after my arrival, by the good offices of the captain, I found employment as a clerk; and, with the little earnings of that station, I have been enabled to come here, where I hope to spend the cheerless evening of my days in unmolested tranquillity."

His tale was told with simplicity, and produced a sorrowful sympathy for him. No observation was made on it: we looked only at one another; and the rain having then passed off, we rose singly, and went away.

CHAPTER V.

"Go to, proud fool, count not on Fortune's favour,
Her gifts are gleams on water."

In the mean time, Amidab Peters, who was our guide from Olympus, with the two boys, was busy chopping down the trees on my farm, and preparing logs for a house; while I, as a boss on the roads, was receiving what would have been thought great wages in a town even in America. But the hard fare to which my duty subjected me, and the frequent instances in which I saw men pulled down with the hatchet in their hands by the ague, made the employment so unsatisfactory, that I resolved to retire from it, and give my whole attention to my own land, notwithstanding the infirm construction of my frame for the toil of clearing.

Moreover, by this time I had learned something of the expedients of settlers; and was convinced that girdling the trees is a quicker and better way for the first operations of new beginners, especially such as have had no experience of the woods, nor have been practised with the axe, than the laborious undertaking of hewing down each particular huge tree by itself. To girdle is to cut a ring round the bark of the trunk into the timber, which causes the tree to die: in the course of two or three years it falls; and being then well dried, is easily burnt off. As this work does not require a powerful arm, it suited me exactly.

As soon as a sufficient number of proper logs for my house had been prepared, and brought to the place by a team of oxen hired for the purpose, I made a bee; that is, I collected as many of the most expert and able-bodied of the settlers to assist at the raising, by which I got the walls of a most excellent house up in the course of a single day, without peril of life or limb among the workmen; a rare blessing, and, as I accepted it, a pleasant omen of happiness to those who were destined to be the inmates of the dwelling.

In finishing my house I took more pains than common; for I had reflected on what is often said,—that new settlers are too apt to expose their health indiscreetly, when by care and consideration they might be more comfortably lodged for little more trouble or expense. It is a fault with them to make their first work serve, and to leave many things to be done in the winter, when they cannot work in the woods, that were better executed in warm and dry weather.

In summer the unseasoned timber shrinks, and the chinks between the logs then are wider than in the moist weather of the fall. It therefore consists with common sense that the summer is the time for filling up the chinks; but there was another reason which had great weight with me for doing it at once: in hot weather, my bosom friends, the snakes, are nimbler than at any other time, and will slip in and out the smallest holes, like evil spirits. To keep them out was, therefore, a main point with me; for in the autumn, when the evenings become chilly, they sometimes contrive to get into the houses, and coil themselves up in corners for the winter. But my chief reason for being so overly particular at the beginning, as some of the other set tlers thought, was a dread of the autumnal rains, and the cold piercing winds of the frozen season. Health and strength are the gold and silver of the woods, and I was anxious to have my treasure well protected.

Having prepared a few articles of furniture of such cabinet work as the axe could fashion,—among which were two or three cuts of trees for stools, and a table, with legs that, for girth and solidity, might have been pillars in a parish kirk,—I went out to Olympus to bring my wife and the three girls to Babelmandel, leaving the two boys to keep the house. At Olympus I hired an ox-team to carry the ark and the boxes; it served also as a caravan for my live stock.

On the first Saturday of September, we set out for our new home. Light were our hearts, as, in the grey of the dewy morning, we entered the road-path in the wood which led to Babelmandel. Through the windfalls and the openings of the settlement, the rising sun was beginning to silver the leaves, and to glitter on the rills, sprinkling the

floor of the forest aisles with glaiks and gleams, — a visible melody, which broke the monotony of the gloom, like the song of early birds. It was the first time that the silence of the woods had not affected me with sadness; but we were happy and hopeful, and all around looked gay.

The afternoon was far advanced before we reached our new habitation, for though the distance was but fifteen miles, we were upwards of ten hours in travelling it; the mirth of many a joint-dislocking jolt, and almost headlong whamle, shortened, however, the road, and smoothed its roughness. On our arrival, we found the boys anxiously waiting with a savoury stew, which they had of their own accord prepared to welcome their mother and sisters, and to show their proficiency in the art of living in the bush.

This unexpected feast added to our delight; we felt in our hearts that we had at last come to home, and thought of former disasters as of the holes and the snags which we had surmounted in the way.

After partaking of the boys' stew, I proposed to celebrate our arrival by uniting in worship as we were wont to do in Jersey and New York; and as the day had been exceedingly warm, I ordered the door to be left open to admit the cool evening air.

While we were engaged in that holy service, a sharp shrill shriek, wild and piercing, came from the village; imputing it to some frolic among the younger settlers, I heeded it not; it disturbed not the earnestness of our devotion. In less than a minute after, a similar cry was repeated, and caused me to pause in prayer. This was followed by a terrible hissing, hurrying, and crackling noise, something like the rushing sound of many sky-rockets, but immeasurably greater, followed by a hundred vehement voices, screaming "Fire!" Starting from my kneeling, I ran to the door in alarm, scarce conceiving what the cry of fire in the wilderness could portend.

The woods were on fire! The scene of horror was at some distance behind the house, but the remorseless element was rising and wreathing in smoke and flame on all sides. The progress was as a furious whirlwind; to arrest, or to extinguish, seemed equally impossible.

The unfortunate settlers were flying in all directions with their moveables; but the fallen leaves, kindled by the fiery flakes that fell showering around, intercepted their flight, and obliged many to abandon their burdens; for, as with the Egyptian hail, fire ran along the ground: sometimes the flames ascended with a spiral sweep at once from the roots to the topmost bows of the loftiest trees; at others they burst out in the highest branches at a distance from the general burning, as if some invisible incendiary was propagating the destruction. Aged trunks of hollow elms and oaks took fire within, and blazed out like fountains of flame; and all around the sound, like the rage of a hurricane and the roaring of seas upon a shallow shore, grew louder and louder.

After the first alarm, the settlers gathered themselves together and looked on, wondering to one another what would be the conclusion; for the fire was spreading before the wind, leaving behind only the black and burning skeletons of the large trees. To most of us, though the sight was awful, the ravages of the flames were not disheartening; they effected a wide clearing at small cost, and I got rid of many of my girdled trees; so that we began to joke and make merry with those who were so lucky as to be within the scope of the destruction. But the mirth was of short duration in my family: Providence was pleased to interpose in a signal manner to quench the conflagration, by changing the wind, and causing it to blow with great violence in the opposite direction, by which the flames, being driven back on the devastation, soon spent their fury; and a heavy rain following, it was amazing to see how quickly the danger disappeared.

But though it is an ill wind which blows nobody good, the good that came by that change was yet not extended to me or mine. It was a gusty and turbulent wind, which came in whirling blasts, sweeping along the smoke, the ashes, and the embers, and involving every thing on our side of the settlement to such a degree in thick smoke, and suffocating dust and steam, that we could not see a yard before us. Being driven by it to seek shelter, we returned towards home, which we had left at the distance of some

two or three hundred yards to join the other settlers. It was by this time almost dark; and the squally night, after the disaster we had witnessed, filled my wife with such anxieties. that she repined at having consented to come so far into the wilderness.

This was the first time she had ever expressed any thing like dissatisfaction, and I chided her a little for being so cast down, hurrying her at the same time, with our youngest child in her arms, towards the house; but who can tell what I suffered when, on approaching the door, which was still open as it had been left, we beheld the roof on fire in several places? There was no time for talk; I called her to place the child on the ground, and to assist me to get out the ark and boxes; this we effected before the boys came to us, but nothing could save the house. In the course of a few minutes it was all on fire; our expense and toil, our care and consideration, all perished. Thus, instead of the snug and comfortable habitation to which we had looked forward so eagerly, we were cast out on the forest, and obliged to call in our neighbours to assist, amidst the darkness and squalls, to raise a shanty for the night. Nevertheless, I was none dismayed; but, on the contrary, my courage rose, and my wife, regretting the discontent she had unwittingly expressed, was thankful when we took possession of the sorry shed, that she had met with so little to complain of.

Such were the signs and tokens under which we took up our abode at Babelmandel.

CHAPTER VI.

"The gentle moon looked pale at the sad sight."

Next day was the Sabbath, the oldest of blessings, the poor man's day. By me it has ever been regarded with delight, for I have enjoyment in the solemnity wherewith we are commanded to observe it. The day of rest, the property

of individual man; no master may exact labour from his servant on that day, nor may the willing slave exert his sinews in toil without sinning against himself; for his own frame, after six days' labour, is needful of rest, and hath been enjoined to receive it by a hallowed and everlasting ordinance. Yet, though thus profoundly impressed with reverence for the Sabbath, the sun, at his rising, beheld me busy amidst the fallen trees which had been spared from the burning, selecting logs for the construction of a new habitation.

The season was far advanced; it was already September; and unless I could provide a house before the rains set in, it would be necessary to move my family back to Olympus. The expense I could ill afford; for the payment of the first instalment on my land—(I promised to pay by equal annual instalments in seven years)—and the cost of bringing us from New York, together with various necessaries we stood in need of for the winter, had grievously lightened my purse; moreover, the baby was taken ill during the night, and it was heart-breaking to look upon her lying on the ground, and to reflect on the miserable tabernacle of sticks and bark raised in the storm, which was all our dwelling: but whether I offended by yielding to the suggestions of those temporal griefs, is a question remitted to a higher tribunal than the judgment even of Christian men.

In the course of the day I picked out a sufficient number of logs, contracted for bringing them to the spot, and for help to notch them for joining. Thus, by daybreak on Monday, my new house was progressing; and it was well I had been so alert; for, many of our neighbours' houses having been destroyed by the fire, the hire of teams, and the rate of carpenters' wages, were, in the course of a few days, much increased.

Had it not been for the sickness of the child, I was not disposed to contemplate our misfortune as of a very dark hue. The weather was clear and fair, the work went on thrivingly, and an unwonted hilarity sparkled in my bosom. But the poor thing daily grew worse, and at last her mother became seriously alarmed.

There was then no doctor at Babelmandel,—a sad omission, and deplorable to humanity; for no one thing is so necessary in a new settlement, where accidents occur so often, and sickness is so rife; so that, seeing the evident decay of the poor child, I resolved to go to Olympus to consult the medical man there, and to bring him out with me, if, upon considering the case, he should think it was requisite to see her. Accordingly, with my second son, Charles, I set out on the Friday morning, in order that we might be back in the course of Saturday. I took him with me for companionship, and because it is not wise to travel alone in the wild woods.

The doctor, by my description, did not seem to think there was cause to apprehend immediate danger; but he gave me a small packet of medicines, and a drug in a phial, and said, as so many of the settlers had been unhoused by the fire, he would visit us in the course of the following week, it being probable, from their exposure, some might take ague, and need assistance.

Being at Olympus, I availed myself of the opportunity to buy a few articles for the new house at the stores; not, however, such a load, as to be a burden in the carrying even to me; and after passing the night there, we returned homeward at an early hour in the morning. Light, however, as I had thought the bundle, it was soon found to be heavy enough, for the day proved remarkably warm; and although Charles and I took spell and spell about with it, we were glad often to rest. This threw it far into the night before we reached the skirts of Babelmandel.

Our journey, but for the burden, had been easy and pleasant, particularly in the afternoon, which was beautifully cloudless and calm, and the air in the evening was refreshed with a gentle breeze, only sufficient to stir the leaves softly, and to give the coolness circulation. The moon was up before we arrived at the cleared land near the town, and shed through the openings and glades of the forest long streams of her serene light, the effect of which, as they fell on the scattered skeletons of the burnt trees, filled the imagination with superstitious phantasies, and begat a dread in despite of reason.

As we approached the shanty, I discovered a light, which did not surprise, but it grieved me, for I augured from it that the child's sufferings had not been mitigated. As we, however, drew near, I saw it was at a short distance from the shanty, under a large elm, which then stood near the spot where the rivulet falls into the river, and that there was no one in the shanty but Robin, with his arm under his head, asleep; to which, poor lad, he had, no doubt, been soundly invited by his day's hard labour.

The candle was burning in a niche, scooped for the purpose, in the trunk of the elm, and between us and it I discerned a small rude shed, covered with bark, forming a canopy over a little bed covered with a white towel. My child was dead, and her mother, with the other two sorrowful girls, were sitting in the shadow of the tree, watching the corpse, and wearying for my return.

As I came close up to them, two men, armed with guns, came from behind the tree. Amidad Peters was one, and a settler, whom I did not know, the other. After speaking a few words of condolence to my wife, I expressed my surprise to Amidab at seeing him there at that time of night and armed, thanking both him and his companion for their attention, and saying, I would watch the remainder of the night myself.

"But one," said Amidab, "is not sufficient; it will require two, for we have already been twice scared."

"Scared!" cried I, "by what? who have we to fear?"

"The wolves," replied the stranger; "they scent the dead afar aff. We had not been here more than ten minutes, when one looked at us from the other side of the rivulet; we saw him plainly in the moonshine, and scarcely had we frightened him off, when we heard another howling from the opposite bank of the river.

The courteous reader must be a parent, and find feelings in his own heart, to enable him to judge of mine at hearing this. I could make no reply; a hoop, as it were, of burning iron was passed round my temples; my knees so trembled, that I almost fell to the ground; and I was not seated many minutes beside the frightened and afflicted mother, when a fiery anguish was kindled in my back, and

inexpressible pains in my limbs; in less than half an hour, the symptoms increasing, I was seized, and shaking with a terrible fit of the cruel and indiscriminating ague.

CHAPTER VII.

"Old and grey-hair'd, a humbled, weary man;
What other task befits these trembling limbs?"

After the ague-fit had gone off, I obtained some refreshing sleep, and awoke in the morning with no other consciousness of malady than a slight degree of languor: it amounted to nothing more. In the course of the day my dear child was buried, and we spent the afternoon in worship and resignation. On Monday we again rose early to our labour, and our work proceeded cheerily; but for upwards of a fortnight I had a return every third day of the nauseous and depressing ague, which so impaired my strength, that I began to lose my relish of life. My arms, which were never strong, became almost powerless, and I often wept from weakness.

At last our new house was finished; less completely so than the first temple, but still it was a place of refuge, it was home; and, as soon as we were fairly in possession, we cast about us, and began to make it so indeed. My health, about the same time, improved, so that towards the end of October, when the public works of the settlement were suspended for the season, we were in some condition to encounter the winter without dread.

The long nights and the wet weather, in which no man could work, set me to reflect on the melancholy want we were in of a schoolmaster. I had thought of it often before, but it pressed stronger and stronger for consideration, when I saw my two industrious sons hanging listlessly on the wet days over the fire, and the evenings wasted in unprofitable conversations. Sometimes I thought of addressing the agent with a petition on the subject, signed by the

generality of the inhabitants, begging his mediation with the speculators for some help to pay one; at others, I proposed to call a public meeting, to see what could be done among ourselves in the way of subscription.

One Sabbath morning, as I was ruminating in my walk on this great and grave concern, it came into my head, that if Mr. Herbert, the solitary man, could be induced to take up a school, he was the very sort of person we stood in need of. For mildness of manners he was not to be surpassed; and he had a superiority in his appearance which could not but secure to him the awe and affection of his scholars, to say nothing of the reverence of their parents, which, among such an omnium gatherum as the inhabitants of a new settlement, is essential, and not to be obtained without steadiness of conduct, as well as intelligence and abilities.

That same day I sought out his little hut, and, the door being open, I freely entered. He was sitting forlorn, in a rude arm-chair of his own construction, with a Prayer-book of the Church of England in his hand; he seemed to be much pleased to see me, and thanked me with a gentlemanly cordiality for favouring him with a visit.

I then began to lament to him the state of the settlement, in respect to education, and to express my own great anxiety lest my children should be doomed to the ignorance of the backwoodsmen, whose offspring, in the course of the third generation, are scarcely equal to the savage Indians in knowledge, and far below them in morality; finally, I enquired if he thought it would suit him, instead of the hard toil of a chopper, which, at his time of life, was really beyond his strength, to undertake the management of a school.

His answer was delivered with a modest dignity, as I had expected it would be.

"In respect to the qualification," said he, "as far as all the learning which I may be called to teach, and perhaps even to something more, I think the undertaking not beyond my power to compass: but every business has its peculiar methods; and being a bachelor, I have had no experience in the character of children: I will, however, be

candid with you; more than once the idea of keeping school has occurred to myself, for I am too old for the woodman's toil; and, in the course of nature, not many years, nay months, can pass, until I shall be incapable of using the hatchet."

I was rejoiced to hear this, and we immediately began to consider of the means of bringing the speculation to bear. It was agreed that I should, in the morning, go with him among the settlers, and after we had ascertained what number of children were likely to be sent to school, that I should then canvass three or four of the most sedate and sagacious of the fathers for a council, to arrange the terms, and to take what other steps might seem to be necessary to bring the undertaking to a proper head. In proposing this method, I was moved by two reasons:—first, I discerned, from what came out in conversation, that the chief cause of his diffidence was some delicacy as to the remuneration; and therefore, to spare him from any bargaining with individuals, I proposed that it should be left to the council to fix the rate: and second, I thought the council would be a fence to him in the exercise of his just prerogatives; for in all stations of life, weak and fond parents are to be found, who think it tenderness to be sparing of the rod with their obstreperous children. The reader will, no doubt, discern in this some of the leaven I had brought out of the Society of the Friends of the People: be that, however, as it may, the design answered to a miracle; for on the next night we assembled in my house a council of old, decent, bald-headed fathers, that for gravity of countenance, and solidity of understanding, were worthy of places in the cabinets of kings, nor had one of those who met on that occasion ever cause to repent the part he took in what was then deliberated. We fixed the rate of wages at two dollars a quarter; and in two days after Mr. Herbert was installed in a large shanty, till a proper log-house could be raised by the community, monarch of the ABC, with a rod of merciful dimensions for a sceptre, and no fewer than three and fifty beardless subjects.

This affair, which many may think has been magnified overmuch, was yet of the deepest interest to the prosperity

of our children, and to the reputation of the settlement. Where, in all the Union, are any such well-conducted and intelligent young men to be found as those of Babelmandel? and where, indeed, such a teacher as Mr. Herbert? Nor was it among the least of my pleasures, in afterwards reflecting on the part I had taken in establishing the school, that I had thereby contributed to gild the evening of life to so good a man.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Mildly the sun upon the loftiest trees
Shed mellowly a sloping beam."

For some time after the establishment of the school, I met with no particular instance of good or bad fortune. The clearing on my farm, as well as the girdling of the trees, had proceeded so well, that by the beginning of November, when I paid off Amidab Peters for his job, four acres were in crop, and five or six girdled and chopped, the whole making one of the best clearings in the township, although I was among the latest to begin; so that I had good cause to be satisfied with my prospects, and no reason to repent of having become a settler at Babelmandel.

But as it would be harmful to the earth if it was ever summer and sunshine, so would it be prejudicial to man if fortune were ever smiling. It is necessary for our contentation that we should now and then be reminded by a blast or a shower that all we possess is precarious; and therefore, although I acknowledge that at this epoch the comforts of my lot were meted in a large measure, the courteous reader must not imagine I was spared from the wonted cares and anxieties of an inhabitant of the bush; for truly I had my trials.

For some days about the middle of November, we had a delicious enjoyment of the Indian summer; it was later

than usual in the season, but for that it was the more delightful, especially as it had been preceded by cold, showery, blustering weather.

Every one felt, in the temperance of the air, as if a palpable tranquillity had been effused abroad; a visible softness overspread the face of things, and a pleasing shadowiness filled the woods. The sun, veiled with the dim haze, gleamed like an opal stone, and looked down with the indolent eye of a voluptuary content with enjoyment.

One of those calm and beautiful days happened to be a Sunday; and the settlement not having that day been visited by a preacher of any persuasion, the young men walked into the woods; among the rest, my two sons, who went together.

They had not proceeded far, when Charles, always brisk and alert, was allured from his brother by the appearance of a deer bounding by, which he pursued with his natural eagerness and impetuosity. His brother, not apprehending the slightest danger, sauntered by himself along the skirts of the village, and returned home alone at our customary dinner-hour. The absence of Charles did not, however, much surprise us: we knew his thoughtlessness; I was only angry he should have had so little respect for the Sabbath as to hunt a wild beast. But towards sunset his mother's fears began to rise, and I grew myself so uneasy, that we thought it advisable to give the alarm in time; this was soon done, and the whole settlement was presently afoot with guns, and horns, and women shouting and making a noise.

We spread ourselves in all directions; some firing the guns, some blowing the horns, and some calling the poor lad by name, but no sound was responded. As it became dark, my anxiety grew to agony; we kindled fires, we seized burning brands from them, which we waved in the air, and redoubled the noises all without effect. I began to fear that he had not only wandered, but that some calamity had befallen him; and under this apprehension I pressed forward to the van of the whole party, till I could only see the glimmering of the fiery circles far behind; at last the horns and the firing ceased, by which I knew the

lost sheep was found, and hastened back, resolved to rebuke him severely for the trouble and anxiety he had caused.

Gradually the lights, one by one, disappeared, the sound of the voices died away, and after several ineffectual endeavours to cross a small cedar swamp, I found myself completely at fault; by perseverance, however, I escaped from the swamp, but in what direction then to choose my path was the question. The interwoven boughs overhead, though leafless, excluded the view of the skies; even could they have been penetrated, every star was so shut up in thick darkness, that the heavens afforded no guide.

A strange confusion of mind and terror fell upon me; my right hand became as it were my left; I was lost: I ran wildly forward till a prostrate tree or cradle heap threw me down; soon after I plunged up to the middle in a marsh; then I came to the bank of a stream which I had not passed: its width and depth were unknown. Incapable of imagining what course I ought to take, worn out and throbbing with alarm at the idea of passing the night alone in the forest, I sat down on a rock, and for some time abandoned myself to fear.

When the panic had a little subsided I rose, and again walked to a considerable distance forward: I heard, as I thought, the shouting of the settlers in quest of me; I hastened towards them. I had never been so far out into the wilderness before: I soon discovered the sound was not human voices; I could not divine what it was; I thought surely I had taken the direction of Olympus, and that the noise must be the dam of the saw-mill in that neighbourhood. This gave something like hope, and my strength and courage were revived with the thought of being so near shelter.

Judge of my dismay, when, on hastening on, I came to what I thought an opening in the wood, and found myself on the verge of a dreadful chasm, into which a great river was tumbling with a noise like the voice of the distant sea. I stood aghast at the danger into which I had run; a few paces farther, and I had been dashed in pieces at the bottom of the chasm.

I became more alarmed than ever; this cataract was not known at the village; I was beyond all the landmarks that would have guided me by day. The return of the morning could promise no comfort, for I knew not in what direction to turn, and there was a weariness in my limbs that made farther travelling that night almost impossible; I was also so startled at finding myself so abruptly on the brink of destruction, that I was afraid to move a step from the spot where I halted: a bitter grief gathered at my heart; and instead of praying to Him by whom alone aid can be given, I cursed the hour of my birth. Deserted of all fortitude, I wept and wrung my hands; I thought of my young family helpless in the wilderness, and of all the adversities which had of late befallen me.

When this paroxysm passed off, and I could more calmly consider my dangerous situation, I began to reflect that the river before me could be no other than the same which flowed by Babelmandel, and that as my strength was exhausted, I ought to rest where I was until daybreak, when I should follow down the course of the current, convinced that the falls were higher up the stream than the town. It is wonderful the effect this rational reflection had in calming my perturbation; I sat down on the ground, and leaning back against a tree, soon fell asleep, without once thinking of wolves. I did not, however, forget the snakes; but I thought they were then coiled up and snug in their winter quarters.

But the mildness of the weather had a preternatural influence upon them, and I was awoke about daybreak with an unaccountable weight on my bosom, which caused me to start and jump up, when, lo! a monstrous garter-snake, between three and four feet long, fell from me. It was, however, so stiff, for the morning air was raw and cold, that I soon fulfilled the words of Scripture on it, by bruising its head flat with my heel.

The rest, such as it was, had so well refreshed me, that I proceeded, as I had determined, to follow the course of the river; but I had not walked far, when the guns and horns were heard approaching, and presently some of the settlers hove in view. They had been out in quest of me

all night, to the number of more than seven hundred persons, and were beginning to fear I was lost for ever. It may, therefore, be easily supposed what a joy and revelry my re-appearance occasioned, and with what triumphing and shouting they conducted me home.

CHAPTER IX.

"It fortuned, out of the thickest wood,
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood."

SHORTLY after my adventure, I was agreeably surprised by a visit from our old friend and uncle, Mr. Hoskins. It was not altogether unexpected, but it had come to pass a little earlier than we reckoned upon; the room intended for him not being then quite finished. However, we were all happy at the meeting, and as he had himself been a rough settler in the woods of Vermont, he was easily accommodated, and looked upon apologies as superfluities.

Although he said nothing himself on the subject, yet I soon perceived that his visit to Babelmandel was not dictated altogether by affection for his niece, my wife, and that in the journey he had an eye awake to number one. His latter specs had not proved such beneficial operations as some of his earlier, and he had improved his farm in Vermont quite as much as it was worth while to do, considering the limited market in his neighbourhood; in a word, he was inclined to sell his betterments there, and embark in a new trade. He had, indeed, hinted as much to me when I originally proposed to come into the Genesee country, so that the purpose of his visit was with a view to both or either of these objects.

The first afternoon we spent in jocose temperance. I rehearsed to him all the adventures of our voyage and journey from New York, the tribulations we had suffered in the woods, and the prospect beginning to dawn around us, with all which he was well pleased; but when I pro-

posed to accompany him next morning over the settlement, he said —

"No: I guess Squire Laurie talks too much — when a man's a-making calculations, his company ain't partikler precious, and flashing in the pan scares ducks. The gentleman will 'scuse me."

I certainly did not think this was very civilised; but he was in all things a plain spoken man, and had proved the sincerity of his friendship by five hundred excellent reasons; so I did not answer him just so tartly as my inclination at the time prompted.

Next morning he rose at an early hour, and went out by himself; and, when he had returned and had taken breakfast, he remained a considerable space of time ruminating and smoking in silence. Having finished one cigar, and taken out another, he drew his chair close to mine, as he twisted off the end of it, and said,—

"Well, I ain't a-going to be 'quivocal, but to speak sheer to the point. When Squire Lawrie shall have made all tight, right, and clear on his location, will he then turn cordwainer and make trampers?"

"My dear sir," exclaimed I, "what puts such a thing in your head? I never bored a hole with an elsin in my life."

By this time he had lighted his cigar, and, giving a puff, he coolly enquired, without noticing my reply, "Will the gentleman make coatees and straw hats?"

"Gude guide us, Mr. Hoskins! what do you mean?"

"Will he keep tavern?"

"Me keep a public, Mr. Hoskins?"

"Then if you don't," said he, giving a cool methodical puff, "the devil may spit brimstone on you by the gallon, if you ain't as flat as the walls of Jericho, either as a dead or a ruined duck, before the thunder sours my wife's beer in June after next. Look ye, Squire, this here land of yours ain't a farm in Jersey state, — I allow that, — but this Belmandel town ha'n't got nothing for trade."

"Well," replied I, eagerly discerning something of his meaning; "well, what then?"

"Cockles and crab-fish! sha'n't you starve?"

"But I'm no feart," was my answer, in a light manner, "for I have been making my calculations too."

I then expounded to him that I was sensible the land I had taken was not enough to bring up a family upon, but that I had seen from the beginning I could revive my seed business to great advantage; for the country around was fast settling, and seeds would be in request, so that with them, and implements of agriculture, I reckoned my chance pretty fair. Moreover, I intended to send one of the boys to learn store-keeping, and the other to be a millwright.

While I was thus explaining to him my views and intentions, he looked all the time very steadily at me with the tail of his eye: and at the conclusion, without taking the cigar from his lips, he said,—

"Well, I have heard more folly;" and putting his hand on my knee, and looking up in my face, he added, "I guess the Squire will do yet, for I 'gin to reckon his head in't a pumpkin; and now that I see how the cat jumps, I won't be a-sitting on the fence no longer."

By this I could perceive he had some intention of making me a proposal of business, inasmuch as sitting on the fence means looking on in neutrality from a rail at others fighting.

Just as we were in this conjuncture of our discourse, a great shout arose out of doors, which caused us to rise hastily to see what was the matter, thinking, from the noise, both of men and dogs, that probably a deer had shown itself in the village, and was trying to regain the woods. But scarcely had we looked out, when, lo! a most tremendous he-bear hove in sight, rushing straight towards us, with eyes like burning coals, and its white tusks terrible to see. I ran for an axe, the boys for the guns, and Mr. Hoskins armed himself a great balk, that was to be a rafter in the addition we were making to the house, — the dreadful creature still coming furiously on, grumbling as hoarsely as an earthquake, the settlers pursuing him with axes, and bludgeons, and muskets.

We placed ourselves behind the corner of the house as he came raging along; the boys fired at the same time, but did no execution. Mr. Hoskins, with the rafter, struck him such a vehement blow, that it ought to have broken his back, but

it only served to make him fiercer. He turned on the old man, hugged him in his paws, — another similar embrace, and he had squeezed the soul out of his body. Luckily, however, I had the axe, with which I houghed the brute at one stroke, as if it had been an Irish cow, and laid him down on his side sprawling, leaving Mr. Hoskins free. By this time the pursuers had come up, and they, having finished the work, were preparing to carry off the carcase to skin it; but the old man, recovering from his alarm, though he was still writhing on the ground, called to them to desist, for the skin of right belonged to him; and turning to me, he added, "Well, I guess 'at 'ere creetre was the powerful'st thing ever had hold of me: it was ridiculous strong."

CHAPTER X.

"He 'll sell for a pack horse;
What can he else? — Adversity is with him."

From the time Mr. Hoskins came to Babelmandel the weather had been very bad, even for the season; scarcely a day passed without violent storms of wind and rain; the hugest trees were thrown down, and the roads so flooded, that travelling was, in a manner, suspended. He was in consequence obliged to stay with us much longer than he had originally intended: indeed, this must have been the case had the weather been ever so fine; for he suffered so severely from the grasps of the he-bear, that I was apprehensive he had sustained some deadly inward injury. It proved, however, not so, though he was much hurt; for by the time the snow began to appear, he was able to walk about, and he spoke of returning to Vermont.

In the mean time we had pretty well assorted our ideas about a joint concern in a small seed and notion store. He was to advance five hundred dollars to enable me to furnish it; and a prospect soon opened of doing so with great advantage, as I shall presently relate.

I have already informed the courteous reader that Olympus was injudiciously located in a swampy hollow—and that for some time before my arrival there it had ceased, as the settlers said, to progress. No new inhabitants came, and many of those who had been enticed to it at the commencement of the settlement were then talking of changing. In fact, it was plainly ordained to be soon a wastage; for the houses received no repair; few windows, if any, in the town had a whole pane in them. It was a puzzle to imagine where the old hats were all found that served as substitutes for glass.

Among others of the Olympians who had determined to leave the place in the spring, with the intention of returning to Utica, was one Ezra Quincey Nackets, who kept both store and tavern. He had all the summer and autumn been afflicted with the ague, and was much out of heart with every worldly thing.

One day, while conversing with Mr. Hoskins on the ensuing abandonment of Olympus town, I happened to mention, that I thought if we went warily and betimes about the work, we might make a good operation with Mr. Nackets, who was in no spirit to stand the controversies of business, and, I doubted not, would be willing to swap the goods in his store on easy terms. This led us to sift the condition of his circumstances; and it was agreed we should try to obtain an inkling of his views and expectations.

In this affair it was determined, that, before leaving us, Mr. Hoskins should go to Olympus, and hold some discourse, in a quiet way, with neighbour Nackets on the subject: but the aches and ails which he still suffered from the fraternal squeeze of citizen Bruin rendered the undertaking rather incommodious; so that, after waiting a week, and holding some farther counselling, it was finally arranged that I should go to Olympus and heave the lead.

Accordingly, taking advantage of the first fine day, I set out in Mr. Hoskins's wagon, with his span of horses, omnipotent creatures, as he called them, which he had brought with him to sell, if he could. Considering the state of the roads at that period of the year, it might have been thought I would have gone on horseback; but I was as to riding

like the Irish gentleman, who doubted if he could play on the fiddle, never having tried it. But, if it had not been for the brag of saying I had travelled in a wagon, I might as well have gone on shanks naigie, for we had two cap-sizes before we got to the end of our day's journey, and when I did at last reach Olympus, my hips and knees were both black and blue, and I could scarcely lift a limb. The he-bear had not made uncle Hoskins sorer.

I put up at Nacket's tavern for the convenience of falling into conversation with him, when an opportunity might offer in the course of the evening; but after I had warmed myself at the bar-room fire, and had taken some refreshment, I felt myself so tired and battered, that I was obliged to forego my intent, and retire for the night. Luckily it was I did so, for the hand of Providence was soon made manifest in assisting me.

The chamber into which I was shown for the night was a large room in the upper part of the house, a mason-lodge, adorned with the emblems and ensigns of the craft. It contained twelve beds, six along each side, with but small spaces between, and was altogether an uncomfortable-looking dormitory, especially to a man who had been used to the privacy of his own house.

As there was apparently no other guest that night in the tavern, I had my choice of the beds, and I selected one in a snug corner behind the door, across the foot of which I made a screen with my clothes, on a winter dykes, so that I was in a sense almost as much apart from the general commonage of the chamber, as if I had been in a separate room.

I had not been long under the blankets, when I fell asleep; how long I remained in that state were hard to tell; it must, however, have been some considerable time, for when I awoke two persons were conversing near me. They occupied two of the beds opposite to the foot of mine, and were earnestly discussing a matter of business, which I soon discovered was near akin to that which had brought myself there.

As I was placed in a position to hear them without any seeking or curiosity of mine, I would not but hearken to

what they were saying, and I gathered from it, that Mr. Nackets was straitened, as they had some reason to believe, for ready money, and would be likely to sell his store-goods cheap, rather than swap or trade them. This news, though interesting, was yet not very pleasant, for it was part of my business to negociate a swap of Mr. Hoskins's omnipotent horses for some of the goods, and he valued them at one hundred and eighty dollars.

Having heard in this providential manner how Mr. Nackets was situated, as well as of divers other matters useful to my purposes, I resolved to rise early in the morning, and to try what hand I could make of him before the two strangers were stirring. This I accordingly did, and found him dejectedly swinging on his chair at the door cheek, just as the sun was peeping through the top boughs of the woods. I did not, however, go sheer at him — no, catch me at that — I had been too long in Yankee-land not to keep to windward, steering a moderate and methodical middle course.

I told him honestly, that having heard he was about to quit Olympus, and was willing to dispose of his goods on easy terms, I was half-minded to deal with him, but was not overly abundant in cash. He thereupon began to complain of Olympus, wishing he had never seen it; and with the disheartened spirit of an invalid as he was, the thought of carrying his goods back to Utica was a load above the burden on his mind. I then gently hinted at the fine horses which Mr. Hoskins had consigned to me for sale, and how convenient they would be with the light wagon to carry him and his family to Utica, where, it could not be doubted, he might sell them to great advantage — and so we proceeded gradually, nearer and nearer at every turn of our talk, until we were fairly at close quarters. For I saw the poor man was dismayed with apprehensions, and I made it my endeavour to cheer him, in which I so happily succeeded, that, in the end, he was convinced he could not do better than take the span of horses at two hundred and ten dollars valuation, and the wagon at seventy-five, as part payment for five hundred dollars' worth of dry goods, axes, and agricultural implements. And to make a clean

job, we settled that he should come with me to Babelmandel, with a wagon-load of the articles, and there receive the balance of the money.

This operation, when I explained to Mr. Hoskins the particulars, was in all points so satisfactory to the old gentleman, that he commended my dexterity in the management, as something extraordinary and beyond his expectations.

CHAPTER XI.

"Life hath its changes like the weather too,
Cares match cold days as storms do controversies."

Mr. Hoskins, after the purchase I had made from Mr. Nackets, became less anxious to return home. He saw, as he often said, "the settlement was a-going to do," and his intention of moving to it from Vermont when he could get his farm there sold, was, every time we conversed on the subject, more and more strengthened. We agreed, however, not to open store regularly before the spring, when we should have a proper place constructed, and a right assortment of goods laid in; at the same time we thought it would be as well, not absolutely to abstain from supplying the settlers who could pay ready money for such articles as we then had. Thus it came to pass, that he stayed with us till the snow fell, with the first of which he set out in a sleigh to bring Mrs. Hoskins, and to dispose of his land and betterments. He had no children, and about this time he began to speak of leaving the bulk of his property to my family, if they should happen to survive himself and wife.

He had not, however, left us above three or four days, when symptoms of a change began to appear in the settlement; — so long as the public works, roads, clearings, &c. undertaken by the speculators had continued to give employment and wages to the settlers, every thing went on

prosperously, and even for some time after the seasonable suspension, no visible diminution of their contentment and industry was discernible. But the savings of their wages were at last exhausted; the severity of the winter caused a greater outlay among them for clothes than the most provident were prepared for; and so general was the distress in consequence, that the agent grew seriously alarmed, lest the settlement should be broken up.

In this crisis, one day, when the agent came to see how we were getting on, he entered my house, and familiarly taking a stool by the fire, spoke to me of his anxieties, pointing out how detrimental any considerable desertion would be to the speculation, especially following so close upon the heels of the failure at Olympus.

I sympathised with him, but I was naturally more affected by the description he gave me of the condition of several poor families he had just visited, lamenting his inability to afford them adequate assistance. Here, thought I, is an end of the golden dreams that I and Mr. Hoskins have been dreaming. I said nothing, however, of my fears to him, but continued to discuss with him the means of remedying the present evil. He was deeply perplexed, and saw great difficulties in every suggestion. In short, the occasion was above his management, and he as much as confessed it was so.

At last, I happened to observe, that if he would send in a supply of provisions to the village, there would be less cause for anxiety as to other necessaries; and these might be distributed and charged on account against those who received them, till they had time to wipe off the debt by their labour in the summer. This notion consorted with his own; and before he left the village, it was agreed that I should take charge of the distribution when the provisions arrived.

I have been the more particular in mentioning this trifling casualty, as it may seem, because out of it — mustard seed, as it may well be likened to — sprung the great tree of my subsequent prosperity. For in the distribution I acquitted myself so much to the purpose, giving all satisfaction, both to the settlers and the agent, that it came to pass, as will in

due time be mentioned in the sequel, I received from him a permanent trust which redounded both to my credit and profit. It was a business, nevertheless, not to be coveted by the pitiful and humane; for many of the settlers had numerous families of little children, and it was plain to see that it would be long before they could pay their debts: it was indeed, a heart-breaking thing to send away, in a bitter cold morning, small weeping and shivering bairns, with the bags empty that they had brought, poor things, to get a modicum of flour for their breakfasts.

A grievance of another kind, a spiritual hunger, fell upon us about the same time. While the roads were bad, we saw but seldom either priest or preacher; but when the sleighing began, we had one every Sunday, and sometimes two. I cannot say that I thought much either of their doctrine or their orthodoxy: considering, however, that we were like Elijah in the wilderness, it behoved us to be thankful for the food the ravens brought to us; at least, it would have been far from me to have complained, for I regarded the occasional visit of a clergyman as having a salutary influence on the minds of the people, estranged as we were from the jurisdiction of laws and magistrates.

But it was not so among the settlers in general; they began to have their favourites, and schisms arose among them, and controversies grew to such a pitch, that among other calamities we were weekly threatened with a holy war: all this gave the agent and the better order of settlers much molestation; and they were pleased to say, had it not been for my temperate handling, they did not know what the upshot of such an unruly spirit might have been.

In that business I had, however, but small merit; all I did was to speak quietly to the wives when they came for their provisions, advising them to smooth the birsses of their husbands, when they saw them rising in argument about points of doctrine, assuring them that in due season we should have a church of our own, and a proper and well-educated divine to comfort us. But although this served to mitigate the contentions, it did not entirely quench them; some of the men spoke as if they had been brought up at the footstool of Gamaliel, and were fain to have it laid

down as a law, that when our church was built we should have a preacher who would please every body. Altogether, that first winter, what with the distress, the discomforts of our houses, and these religious carpings, the fruits of idleness, was verily a scene of tribulation. Nor was it so in generalities only, but likewise in particulars, and I and my house had our full share of the dispensation.

CHAPTER XII.

" He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again."

During the working season, the settlers appeared singularly alike in character. I could observe nothing in those upon the road to whom I acted as boss, by which one man could be distinguished from another, save a little more alacrity and good-humour in some than in others; but as the season advanced, peculiarities became more evident, and several who had attracted no attention while employed, proved in their leisure quite a different sort of people to what I had set them down for. One man in particular, whom I thought a well-disposed, industrious creature, grew a perfest pest. It is not in the power of tongue or pen to describe the trouble that man, John Waft, gave me: not that there was any evil inclination about him, for, to speak the plain truth, he was an honest, well-meaning bodie; but he neither could see nor do any thing whatever, without breaking in upon my time to summer and winter about it.

He was a queer, odd-looking, west-country Scotchman, past the middle of life, a little—I should say, declined into the vale of years. In his general appearance, as to dress, he was somewhat more respectable than the condition of his means, poor man, altogether justified; but it was a token of the consideration in which he had been held among his neighbours at home, and evinced a desire to be well thought of by his new acquaintance.

It could not be said he was a very sensible man; indeed, the cause of my taking notice of him here was his want of sense: he proved such a thorn in my side! But he had a way of looking up from beneath his brows, and the brim of his hat, and came so whisperingly about his purposes, that, until he was found out by experience, most people imagined he possessed a creditable depth of judgment: they often, however, afterwards wondered what had become of it.

The first time I had a taste of his character was shortly after Mr. Hoskins had left us, some three or four days it might be. He came in the twilight, in a jocose, familiar way, and gradually, as we were discoursing of this and that together, drew his seat nearer and nearer to mine.

"Mr. Todd," said he, patting me gently on the arm, as he bent forward so as to occupy my ear, though only my wife and our two daughters were present, and busy with their household thrift; "Mr. Todd, I would fain have a solid crack with you concerning a something that has been long on my mind, for I look upon you as a wiselike man, and of a capacity to give advice in a case of jeopardy."

I replied, it was pleasant to hear he had so good an opinion of me, and that I was inclined at all times to serve and assist my neighbours to the best of any small ability I possessed either of head or hand.

"Then, what would ye think of my taking up a wee bit shoppie—no, a store with a world of a' things, like what I hear you and Mr. Hoskins have pactioned to open in the spring, but just a convenience in a corner, as a bodie may say?"

This, it must be allowed, was a trial of my candour; and really, to confess the truth, I was disposed to have peppered my answer. However, a soft word is best when it can be given; so I honestly told him, that I did think a small store of the kind he proposed might be serviceable both to himself and the settlement, managed with prudence and discernment.

"I'm sure," said he, "ye lay me under a great obligation for the hint, and I'll certainly follow your advice."

"Nay, nay, Mr. Waft," cried I, in a terror, "ye'll no

make me responsible in the matter; I gave you no hint; and as to advising you to enter into a business that may hurt my own, I'm not so destitute of discretion."

"It's a misunderstanding, Mr. Todd, it's a misunderstanding," said he, "and I'm concernt for't; but don't be alarmed; for how could I think of rivalling a man of your abilities, even had I the means, as I have not? The world, however, is wide enough for us both, and neither will get more in it than our ordained fortunes."

This was so like a moderate and sensible observation, that I was vexed with myself for having been so tart with him, which caused me to soften and become more condescending. We then conversed for some time on general topics, and especially on the prospects of the settlement.

"Ay," said he; "talking of that, if I may be so bold as to enquire in the way of cordiality and friendship, what do you think, Mr. Todd, would be the most advantageous assortment of goods for me to lay in for my proposed bit shoppie?"

"I would be thankful to know that myself," replied I; "and to be plain with you, if I did, I would not tell you."

"To be sure, you are under no obligation," was his answer; "but I did not mean any thing for a store, I was only going to enquire if you would advise a judicious selection of spiders and frying-pans."

"I would advise a judicious selection of every thing," was all I could say, my temper beginning to be a little crisp, for spiders and frying-pans formed no inconsiderable portion of the spec I had made with neighbour Nackets, at Olympus.

"It's really most encouraging," said he, "to be so countenanced by a man of your experience and discernment, Mr. Todd; but don't you think I might venture on a dozen or two of shovels and spades, and as many axes?"

Was ever such impudence heard of? It almost took away my breath, for, saving six casks of nails, a few locks and hinges, together with two bales of blankets, and a crate of crockery ware, these were the very articles I had bought from Mr. Nackets, and upon which I considered the penny

was likeliest to be soonest and easiest turned. But he was not yet done.

"What would you think," he added, "of my ordering a bale of blankets, a cask or two of nails, and a few locks and hinges? No house, ye ken, can be made habitable without them."

At this turn of the conversation, I chanced to recollect how I had been trepanned, and my brains stolen, by Mr. Finhorn, the Aberdonian haddock, as I should call him; and I could no longer endure such meddling. The senseless body, however, crowned all, by saying —

"I see, Mr. Todd, ye're no in a disposition the night to be cordial. I'm sure all thought of offence was far from me, but I was curious to hear what sort of articles ye had bought from Mr. Nackets, and having now a good guess of what they are, I'll trouble you no farther for the present. You need not, however, be afraid; I have no intention of setting up an opposition store; I just propounded the project that I might expiscate some kind of satisfaction to my curiosity."

Was there ever such a bodie! To be all the time making a fool of me, and I never to suspect him, which shows the danger of talking with persons who have not common sense. I never could think of him afterwards and keep my temper, and yet it was permitted that he should afflict me many days, as I shall have often enough cause to relate.

CHAPTER XIII.

"These honours
Lose half their worth by being shared with him."

Before the rigour of the winter began to relent, and the snow to slip away at the gentle coming of the spring, I had many opportunities of observing the character and disposition of the settlers among whom my lot was cast; and it

was often the cause of heavy thoughts to me, in the meditations of my solitary walks, to see how the habits of orderliness, which many had brought with them, were daily slackening.

In Mr. Herbert, who was prospering in his school to the fullest extent of every reasonable expectation, we had obtained a great blessing; but the gracious influences of his calm and excellent methods reached not beyond the children: we still required a voice of authority among the parents; not that flagrant offences prevailed, but every one did too much according to the pleasure of his own will. The men were growing more coarse and familiar in their language than consisted with decorum; and the women took less heed, both of their appearance and apparel, than betokened a wholesome sense of propriety.

This falling off, so visible in the do-well-enough expedients of the slatternly days of winter, either was not visible, or had not been heeded, during the fine weather; but before the frost broke up, it was too plain that the corrosion which roughens the inhabitants of the backwoods was beginning to show itself amongst us.

For some time, I thought it was owing to the lack of magistrates, and stirred with the agent of the settlement to get a justice of the peace appointed; but a difficulty arose which I had not foreseen, never having, till this period, meddled in political matters. I had imagined, that by the help of a good recommendation and a fair character, no objection would be made, in such a needful case as ours, to an appointment of me, or some other sober character; but it turned out, that justices of the peace could only be made through the instrumentality of the supervisors of the towns, and judges of the county courts; so that at this time, no supervisor having been appointed for Babelmandel, and as the agent and the majority of the judges were pulling opposite ends of the political rope, in the presidential question, my stirring was of no avail.

I then proposed, that the settlers themselves should elect one or two discreet members of our own community to act as magistrates, till the lawful time should come round for the election of a supervisor; and, after a good deal of

practising in the old way on such occasions, I and that bodie John Waft were chosen. Little did I think, while I was so zealously exerting myself *pro bono publico,* that I was building a pedestal for the exaltation of him: I have never felt such a wet blanket before or syne, as was thrown upon my pride, when I heard who had been elected my colleague. I was really half determined not to act with him; and it may be guessed what I had to expect during our co-magistracy, by what took place the very first night.

In the evening, as I was sitting with my family round the fire, hearing the children repeat their lessons, there came a canny knuckle knocking at the door, so gentle, that it was not at first noticed. Being, however, repeated, one of the girls opened the door, and who should look in, with his two little twinkling eyes glimmering in the glimpse of the light from under his brows and the brim of his hat, but neighbour Waft?

"May I come in?" said he; for by this time he began to suspect that I had not just such a high opinion of him as he was fain I should entertain.

"Just as ye like, Mr. Waft," was my dry answer; so he came forward slouchingly, yet queerly smiling, and turning round, he warily shut the door, for it was a cold night. He began, taking at the same time a seat,—

"Weel, Mr. Todd, this is a dreadful story they have gotten up concerning you and me."

"And who's they?" said I.

"The whole town," quoth he.

"Ay! and what's the story?"

"Ye'll may be no' like to hear't."

"To be sure, it's no' pleasant to hear the ill that's said of us behind our backs; but what is't?"

"It's thought, you know, that you and me are not on such good terms as we ought to be."

"Not possible! I have always thought we were on better."

"Ah, that's the cause o't: ye will ha'e your jokes, come what come may—yes, ye're a funny man—oh, but ye are very funny, Mr. Todd."

Was it not dreadful to hear, and be obliged to endure, such provocative language? But, to turn the course of his impertinence, I said somewhat tartly, "Well, but what is this story?"

"For my part," replied the teasing plague, "I just laughed at it; and I hope, Mr. Todd, ye'll have command of temper enough to be able to do the same, with the help of an endeavour, for really it's not worth while to be vexed about. There are just two things a man should never be angry at—what he can help, and what he cannot help: now neither you nor me can help what the world chooses to say of us."

It was hardly possible to endure this before my family; but the worst of it was, that although it made me as quick as a gunpowder cracker, it tickled my wife to such a degree, that she began to smile, for she was naturally of a sedate, New England quietude of disposition, and it was not a little that moved her to merriment.

"Well, well," said I peevishly, "we're not all philosophers like you, Mr. Waft: but what is this tale of trash?"

Upon which he threw a cunning wink at my wife, and putting his head close to mine, without looking at me, save out of the corner of his queer e'e, he said, as it were in a whisper, but loud enough for every one in the house to hear,—

"They say I have been elected for fun, to keep you in hot water. What do you think of that?" giving me at the same time such a whack on the back as almost took my breath away, and set both my wife and all my children a laughing. However, I so restrained myself as to say, with a kind of jocularity, "I would have liked it better had it been a little softer."

After this specimen of my colleague's sense and manners, it was not to be expected we should work very happily together. But I was not to be driven from a useful purpose, because of the ill choice of the settlers; for whether he was elected by accident or in derision, could not change the causes which had moved me to set the election on foot. So, although I was a good deal chagrined by his familiarity, I yet put the best face I could on it, and joined in the laugh, but it was with a husky throat.

CHAPTER XIV.

——— "Want you a man
Experienced in the world and its affairs?
Here he is for your purpose."

In the course of a few days after the election, Mr. Hoskins and his wife, with a great cargo of wares and other notions in their wagons, arrived from Vermont. They had been upwards of three weeks on the road, and the old lady had suffered greatly from the joltings of the crossways in the journey; nor had her husband endured less, but, being a man of few words, we heard less of it. I saw, however, that he moved with anguish, and was not for some days even disposed to enter into conversation, but went crippling about the door with his hand on his hip, uttering every now and then a sharp and peevish "Ah!"

At last, he said one morning, "This will not serve; we must set to work;" and then he told me what he had brought for the store, having sold his farm and betterments to good advantage. Accordingly, the first thing to be done was to get the town lot, which we had previously chosen in the area allotted for the market-place of the village, cleared, and to contract for the erection of a building suitable for a store; — all this was soon done. In the course of less than a fortnight we were in possession, and furnishing ourselves with a goodly display of real articles, very different from the brickbats and knobs of wood with which my first store in New York was so creditably adorned; for Mr. Hoskins, as the reader already knows, was a man of true substance, and brought with him more than three thousand dollars' worth of excellent goods, selected with sagacity.

From the beginning of time, there had not been such a store as ours opened for many a mile around in the country, of which Babelmandel was the centre; nor was it long till we felt the profitable effects of keeping back the merchandise purchased at Olympus, for by so doing it caused the settlers to talk concerning us and our plans, and re-

strained many amongst them from sending for supplies elsewhere, and to hold off from buying until they should see what our general assortments were likely to be. In short, it was soon evident that a bright morning had opened on me and mine, and that the difficulties I had met with in New York on my return from the farm in Jersey, were among the means which Providence had appointed to repair my condition, and to double the prosperity of my latter days, like as was done to the patient Patriarch of old. But unless the reader is an amateur of buying and selling, it would afford him but small pleasure to speak of the details of our proceedings across the counter; let it then suffice, that he knows I was content with my prospects, and if we were not making money like slate-stones, as the auld Scotch wife said, we were turning the penny.

It must have been observed, in the course of reading the foregoing pages, that I was what may be said, both in shifts and discernments, more of a town-man than a pastoral rustic. I was bred mechanical; my natural defects and infirmities gave me no capacity for superiority in controversies of strength. The arm of flesh was not mine, nor the vigour of comeliness in my looks, like as in those of Samson; but I was favoured, as many thought, with a discerning spirit, and thereby possessed an urbane wisdom of great efficacy in managing men according to their own interests. Thus it came to pass, that as the business in the store continued to thrive, I took less and less heed of my farm of fifty acres: but I did not altogether neglect it; on the contrary, before the year was done, I began to look forward to it as a policy and pleasure, for the recreation of my leisure.

In this acknowledgment, the intelligent reader has received a hint that I was likely to take a part in the municipal proceedings of Babelmandel — as we would have said in other days, in the Society of the Friends of the People — which was the plain fact. The store became the rendezvous of the inhabitants; and, if statesmen could have overheard how affairs of governments and nations were handled there, many of them would have had but pale opinions of their own wisdom.

Being thus by accident, and without seeking of my own,

placed in the centre, and made the oracle of the inhabitants, and, moreover, having a sort of positive authority by my temporary magistracy, symptoms began to kithe that I was ordained for greater trusts: — at last I thought so myself, and considered it necessary to keep aloof from the cabals and factions of the place; for I need not say, that in America, as well as elsewhere, no place is so small a cabal cannot be bred in, nor a head so inexperienced as not to be able to give a great deal of trouble.

One afternoon, during which there had been a contentious conversation in the store among some of the settlers, chiefly Americans, as to whether Great Britain or the United States was the most refined nation, I thought with myself, in walking home in the evening, what a wastrie of time was caused by the inconsiderate talk of uninformed men; and it was on that occasion I first had a glimpe of the real and pecuniary benefit that was conferred on the world by leading men's minds from profitless topics to higher concerns. Accordingly, seeing how I had failed in my endeavours about the magistracy, I resolved to try my hand with the clergy, for hitherto the settlement had been only now and then visited by strolling Methodists, and those sort of cobble-texts who, being independent themselves of learning and solid knowledge, naturally take upon them to instruct the ignorant in what may be called the religion of the Independents — a sect I could never respect, inasmuch as practical religion is what they cannot understand; for practical religion was in my father's house held to be the best proof of a right theology, and, indeed, without religion be practical, what is it but a shackle and a fetter grinding unto the flesh?

Thus do little things beget great ones. My reflections that night, though not for some time carried into effect, yet led me to determine on using the means to bring to the settlement a true orthodox and salutary preacher. Before, however, so great an achievement was accomplished, several accidents befel me, which, without changing the current of my ordained destiny, troubled the waters, and made me feel the uncertainty which attends the life of man, and sensible to the slightness of the filmy thread on which his happiness and prosperity depend.

CHAPTER XV.

——" Here 's a weapon now,
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
However holy be his offices,
E'en while he serves the altar."

THAT Mr. Hoskins, my wife's uncle, was a stirring and adventurous old Yankey, shrewd in observation, and sagacious in foresight, has been already seen. Having settled with me about the store, our goods being assorted, and my eldest son Charles appointed to be my assistant, he began to be occupied with some speculation which more nearly concerned himself; but he said nothing to me concerning it; indeed, he was but little with us, being all day abroad, and, in the evening, greatly tired, he went early to bed.

In the morning he rose with the sun, and sometimes, before going abroad, put an aliment of victual in his pocket; on which occasions he seldom returned before night. He was evidently making his calculations, but for what purpose I could not divine, only I remarked that he had ceased to speak of raising his house, and more than once he expressed some doubt if the town had been so judiciously located as it might have been, by which I was led to fear he would not remain long with us.

By and by I discovered that his solitary rambles were chiefly along the banks of the main river, and that he had been several times at the falls, over which I had so narrowly escaped from tumbling on that memorable night when I lost myself in the woods. "What can the old gentleman be seeking?" I often said to Mrs. Hoskins and my wife; and, to acknowledge the truth, I began to grow not overly well pleased that he should treat me with so little confidence. "Can he be looking for a gold mine?" and upon this we built many a device for a hearty laugh, intending to search his purpose with jocularity when he returned. But all jocularity was hushed when he came, for his countenance was thoughtful, and his speech costive; he became a mystery and perplexity to us all.

In the mean time, I was not without other anxieties; my wife, notwithstanding all the pains I had taken to make our house snug and weather-tight, had suffered severely from the piercing winds of the dry frosty weather, and, as the spring came forward, instead of recovery from the chilliness they had sown in her blood, she felt symptoms of positive disease, and her spirits sank to a low ebb, so that nothing cheered her but the interest she took in making her hearth comfortable — and that was more in the way of household thrift, than by cheerful talk, or those glimpses of motherly merriment which blithen the fire-side.

One day, about the end of April, she had been more dejected than I had ever seen her before, insomuch that Mrs. Hoskins herself, a sedate and discreet woman, spoke to me of her condition with concern, saying, that she thought we ought to try a change of air and scene, and persuade her to move more about, and to forego for a time the cares of her householdry.

While we were thus conversing, the old gentleman, who had been absent all day, came in, sorely worn out with fatigue. He had been far down the bank of the river, and obliged to toil through a cedar swamp for several hours, by which his strength was exhausted.

After he had rested himself, and had partaken of some refreshment, he told us where he had been, and said he would have a scow constructed to take him farther down the river, for his curiosity was not yet satisfied. This led Mrs. Hoskins to tell him of what we had been speaking, and to suggest that he should make the scow big enough to take us all with him for a diversion to my wife.

It surprised me not a little to see the alacrity with which he met this proposal; for he was a man that took but small pleasure in pastimes, being of a singularly abstemious nature, and eager only after the one thing needful in its worldly sense. He even went far beyond his wife, proposing that we should explore the river downward till we came to an obstacle or a settlement, where we could obtain accommodation for the night.

In the morning, with his wonted, right-away activity, he set about getting a scow built for our voyage of disco-

very, and before night it was half finished. In the course of the following day it was completed; and the ladies having in the mean time made an adequate provision of provender, we assembled by break of day with our cloaks and baskets, at the place where the scow lay in the river, fastened by a rope to a tree.

It was not intended that we should have taken any of the children with us, but Mr. Hoskins called for Charles, just as we were embarking, saying, "Well, I guess, that 'ere boy may be commodious in a puzzle, if it please God we are misfortunate; so, mister, come on board plump."

His brother and two sisters were standing on the bank, looking wistfully and rueful as Charles was untying the painter; but I saw it would never do to take more of them, for though Charles might be useful in a trouble, or a shipwreck, they would only, in such accidents, be a weight upon our hands; and it was fortunate and wise that I repressed by that argument the importunity of the women to have the whole family in the ploy, as will be seen in the sequel.

At last, all was clear for our departure. Charles had untied the rope, and was coming to us with the end of it in his hand, coiling it up as he came along, when who should keek from behind a tree, but that vexatious Bailie Waft, as he was by this time generally called? What he could be doing afoot at such an early hour, and how he came to be hovering on our skirts, like an ominous augury or other uncanny thing, we had no time to consider, for he cried out,—

"Where away? where away? Really you're early at your gallanting, Mr. Todd."

I was much nettled at this; it clean overset my composity, and I did not deign to reply; but called to Charles to make haste, pointing out to my wife at the same time, as the scow swung round in the current, a cheerful vista down the river, along which the young leaves were spreading their hands from their homes in the bud, to catch the rays of the rising sun; for it was a beautiful spring morning, and every thing shone bright and gay, assuring us of delight. But he was not to be daunted from his intent by an averted eye.

"Mr. Todd, Mr. Todd!" he cried, following us down

the bank, as the scow, now feeling the current, began to slide along.

"Well, Mr. Waft, what is't ye want?" cried I, grinding my teeth with anger.

"Take care of yourself," replied he; "I beg you'll take good care of yourself, for I have had a dream ——"

Just at that moment the scow swirled away towards the opposite bank, and before I could make any reply, we were beyond his hearing: but certainly a more ill-timed salutation was never given to a man setting out on a party of pleasure. It made me, in a sense, desperate; for what had I to do with his dreams? and what business had he to come on such an errand? It took away from me the power of enjoyment. Though the day was as lovely as the first Saturday, and our sail was as if we had been sailing on the rivers of paradise, yet my heartiness went from me, and a cloud overcame my spirit, all because that meddling body said he had a dream.

CHAPTER XVI.

"—— Alarm'd, he sees the stream
That rippling murmur'd changed to flowing glass,
O'er whose smooth silence slides the roughest wind:
Louder and louder nears the roaring fall."

NOTWITHSTANDING the howlet warning of that envious and spiteful body John Waft, as I had such good reason to think him, we continued to sail down the rippling stream, jocund among ourselves, and joyous with the pleasant aspect which all things around us had put on. It was one of the few holidays of my ripened years; and every breeze, and bough, and blossom recommended itself into our gentle senses with the influence of a spell compounded of sweetness and charity, delight and love. I thought of the beautiful spring described in the Canticles of Solomon; and as I leant on the shoulder of my wife, with my eyes half shut,

and my fancy floating in reverie, I had something like a palpable enjoyment of mildness and quiet fondling about my heart.

But in the midst of that innocent sensuality, the screech of the Paisley omen, "I have had a dream," dismayed my spirit, and darkened the beauties of the heavens and the earth. The deep smooth pools of the crystalline river became black and sepulchral, and the sparkling hurry of the brisk and gladdening rapids grew into ravenous whirlpools, as remorseless as the salt-sea waves: — who could have thought that the most felicitous day of a harmless life could have been so overcast by the dormant vapour in the stomach of an ill-fed and fantastical old weaver?

But so it was; I could not shake off the bodement; it clung upon me like a cold waxen winding sheet, until I could see nothing but dangers in our sailing, and heard not a sound that told not of peril. I was miserable; I would have given the king's dominions, and all the United States, with the incomparable city of New York to the bargain, had they been mine, not to have been in that scow on that river on that day.

"I have had a dream." The Devil dream you! thought I: — what was it about? — and then I began to wish we had not been in such haste to shove off; for that, perhaps, this dream was, after all, but a mist of the mind: why should it have had such an effect on me? Ay, why should it?

Just at the very moment I said so, the scow took a swirl in a narrow part of the river, and whirling round and round as it rushed down a strong rapid, dashed my head with such a bir against the branch of a prostrate tree, that I was for a space of time, as Mr. Hoskins said, as douced as a Tory cannon-ball in the ground at Bunker's Hill.

However, I recovered from that contusion; and having cleared the contumacious tree, we steered into a snug cove a little farther down, and fastening the scow to the bushes, opened our baskets and began to eat. Whether it was the dint on the head that knocked "I have had a dream" out of it, or that appetite, sharpened by the morning air, would not take cognizance of any thing unsubstantial, may be made matter for a metaphysical question; but assuredly I

thought not of it while we were chuckling and churming over our chickens; and when we loosened the rope, and launched again into the mid current, I was the primest of the party for an hilarious freedom of speech, till we came to a rough and rude, steep and vehement passage of the river, a roaring rapid, almost a cataract.

To shoot it seemed impossible; to reach the land was every moment becoming more and more impracticable. "I have had a dream," flared across my mind; there it is to be fulfilled, thought I. On we were going; down to the bottom seemed inevitable. Mr. Hosk. s, in the crisis of jeopardy, saw us nearing upon a rock. He flung out his two hands like a Hercules, pushed the scow with such force from the rock, that before the most composed among us could say Jack Robinson, I was clinging to the overhanging branch of a tree, and the scow, with the ladies and Mr. Hoskins, was safe in a little bay scooped out of the river's bank, crying to me to hold on.

How it was that I had so caught the branch, no one could ever explain; but the incontrovertible fact was, the scow had descended a fall of more than five feet, and that in the descent under the tree I had grasped the stooping branch, and was lifted out, as a child is sometimes lifted from out its cradle by clinging to its nurse.

Though my situation was perilous, I was not long in danger; by a little exertion, being light of body and lither of limb, I got upon the tree, and clambered along until I could drop upon the ground. Had I not cause for thankfulness on this occasion that I had been formed with such legerity?

By this time the day was pretty far advanced: to navigate the scow back up the stream was out of the question; to sail farther no one could tell what might happen. The river was wide and deep; the woods around were wild and unknown; we were all in a bad way, and "I have had a dream" rung as the death-bell in my ears. Mr. Hoskins alone was composed; in the whole course of the voyage he said little, but his quick eye was glancing and glimmering on all sides. At this particular spot, where we had been so nearly shipwrecked, he looked studiously around, and said,

pursing his mouth, "This may do—but, but,—it ain't a particular."

Having again embarked, we found the river broader and calmer. It had mastered, I would say, the drift-wood and the fallen timber, and was holding on its unimpeded course, a powerful and majestic stream.

"Well, I guess," said the old man, "there is tarnation more drowning in this here almighty moderation, than in all them there whisks and whirls we have passed."

"I have had a dream," said the oracular monitor in my bosom; and I added aloud, "Let us keep near the shore."

Just at that moment, "Hush! hark!" cried the old man; and we listened, and we heard a sound as of many waves breaking on a sandy shore, or of the wind sweeping through the forest.

"I guess," said he, "we're a-coming to great falls; they are sucking us down." Mrs. Hoskins grew mad and wild, and blamed us all for being the cause of her destruction; my poor patient wife held me by the hand and said nothing. I could only repeat to myself, "I have had a dream." Mr. Hoskins alone remained calm, cool as a cucumber; but his eyes glimpsed about like the eyes of a spirit in jeopardy.

Louder and louder rose the thunder of the cataract; swifter and swifter our devoted vessel shot along, the trees flying past like the shadows of a magic lantern. The spray of the falls rose in a cloud before us—we saw the wide basin into which they fell spreading vaster and deeper—we discerned a small house far in the bottom beyond the foaming turbulence, and a number of people running towards the brink with terrified gestures, appalled at our seeming inevitable doom.

Nothing, indeed, appeared in view capable of rendering us any assistance; nothing was within our reach to grasp at; all around was confusion, and waves, and foam, and before us chaos and thunder. We sat silent, looking at one another, when in an instant Mr. Hoskins caught hold of a bough of a tree which had been unrooted, and lay in the river unmoved, and cried to me also to lay hold. I did so; it was unwieldy and aground: it was our only hope and

anchor: we held to it with the grasps of grim death. But the strong current began to move it; still we held on: at last it floated and slided slowly, and, as it were, reluctantly; but still we held on: our passage towards the brink of the fall was quickening. Dragged backward, as it were, by the tree, or at least retarded, there still appeared no chance of escape, when suddenly another tree, within a few yards of the edge of the fall, suddenly fell down headlong, unrooted in the water. "Let go," cried Mr. Hoskins; and, quitting our hold of the sunken tree, we were, in a few seconds, alongside of that which had so newly fallen: we caught hold; we clambered upon it with the wildness of despair, and reached the land in safety. In another moment the tree was torn away by the furious waters, and, with the scow, carried over the falls.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

" 'Stop, stop, John Gilpin, here 's the house,'
They all at once do cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired;'—
Said Gilpin, 'So am I.' "

I HAVE now come to the fourth part of my eventful life, which shall be related with the same particularity and pains that I took with those parts which have gone before; both because the matter is of great importance in itself, and because, though fortune went prosperously with me, I was not unvisited by those vicissitudes which are vouchsafed to warn us that the world is no continued city.

Having so narrowly escaped from the perdition of the falls, the first thing I did was to return thanks with my wife and Charles for the wonderful salvation, and we invited Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins to join in the worship, not doubting they would gladly do so. But the old lady declined, making an excuse which was singular, to the effect that she never could think of saying her prayers in the open air; her husband's reply was still more heathenish; " I ain't partikler," said he, " about praying, so you can shout away for all, while I looks at 'em water privileges."

With that he walked down towards the bottom of the hollow into which the river was tumbling, leaving Mrs. Hoskins with us, who, although she took no audible part in the worship, sat hard by until it was over.

We then began to consider how we were to get home, and what we should do for food, the basket with our provisions having gone over the cataract with the scow and my wife's shawl. The afternoon being by this time far spent, our prospects were very disheartening, and we all began to condemn the rashness with which, without sufficient knowledge, we had ventured to explore the unknown

course of a stream so considerable, laying the blame on Mr. Hoskins for the haste with which he had given in to the scheme.

While we were churming and murmuring at our disconsolate condition, I happened to recollect the house which I had observed in the hollow below; a going to the brink of the precipice, beheld it again, and ıe people who had come to witness our destruction, returning down the steep and shelvy bank towards it: it was, however, on the other side of the river; and the waters under the falls, and far below the house, were boiling and raging in such a manner, that we could discern no possibility of crossing. However, a smoking chimney to such poor and hungry refugees as we then were, was a blithe sight, and I cheered up the ladies, and led the way to the winding footpath which Mr. Hoskins had taken.

This path lay along the cornice of the precipice, which, on our side of the water, overhung the stream, and then entered the bush, which inclined with a gentle declivity towards the river. We followed its course, not doubting from its appearance, which was more and more trodden out as we advanced, that it would conduct us to some farm or tavern, where we should find accommodation, of which my wife was greatly in need. Her indisposition had considerably impaired her strength; and the alarm we had all suffered at the risk we had run of being hurled headlong over the falls, agitated her so much, that I would have given a good something to have seen her safe home at Babelmandel: however, there is nothing like facing our disasters with bravery, and I contrived, with a little jocosity and well-timed merriment, to make the way seem short.

When we had been some time threading the mazes of the forest — as I have seen such a journey as ours described in a novelle book — we came to a pleasant open knoll, where I proposed the ladies should sit down and rest themselves, with Charles for their watch, while I went forward to see what hope there was of a ferry to enable us to cross to the house on the opposite bank.

I had not gone far from them, not more than a hundred yards, when a sudden turn of the road brought me upon

the highway, and in view of a handsome new village, with elegant mills, saw and grist, a little farther down in the valley. You may be sure, though it was a pleasant sight, I did not remain long in contemplation looking at it. Turning round, I went and brought the ladies with me, rejoicing at the prospect of getting my poor wife some refreshment, for she was so fatigued that her feet were as heavy as if they had each, as she said, been loaded with a stone weight of iron.

Before we reached the tavern, which stood opposite to the grist-mill, I discovered Mr. Hoskins sitting under the stoop, smoking a cigar, and talking very much at his ease with a man who had a team at the mill-door; and sooth to say, considering the plight we were in, I must confess it was not just the sort of sight I expected; and so I said to him, as we drew near — maybe a thought severely —

"I think, Mr. Hoskins, ye might have had a measure of compassion for the ladies."

He looked up at me drily, and said coolly, "Well, I guess, the Squire he is mighty imperial."

"No, Mr. Hoskins, I am only considerate. There is aunty, your own wife, a wearied woman, and mine, your niece, just ready to drop with fatigue where she stands."

"I reckon there be chairs considerable in the house;" and he took the cigar from his lips, and knapped off the ashes on his left thumb-nail, without being in any degree moved. The way he said and did this was drollish and peculiar, and it so took my sails aback, that without making any answer I conducted the ladies into the house, and put them under the care of the landlady, Mrs. Petrekins, a quiet, stirring, mother-looking personage, not unlike a bein Scotch wife, save that she wore neither cap nor mutch.

I then began to bustle about to get something of a dinner prepared, but, to my surprise, all this was previously ordered by Mr. Hoskins, who, knowing we should be in want, had, on his first reaching the house, given the necessary directions; so that when I returned out-of-doors to him, where he was smoking under the stoop, he looked at me very knowingly, saying, —

"Well, I ha' been a calculating that the Squire has run foul of a consternation; he sees there be corn in Egypt."

"Yes, you may say that," replied I, "and a Joseph too;" which jocularity made all square; so that, while dinner was cooking, the old gentleman and I had a very satisfactory conversation, the ladies in the mean time taking their repose.

It appeared that the farmer, with whom Mr. Hoskins was conversing when we came up to the house, lived within a few miles of Julius Cæsar's town, as the village was called, and was well acquainted with the whole country-side; from him he learned that we were upwards of thirty miles from Babelmandel, so swiftly and insensibly had the current brought us down.

The thought of being thirty miles from home, through the forest, was serious and alarming, especially when I reflected on the infirmities of my wife, and that Mrs. Hoskins was rather too well stricken in years to travel such a distance on foot. However, for the then present time, we had great reason to rejoice. The tavern at Julius Cæsar's town was in that part of the country, for plain comforts, the best; and we learned from the millers, that we should find no difficulty in obtaining, among the teamsters bringing wheat to be grinded, conveyances almost daily to Olympus, and that some of them would, doubtless, readily enough, contract to carry us on to home. So that, although the day began with Mr. Waft's ill omen, and that our escape from destruction was truly miraculous, we yet spent a happy afternoon; dangers were forgotten, and Mr. Hoskins was mightily pleased with his discoveries on the river; congratulating himself not a little in having deferred the raising of his house until he had ascertained, what he suspected, that if the location of Babelmandel would serve, it was not the cleverest which might have been had among so many water privileges as were to be found on the river.

"The Squire," said he to me, opening his mind, and acquainting me with the scope of the calculations on which he had been so long in his solitary rambles engaged, "the Squire, I guess, has had nothing of no knowledge 'bout 'splorificationing the creek, by which we were all as nigh going to pot as nothing; but if so be, as he recollects that 'ere tarnation rapid, where the tree teached him as how his

head wa'n't a bit too thick, I'd say to the gentleman, Squire, does the Squire know what I would say? if he don't, as I reckon he doesn't, I'll tell him. That's the lot for my money. By the harp of David, and the dulcimers of Solomon's concubines! there isn't such another location for a village between it and them 'ere falls in all New York state; and if so be as how money can buy it, you shall see a swap, when we gets to the agent's land-store at 'Lympus."

It could not but be allowed that the situation was one of the choicest for mill-seats in the whole course of the thirty miles we had come down the river; but what the old man intended by buying it, for such a purpose, perplexed me, for it could be considered only as a place that at some distant day might become valuable. He, however, gave me no satisfactory answer, although I said as much to him; but he nodded, and lighting a fresh cigar, looked at me, and nodding again, gave me by his eye to understand that he had secret thoughts worth knowing on the subject.

Nothing farther then passed, the evening had set in, and Mrs. Hoskins was anxious, on my wife's account, that we should retire early for the night. As the advice was rational, and seconded by the solicitations of weariness in my own limbs, I proposed to adopt it, leaving the Squire in the stoop to make his calculations with the rising moon; but just as I was moving towards the bar-room door, having made my *congés* to him for the night, he lifted his legs from off the railing of the stoop, over which he had laid them as he sat in the swinging chair, — placing his feet on the floor, he slowly rose, and coming towards me, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, —

"One ox is worth too women in a 'splorification, and that isn't much; but I guess, were the Squire to say, Boy, hire team, and take 'em 'ere old uns to 'Lympus, he'd do properly right; for then he, the Squire, and I, could scale the river, and make observes as spry as frogs — make it a compass again the morning." So, without saying more, he went back to his seat, lifted his feet upon the rail, and looking at the moon, began to smoke and ruminate like a philosopher.

CHAPTER II.

" And now my days are number'd on the earth:
Before that moon shall set, below the throne
Must stand the soul of her who speaks to thee!"

Now my wife was one of those quiet, nocturnal women, who never talk after they have laid their heads on the pillow, but compose themselves for the embraces of Morpheus. On this night, however, it happened that the events of the day, and particularly the dreadful danger we had escaped, took wakeful possession of her serene faculties, and she was wonderfully disposed to be conversational; whereas, I had much to think of, and was not inclined to be communicative. There was, however, one short question which she put to me, that I could not but answer.

" What," said she, " can my uncle mean by bringing us to these forlorn and wilderness parts? His wife, my aunt, cannot dive into his intents; and yet it is a moral certainty, that he would never have been at the expense of this voyage of discovery, had he not a making-of-money purpose in view."

The only answer I could give, was what I gave: I acknowledged myself of her opinion, adding, " But as he has made no explanation of his intents, I am not in a condition to satisfy your curiosity; no doubt I, however, shall, for you and Charles, with Mrs. Hoskins, are to go by one of the teams to-morrow homeward by Olympus, whilst the old gentleman and I thread back the mazes of the wood."

" You may do, Lawrie Todd, as you think fit; but from this house I will never stir, until I know the meaning of such mystical meanderings," was her reply.

I reasoned with her against this unreasonableness, and spoke soft and persuasive language, doing every thing I could besides to subdue her to that moderation and common sense which were the graces of her character; but she was not to be so converted — so I turned my face to the other side of the bed, and gave no farther heed to her colloquies.

Scarcely had I taken this new position, when I heard a

whispering close by, and a low sound of controversy between a man and a woman; and who were they, but Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, in the next room, with only a deal partition between them and us. By and by, either the house grew stiller, or they spoke louder: I heard what they were about perfectly plain, which was much to the same purpose as the confabble that had passed between my wife and me, insomuch that it seemed as if the two ladies had put their heads together to get at the secrets of their husbands. However, I could learn from what passed, that Mrs. Hoskins came as little speed as my wife had done, and that she was equally determined not to budge from Julius Cæsar's town, until her curiosity was appeased.

Mr. Hoskins was one of those fortified and downright characters, who always, by hook or crook, have their own way in all things. He was not of a conciliating nature like me; who, if a matter was to be won, would rather gain it by soft handling, than by the potency of wilfulness backed by right: so, having heard what passed between Mrs. Hoskins and him, I resolved to let him have the management of the business in the morning.

But my wife continued to talk, and grew restless, and came over and over the same thing so often, that I began to fear her head was turned — and so it proved to be; for, long before the dawn of day, she was in a burning fever, and we were all afoot to pacify her, and calm the dread and perturbation she was in, that if I stayed so near the falls, they would come down and overwhelm me; so much had the terror — the risk we had run — become uppermost in her mind. It was most distressing to hear the phantasies with which the poor soul was beset concerning them.

To think of moving her in the morning, in such a state, both humanity and Dr. Phials, the medical man of the village, forbade; and to leave her, while I returned through the wood to Babelmandel with Mr. Hoskins, as he had proposed, was equally contrary to nature. So I made up my mind to stay with her, and it was so concerted that Charles should go with Mrs. Hoskins to Olympus, by one of the teams from the mill, and get a wagon there to take her home to Babelmandel, where the two young girls could not

but be in want of a head, and the store was no doubt suffering by my absence.

Mr. Hoskins assented to this arrangement with more compliancy than I expected; indeed, when matters came to a necessity, he was not an unreasonable man: moreover, he had been all that morning "'splorifying," as he called it, about the falls, and was well content to remain a day or two, until his curiosity was satisfied. As for me, I was so taken up with the illness of the mother of my children, that I could turn my thoughts on nothing but her suffering, and the desolation which would fall upon my house, if it was ordained she was then to be taken away; — alas! it was so ordained.

The fever continued to rise, and on the morning of the fourth day after the departure of Charles and Mrs. Hoskins, Dr. Phials, the medical man, warned me to look for the worst. Although I had watched the progress of the calamity with an apprehensive heart and an eager eye, I was yet greatly shocked at hearing this, and spoke to her uncle about getting the family brought to see her; but he would not hear of it, because of its uselessness, and the expense. He was a man that had more consideration for the common sense of matters and things, than for delicate sensibilities. But for all that he had a sterling heart, and did every thing in his power to lighten my anxiety.

"I ain't," said he, "slick at the gruelling of sick folks, but I can ride and fetch doctor's stuffs," as he really did; for, one morning, he borrowed a horse from Mr. Hopper, the miller, and rode seventeen miles for a supply of Jesuits' bark, which could not be obtained nearer: and he waited on, with great patience, to see the upshot of the fever, saying but little to me of his projects while the life remained.

At last, the signals of dissolution began to increase, and hope was banished; but I will not ask the courteous reader to partake of my distress, though an inward and parental sorrow it was, causing me to grieve more on account of the helplessness in which my two young daughters were to be left motherless, than for the loss I was myself to experience. It was not like the anguish that pierced my heart

with barbed shafts, when the beautiful spirit of the beloved Rebecca was wafted away into the regions of light and love; but it was a black and heavy sense of a calamity, admonishing me to summon up my fortitude, and to bow the head of resignation to the will of Him that giveth and taketh away.

The time of departure was visibly come. It was about two hours after sunset. The patient wrestled strongly against being carried so suddenly away, for she knew her condition, and often in her struggles cried piteously for her children, stretching out her arms as if she saw them standing by. Hers, indeed, was a parent's heart; and the landlady, being of the Methodist line, was disturbed that she should seem to think more of her forlorn daughters, than of the glories of the paradise on which she herself was about to enter — but Mrs. Petrekins had never been a mother.

Sometimes the victorious adversary of life paused, as if wearied with the contest, and prostrate nature on those occasions seemed to rally, but the intervals of respite grew shorter and shorter. The helps were no longer administered, for they could not mitigate her sufferings. We stood round the bed watching and silent, as feebler and feebler the flashes of the burnt-out candle were sinking in the socket.

With the last, she turned to the old man, saying, "Be kind to my babies," and drawing a long deep sigh, lay still for ever.

During all this time Mr. Hoskins stood on the side of the bed opposite to me, looking calmly on; his countenance was unmoved; and once or twice, when I chanced to turn my eyes towards him, he appeared so cool and phlegmatical that I felt a pang in my heart, to think her nearest kinsman, on such an occasion, should be so heartless.

All being over, Mrs. Petrekins, the landlady, with anothe woman whom I had procured to assist, reminded me that we ought to leave the room to them, and I accordingly moved to retire; but the old man, not having heard them, remained still looking steadily, but with the same seeming indifference, upon the body.

"Sir," said Mrs. Petrekins aloud, "it is necessary that

for a time we should have the room cleared," and she went round and touched him on the arm.

It was like electricity; it roused him from his stupor with a shudder, and caused him to step two paces backward; in the same moment he turned his eye wildly on me, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

The sight of that wooden old man, as I had often spoken of him in jocularity, weeping like a woman, and fondling over the face of the corpse with his hand, as if he had been an innocent child gently trying to awaken its sleeping nurse, surprised me with inexpressible grief. Till that time, I had been enabled to preserve my self-possession, and to witness the progress of the dispensation with resolute tranquillity; but such tenderness, so suddenly discovered in that dry bosom, overwhelmed my fortitude, and forced me also to weep. The women, with the wonted sympathy of their sex, were no less affected. It was some time, and not without remonstrance and entreaty, that they at last succeeded in leading the sorrowful old man away.

CHAPTER III.

" Thus generations pass away—
'Tis renovation and decay,
'Tis childhood and old age:—
Like figures in the wizard's glass,
In long succession on we pass,
Act our brief parts, and then, alas!
Are swept from off the stage!"

Mr. Hoskins retired immediately to his own chamber, and I saw no more of him that night, nor was I willing to have had discourse then with him, or with any other person; so I walked out into the open air, and, in the view of the moon and the heavenly host, offered the homage of a resigned spirit.

It was a holy night, a sweet breathing of the soft west wind just so stirred the leaves that they twinkled in the moonlight; the sound of the distant falls came swelling

with alternate pauses, through the silent air, as if the wilderness had received a voice; and the solemn tinkling of the cow-bells from the woods, awakened pious thoughts and Sabbath recollections — the remembrance of my mother's grave, and the hopes of my father's prayers; — it was a holy and a beautiful night.

Having strolled some two or three hundred paces, I returned towards the house, ruminating on the misfortune which had befallen my young family, and thankful that, great as it was, it yet bred in me no repining; for, in turning the heart of Mr. Hoskins to take up his residence near us, it seemed that Providence had provided a mother for my daughters in his excellent wife; having in its wonderful ways seen meet to remove their own, untimely, from them.

In this composed frame of mind, I sat down on the swinging chair in the stoop, and laying the reins on the neck of reason, ruminated on all that had befallen me from the time I had left my father's house. The old man was then still living, and, but a day before we embarked in the scow, I had written to him of the cheering prospects which had again opened to me, and of the blessings that were budding around me: — I had now matter for another tale.

While I was thus sitting, mournful, but not unthankful, I heard the voices of travellers coming towards the tavern, and being desirous that our solemn decorum should not be broken in upon by ill-timed mirth, I went into the bar-room, and requested the landlord to receive the travellers sedately, and to let them know that death was in the house; but before I had well done this, the door was opened, and in came my eldest son Robin.

I was glad to see him, but surprised that he should have thought of leaving the store; the more especially as my wife was not his mother, he being the son of Rebecca; but his sisters, as well as Mrs. Hoskins, had become very anxious and uneasy about us, and, to satisfy them, he had come with Mr. Waft.

"Mr. Waft!" cried I, in alarm. "What has brought that tormenting man here? I hope you will prevent him from breaking in upon me at such a time. Did your brother tell you of his evil boding? Have you heard what his

dream was about?"— and I paused for a moment, under a feeling of dread — for from the time we escaped the Falls, I had ceased to think of his ominous admonitions, and yet our miraculous preservation ought to have made me remark it with solemnity; — verily, in the death of my poor wife, there was cause for me to meditate on his boding.

The boy informed me, that he believed Mr. Waft had little else to do in the journey than to gratify his curiosity— and of his dream he had heard no more than that, on the morning when we left Babelmandel, he had seen something in his sleep which had disturbed him concerning us.

I was really afflicted at the thought of that man being so near when I had my hands so full of death and sorrow; and yet I ought not to have been so, for his coming drew away my mind from my troubles; and, in the end, the Lord was pleased to rebuke me for the prejudice I had taken against him, by making his presence a help we could ill have done without.

However, I eschewed him for that night; and having recommended Robin to the landlord for some refreshment, I returned to the chamber where the body was laid out, and took my seat at the far side of the bed, behind the curtains, to watch it for the night.

As I had been up three successive nights, and had not for three four-and-twenty hours any regular rest, but only snatches of sleep, as I happened at times during the day to get a little leisure to sit down, I was not long in my place until my eyelids grew heavy, and I fell into a halfling sort of slumber. In this state I had probably sat a full half hour— it might have been longer — when I was roused by the door being slowly opened. In came Mr. Waft, with long tip-toe stealthy strides, holding up his hand, and shaking it softly to some one following, whom I presently discovered to be Robin. They were coming in to look at the body, not knowing any one was in the room, and little suspecting who was sitting behind the curtain.

Awe of the presence of death, and the sable hue of my own thoughts, disposed me to remain quiet, and to take no heed of their intrusion. Accordingly, I leant back in my chair, resting my head against the wall, expecting they

would soon leave the room; but in this I was mistaken. Mr. Waft took a general survey of the manner in which the corpse was laid out, showing Robin wherein the American fashion of laying out the dead was different from that of Paisley; while he, poor lad, who had a great affection for his stepmother, — having indeed never found her such, — was moving about the room with his heart full and his eyes overflowing. At last the meddling bodie drew near to the corpse, and lifting up the napkin that was spread over the face, said, "Heh, sirs! but death's dismal; but for all that she's a bonny corpse, and of a lively colour."

I really could suffer no more, so I looked from behind the curtain, and said, with the voice of authority, "Let her alone, and get about your business."

Never got mortal man such a fright. He dropped the napkin, and staggering back, fell into a chair, bereft alike of power and of utterance. I was obliged to call for help, and to get cold water to sprinkle on his face, and burnt feathers to titillate his nostrils, before he could be removed into another room.

I need not say this was a trial of its kind, and the fright, which he so well deserved, was not the worst of it; for, although no sensible laddie could have more respect for his own mother than Robin Todd had for the deceased, there had been something so comical in the terrification of Mr. Waft, that the poor boy could not refrain from laughing when he thought of it; so that every now and then, even while the tears were running down his cheeks, and his bosom was like to burst with sobbing, a sudden recollection of what he had seen would overcome him, and cause his sob to change into a most irreverent neigher that was heart-breaking to hear.

However, as I have said, there was no reason in the end to regret Mr. Waft's visit, ill-timed as I thought it; for next morning, being Sunday, all the men about the mill, as well as every carpenter in the village, indeed a great majority of the inhabitants, had set out early to hear an Anabaptist minister, who was to preach that day at another settlement upwards of seven miles off; nobody, in consequence, could be found to make a coffin. Mr. Hoskins,

who had a ready hand for every odd turn, said he would do it,—but when he attempted, on this occasion, to try, sorrow again overcame him, and obliged him to retire to his own room.

I could not have thought it was possible for him to feel as he felt; and reviled myself as hard-hearted, when I saw how much deeper the stroke had struck him than it did me.

In this crisis, Mr. Waft came with the offer of his service, and I never was more surprised in my life than at seeing the dexterity with which he put the planks together, for I had somehow set him down as a thriftless and do-nothing creature—I was still more so at seeing how he made blacking for the outside, with soot and the white of eggs, till the coffin was as respectable in every point as if it had been made by a cabinet-maker in a borough town. He had learnt this sleight in a Yankee family, with whom he had stopped in coming up the country, and in which a death had taken place.

When the folk came home from the preaching, the funeral was performed, in which Mr. Waft was also of great use; indeed, I know not how we could have done without him, for he dug the grave as well as if he had been the deacon of the sextons, and saw every thing fulfilled in a most complete manner.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now let 's to business."

On the morning after the funeral, Robin, with Mr. Waft, returned to Babelmandel, by the way of Olympus; and Mr. Hoskins and I went to examine the land between the rapids, where I was swung upon the tree, and the great Falls where we had so nearly all perished. It was a space somewhat more than two miles in extent along the river;

and the more it was examined, the old man was the better pleased with it.

In the course of this "'splorification," I was well instructed, by the fatigue and trouble I had in climbing over the trunks of fallen trees, and finding a way through the swales and swamps, that I had not been ordained for the hardships of a backwood life. Mr. Hoskins, who was by many years my senior, did not suffer the tenth part that I did,—usage and longer limbs made him fitter for the business.

The examination of the land took up the better part of two days, and obliged us to spend a night under the starry tester of the heavens, with but the green leaves of the forest for our bed-curtains; it was the last, however, I spent unsheltered in the woods; for, upon reflection, feeling the deficiency of strength in my limbs, which had been my infirmity from childhood, I resolved to stick to the store, and to leave to robuster adventurers the outdoor toils of the new settlement: for the purpose of Mr. Hoskins, on deciding to make a spec of that location, was to lay out a town, and to invite settlers by liberal temptations, counting I would take charge of it: but in that he had reckoned too fast. He was not, however, displeased with me for declining the proposal, as I partly expected he would; on the contrary, he assented to the justness of my objection, and only requested me to give what help I could occasionally in the way of advice; for by this time he began to entertain a high opinion of my judgment. All this was arranged in a satisfactory and friendly manner between us as we returned to Julius Cæsar's town, where having rested ourselves another night, we set out next morning, with a team from the mill, for Olympus, to settle with the agent for the purchase of the land.

The bargain was soon struck, for so many things had gone awry at Babelmandel, or had turned out so different from what was expected, that the agent was but little disposed to undertake new settlements; while willing to encourage others, well knowing the immediate effect which the plantation of a village has in raising the value of the adjacent lands.

The agent, when the bargain was concluded, recollecting how I had managed in the difficulties about the provisions at Babelmandel, proposed that I should become sub for him there, and take charge of the sale of the land around, and in the township where Mr. Hoskins had made his purchase. His offer at first was, that I should work on commission in shares with himself; but I begged he would give me the afternoon to think of it; not that I had any cause to hesitate, inasmuch as the business would bring in sure money without risk; but it came into my head, as we were conversing concerning it, that I might do better, and therefore I wished for time to consult Mr. Hoskins in a quiet way by ourselves.

The old man having settled his business, we left the land-office together, and as soon as we were upon the road going towards Nacket's tavern, where we had previously ordered a snack, he said to me, in a brisker manner than I had ever noticed before,—

"An't the Squire a cloud-riding, that he won't have nothing at all with 'at 'ere liberality? I guess, the agent was blessed civil a considerable some."

"I doubt, sir," replied I, "you have mistaken my intent. I did not positively refuse to accept the business; I was only desirous of having some talk on the subject with you."

"Well, if so be, I shan't say a bottomless-pit word 'bout it; but at so good a thing to shilly-shally! I an't partikler 'clesiasticus."

"Ye're far wrong, Mr. Hoskins; I have no hesitation, but only I think that, maybe, there is a way to make a better o't."

"Hem!" said the old man.

"Yes," continued I; "don't you think it might be better for me, were I to contract with the agent for, we shall say, ten or twenty thousand acres at a certain price?"

"Hem?" said Mr. Hoskins.

"In that case, he being agreeable, all above the contract price would be my own profit."

"Hem!—hem!—hoo!" cried Mr. Hoskins, "I spy a deer—I smell a rat!"

"For you see," resumed I, not noticing his interjections,

"with your settlement, and Babelmandel, and Julius Cæsar's town, the land will soon be doubled in value; so that were he to assign me a block or two at a reasonable rate, payable as I took it up, that is, as I sold it, I might——"

"By Jacob's spotted calves!" cried the old man, with a most unusual vehemence for him—"the Squire would make a fortune in less time than Dick the Cobbler takes to top-piece an old shoe. What Israelite put him up to such a spec?"

In short, after some farther deliberation, Mr. Hoskins, being quite delighted with the bravery of my notion, when we had taken our snack, and had rested ourselves, discoursing of the venture, it was agreed between us, that I should propose for ten thousand acres at the same price he had paid for his land; and that, if the agent showed a disposition to bite, then the old man was to strike in and make game of me, for being faint-hearted, in not engaging to take twenty thousand.

By this time it was almost sunset; so, as there is nothing like finishing the nail while the iron's hot, we went back to the land-office, to come to a conclusion, in order that we might be enabled to set out for home by daybreak in the morning.

The job speeded as well as could be expected; the agent was, at first, somewhat surprised at the extent of my proposed undertaking; but when he heard how the old Yankee made light of it, and jeered me for being so faint-hearted, he came wonderfully round, and in the end he consented to give me the pre-emption of twenty thousand acres, at a dollar and twenty cents per acre, for five years, which was five cents an acre less than Mr. Hoskins had paid for his five hundred.

Had the old man himself made all the amount of the value in profit hard in hand, he could not have been more pleased, so well did he think of the bargain, and of "the handsome ability," as he called it, which I had shown in the business; taking some credit to himself, too, for the part he had in it.

"That 'ere scow," said he, "which went overboard into

the whale's belly, at 'em tarnation falls, wasn't no bad concern neither: for I reckon, had it not been, we hadn't com'd; and if we hadn't com'd, the Squire hadn't calculated 'at 'ere spec; and, therefore, I says, if by it he has lost a good wife, has he not gained a s'plashing fortune, which is to a widower better than cocktail for consolation?"

"I doubt, my worthy sir, I have loaded the ass with a heavier burden than he can carry," was my humble reply; for when I thought on the boldness of the undertaking, qualms of fear rose about my heart, and every now and then the reflection of going home to a motherless family came like the cold blasts of the east wind, and saddened my spirit, which caused the road between Olympus and Babelmandel to seem deeper and heavier in the travelling, than it had ever done before. But for all that, we had intervals of comfortable conversation; and among other schemes which we considered for the better managing of our increasing concerns, it was agreed that I should send Robin, as soon as possible, to an office in New York, to learn the mystery of book-keeping properly; for although, as Mr. Herbert, our excellent schoolmaster, said, when we consulted him on the subject, the art, though but a servant of business, is yet necessary, and the s[illegible] of it cannot be learned so well from precept as by practice.

On the meeting between me and my children I must shut the door. They mourned and lamented their loss with the sorrow of uncorrupted affection, but the mild and kind Mrs. Hoskins had a great deal to do before she could assuage the tears of my eldest daughter. However, time, the curer of wounds, with the salve of gentle treatment, has seldom an obdurate case in the young heart. Mrs. Hoskins so well performed the mother's part, that I am bound to acknowledge, there was less missing of my wife than could have been supposed possible. Thus it came to pass, before Robin was rigged out for his journey to New York, we began to think but lightly of our misfortune; for in making preparations for his outfit, the females had their hands full; and both Mr. Hoskins and myself, with the store, the land, and in concerting the means of making a

beginning with the new settlement, had, as he remarked, as much to cook for the Devil, as Nebuchadnezzar had at the building of Babylon.

CHAPTER V.

"What 's in a name? — the rose,
By any other name, would smell as sweet."

In the midst of all the bustle and to-do which so many things occasioned, as the old man and I were one evening sitting cheerfully on the bench at the door, conversing of what was to be done, that affliction, Mr. Waft, came with his peering eyes, and sat down unbidden beside us.

"Weel, gentlemen," said he, "I have been long wishing to fall in with you when you had half an hour to spare for conversation; but ye are always so constantly busy, making money, as I hear, that I begin to doubt if it's ordained ever to be, or come to pass. No' that there's any thing particular pressing in what I had to say, farther than to indulge a wee wishee I have in the corner of my bosom, to know the name ye intend to bestow on that capital city, every body says ye are going to build. I have been thinking that Hoskinsville would be pretty and poetical; but this afternoon Mr. Herbert, the schoolmaster, has put a new one into my head — don't you think Todopolis would be prime?"

I could discern by the way in which Mr. Hoskins bit his lip, though his visage was unchanged, that he was in high dudgeon at this impudence: for myself, I was frying.

"You never were farther astray in your whole life, Mr. Waft," said I; "what could lead you to think we were two such fools as to call cities after our own names? — no, no, we're of sober imaginings. It's to be called Nineveh."

There never had been such a thought between us; I just said so, I cannot tell wherefore, to set the conjectures of the meddling bodie on another tack; but scarcely had I

uttered the word, when Mr. Hoskins, taking the cigar he was smoking from his mouth, and striking off the ashes on the edge of the bench, said,—

"Nineveh! well, I guess, that might be pretty partikler popular too;—yes! it might serve—no bad settler's trap would be 'at 'ere Neenivye; but I was a calculating that Samary would do better, for there ain't yet no Samary in all York state."

To hear him speak in this manner, was to me an amazement; and I began to think, surely he had some conspiracy with the bodie Waft, to give it a name that would vex me; for nothing molested me so much as that Yankee fashion of calling new settlements, without rhyme or reason, by sacred scriptural names, and words of Greek and Roman heathenry. I thereupon said sharply, that Wafton would be much more to the purpose.

"I'm very much obliged to you," replied the pestilence, as if I had been in earnest, "but I was coveting no such honour."

"By Jerusalem and Jericho!" cried Mr. Hoskins, "Wafton is a very recommendatory name—not another of the same in all the map. I thanks the Squire for the hint, I does."

This was enough to provoke the elect; and I said, "Surely, Mr. Hoskins, ye're by yourself, to think for a moment of calling the settlement Wafton! Take my word for it, if you do so, it will soon be Waff-enough."

"Well, Squire, and what shall I call it?"

"Any thing," cried I; for I was nettled, having a suspicion that the old man was playing his cards into the hands of that torment, whom I never could make out to be in jest or earnest.

"Nay, Mr. Todd," said the tormentor, "*Any-thing* would be a most extraordinary name for a town; and a town too, that ye no doubt intend shall be a metropolitan. If I might lay in a word, I would have you, Mr. Todd, to reconsider that verdict. What do ye think of——"

"I think of nothing!" was my tart answer, before he had finished his speech. I then rose from the bench, and went round to the other side of the house; but I saw, in

turning the corner, Mr. Waft holding his forefinger up at the side of his nose, and winking in a queer, familiar manner, to Mr. Hoskins, as if he had dared to make a sport of me; but Mr. Hoskins was a sedate, sensible, man, and saw cause neither for mirth or mischief in the conversation that had passed, for presently he called on me by name to return, and the bailie, as he was commonly titled by the Scotch settlers, walked away.

"Well, I guess," said the old man, "the Squire is considerable jumbled by that 'ere propositioner; but he needn't be none afeard; I won't call the settlement after him: we must, however, call it something melodious and inviting to stranger-folk, for 'pend upon't, a name ain't nothing to be sneezed at. There is Manlius-four-corners; nobody who hath regard for his lips, will settle there, if he must often tell where he lives in cold weather. But I have been aground afore for a name to our settlement — what think you of Volcano? I guess it will sound sweetly."

"My dear sir," was my solid answer, "Volcano will never do at all: that's the name of a burning mountain!"

"And why mayn't it be the name of a village too? I'll have it Volcano."

"I should as soon have expected you would have called it Arthur's Seat."

"That's the name of a chair," was his ready answer; "and therefore it shall be Volcano, which flows like molasses in the mouth, and will be easily written by settlers in their letters, many of 'em not being college-learn'd."

It may be thought by the courteous reader that all this ado about a name was a weak conceit, and so thought I; but small things are great things to little men, and, therefore, I submitted, being minded to say no more on the subject. The better sense, however, of Mr. Hoskins returned to him in the course of the night; and when he came to me at the store in the morning, he began to lament that there had been such a controversy between us about the name, justly laying all the blame on Bailie Waft, whose disposition to scald his lips in other folks' kail was the most notour thing in the settlement.

I agreed entirely with him as to the meddling character

of the bailie, and regretted exceedingly that there was no way of laying him under a restraint. "But, Mr. Hoskins, what's the name you have thought upon at last?"

He made me no answer for the space of a minute or more, and looking me steadfastly in the face, "Let it be called Judiville, for your wife that is dead and gone:"—and it was so called accordingly, Judith being her Christian appellation.

CHAPTER VI.

"He hath done that to spite me—
Let him look to't."

In the mean time, the necessary preparations were going on for laying the foundation of Judiville, and roads were planned to open the tract assigned to me for settlement. The store was prospering exceedingly, so far beyond expectation, that both Mr. Hoskins and I had great reason to rejoice and be thankful; but I observed a curious change come upon his character, or rather a remarkable breaking out of nature, when he reflected at leisure on the advantageous bargain I had made with the agent for the twenty thousand acres.

I have told enough about the old man to show he was far from being avaricious, and certainly not envious; on the contrary, I have known few more disposed to help a friend; but he was jealous of being outdone in business, and when any apprehension of that sort came across his mind, he was apt to become obstinate and insensible to reasonable remonstrance. Thus, it so happened that he took it into his head I had schemed the agreement with the agent from the time he had told me of his design of locating a town between the two great water privileges of the river, and was making his speculation subservient to my own.

Nothing could be more unjust than this suspicion; for it

was not until after he had agreed for the purchase of his land, that the agent made me the proposal to act as his sub at Babelmandel; and it was not until the proposal had been discussed at some length that the thought of contracting for the land entered my head. Moreover, it was not until at least ten days after our return home, when I happened to suggest that a bridle-path through the forest from the road leading to Olympus into his purchase would be beneficial to his speculation, that the idea took possession of his own fancy that I was making him an instrument for my own particular profit. It is true, the path would have laid open a considerable portion of my own pre-emption, and I should have been benefited in consequence, but I declare, on my conscience, I had no such view in offering the suggestion. However, the suspicion, being once planted, was not easily unrooted; and in this instance it proved as injurious to himself as to me; for rather than lay out the path proposed, he chose a circuitous line, which cost him more money, and brought the lands of another tract into competition with mine, thereby greatly blighting my reasonable hopes — nor could he be made sensible of his error, until certain speculators from Albany came and purchased the tract adjoining to his, comprehending the water privileges of those rapids where I was left clasping the tree.

But it had pleased God, in giving him that perversity of character, to implant in him likewise a ready disposition to correct an error whenever he found himself in the wrong. Accordingly, as soon as he saw the Albany jobbers making preparations for building a bridge to cross the river, in order to lead a road into the road to Olympus, just as I had suggested, he came to me in the store, and said,—

"Well, I guess, Squire, the old man has been again an obstinacious fool. Had I not been as everlasting obstinacious as a pine stump, I'd 'a followed your counselling, and made 'at 'ere bridle-path; but I'll make up for it; we shall cut right away a neat and glorious road, sheer through the body of your spec, and into the heart of mine, smack as a rifle bullet."

And with his habitual activity, the very next morning he set the work a-going, I having agreed on my part to allow

towards it twenty-five cents per acre, above two dollars per acre, if I could get as much on the lots I could sell along the sides of it within the first year. Thus it came to pass, that, in the course of three months, two spacious and capital roads were cut through the heart of my speculation, by which the value of the land was at once doubled; so that, although I had realised nothing, I was made at once a man of good property. There is, indeed, no way of raising the value of wild land, but by making it accessible. The forest is a raw material, and it must be manufactured for the market before you can hope to make profit.

The jobbers from Albany were to the full as active as Mr. Hoskins; and as they laid out more money in clearing their town plot, and in building a noble tavern, than he could afford to do, which they named Napoleon, their settlement shot ahead at a great rate. Before the season was over, it began to look something like a town, to the disquiet of the old man, who could never forgive himself for the unworthy jealousy which had caused him to reject my advice, by which he had benefited those his rivals.

And here I ought to point out to the courteous reader, the very remarkable manner in which Providence was pleased to turn the issues of his wrongous suspicions to my advantage: not only were the two roads opened, but from a sense of penitence for his injustice, he enlarged his confidence in me, and began to give me credit for more sagacity in the way of proceeding with a new settlement, than he thought any body, not an American, could possess. I had myself no pretension to any superiority, for my system was to do nothing until there was a manifest convenience and advantage to be gained by it; and thus it came to pass, by acting on that abstemious rule, I acquired the great benefit of the roads, by which, in the course of the first twelve months, I sold as much land, besides paying uncle Hoskins three hundred dollars to account of the roads, as brought clear profit to myself of more than six thousand, with good and reasonable causes to expect an increase in the course of next season.

But in stating so much here, I am proceeding too fast, for neither the roads nor the settlement of Napoleon were

begun before Robin left us for New York; it would, therefore, be more fitting to suspend the narrative of our prosperity, and to relate the festivities we enjoyed in laying the foundation of Judiville, which the old man made a point of doing before the lad's departure.

I was the more surprised that he should have been so particular about this matter; for although Robin was a great favourite with him, yet it is not much of a Yankee custom to be ceremonious about such an event as that of a youth going for the first time from home into the world. Had the thought arisen with me, it would have occasioned no surprise amongst us; for I have all my life been a great observer of solemn days and anniversaries, especially of such as bring to mind langsyne recollections of merry friends who have been long asleep under the green blanket of the cold churchyard. But being the old man's voluntary suggestion, it gave us all inordinate delight, and perhaps I was the only one of the whole party who thought one of the guests might have been spared; that was, the plague of my life, John Waft, whom Mr. Hoskins, in his cool way, said he would invite for a companion to me; a proposal which set not only Mrs. Hoskins a-laughing, but the children and all present at the time. It was, indeed, often a wonder with me, what every body saw or thought in that incarnate molestation, to make them at all times so eager to fasten him upon me. However, I made no objection, but put a fair face on't, and laughed as heartily as the best of them at the idea of the teasing to which he would subject me.

CHAPTER VII.

"Constantinopolis,
He named it for himself; and then to trace
The hallow'd bounds of the majestic walls
Led the bright army."

THE day being fixed for the ceremony of cutting down the first tree in the market-place-to-be of Judiville, Mr. Hoskins took upon himself to make every kind of befitting and

proper preparation. He communicated with nobody as to his intentions, but went about from morning to night, sometimes with the carpenters, sometimes with the blacksmith. Robin alone was in his confidence; and for two days we saw but little of him, so busy was he too about the preparations.

I cannot deny that I was in the mean time as curious to know what they were doing as Bailie Waft himself, who had never got such a job in hand from the hour of his birth. He did nothing all day long but wander from Dan to Beersheba, and speak of the doing that was to be done to every body he met, enquiring what it could possibly be that kept Mr. Hoskins so constantly afoot: at last he happened to get a glimpse behind the curtain, and came primed and proud with his discovery to the store, where I was longing for information.

"Do you know, Mr. Todd," said he, "what they can have propounded by yon great iron hoops that the blacksmith is making; for he, like the rest, is as unanswering as his own bellows; what can they be for? and then the big log that the carpenters are boring, and which I thought, and I dare say every body thought, was for a pump: they never put their wumble farther into it than a foot or so, and then they sawed off the bored piece, and began to bore again, till they have made seven curiosities out of it, which I do not understand."

"I'll lay my lugs, Mr. Waft," was my reply, "they are cannon, and the iron hoops are to keep them from bursting."

Sure enough it proved so, and Robin was busy making cartridges out of a keg of powder for them.

In the mean time, the woods became savoury with the fume of the numerous stewings and roastings that were in preparation under the matronly superintendence of Mrs. Hoskins. The meddling bailie went about examining them all, sometimes taking off the lids of the stewpans and snuffing the flavour with pleased nostrils; sometimes tasting with his fingers if the meat was done, or sufficiently seasoned, giving his opinion on the subject to Mrs. Hoskins in a most erudite manner.

All being ready, and the important day having arrived, we were summoned to the ceremony at sunrise. The distance we had to walk was upwards of seven miles, by a path through the forest, from which the old man had caused the brushwood to be cleared; a flourish of all the tin horns of the settlement, usually employed to call the workmen to their meals, announced that the procession was ready to move.

Mr. Hoskins headed the whole with a green bough in his hat; then followed a long train of axemen, two and two. After them came seven parties of six boys each, carrying the wooden cannon on spokes; behind them the blacksmith, with a keg of cartridges on his head, followed by two young men with lighted match-ropes; to these succeeded — headed by Bailie Waft and me, walking hand-in-hand as lovingly as the two babes in the wood, — a long desultory train of the Babelmandel settlers bearing the drink and provisions.

When we reached what was destined to be the centre of the town, the axemen or choppers cleared the brush or underwood from around a large tree, and the cannon being properly placed, the old gentleman took an axe and struck the first stroke, upon which the seven cannon were fired three times. I struck the second, and so it went round, until the tree fell with a sound like thunder, banishing the loneliness and silence of the woods for ever.

Then we gave three cheers, the cannon were fired again, and the drink being poured out into the tin jugs which the settlers had brought with them, Mr. Hoskins gave for a toast, "Prosperity to Judiville," which was re-echoed by all around, all the tin horns and trumpets sending forth a great shout.

The provisions were soon after spread upon the ground, and every body partook of the feast; but in one thing I was disappointed; I had expected the young fellows would have provided the means for a dance, but they were chiefly Americans, and of course little addicted to out-of-door balls, and no lasses had come with us. So that, notwithstanding every thing, as far as it went, could not have been better, there was still too much of a solemnity. However, Bailie

Waft, as became a dignitary of that degree on such an occasion, having, by the pilotage of the bottle, got the weather gage of dull care, began to snap his fingers and to sing; which had such an effect that nothing else would serve me — probably a little owing to the same cause — than a reel with him. Thus was the joviality set a-going, and the woods rang with the derray till the setting sun admonished us that we had seven miles of the wilderness to travel home.

But the merriment did not end with the dispersion of the party; for the bailie, I must tell — being obliged to tell the truth — had, before all was done, taken a droppie too much, which caused him to yell and laugh, without being able to utter a word, and to spin about like a peerie, — never was such an oddity. But how were we to get him home? for his knees had become as supple in the joints as flails; and when he attempted to clap his hands, they fell past one another as if they were powerless, and his eyes stood white in his head. He was an object.

Home, however, he must be carried, though some proposed to bide and watch him. At last six lads laid him across three of the spokes on which the cannon had been brought, and bore him along. They were not, as it happened, in the soberest order, and in swinging from side to side, the poor bailie tumbled off the bier, and was lost some time before they missed him. Indeed, had it not been for me, it is hard to say if he ever might have been found; for although there was a great outcry, and shouting and laughter, on account of this foundering, nobody had wit enough left to go back and seek for him, till I proposed to do so, and then every body would; and the consequence was nearly fatal to him, for he lay not far behind sound asleep, so that in running on the search, somebody fell over him, and then another and another, till suffocation seemed scarcely possible to be prevented. But I retained my presence of mind, and cried out "Murder!" at some distance, making a sham as if another accident had happened. This had the effect of raising the multitude from off the poor man before the breath of life was squeezed out of him.

I got great fame by my stratagem, and the bailie next day acknowledged that he owed his life to me; but for all

that he did not mend his manners; on the contrary, he was like the serpent that bit the countryman who warmed it to life in his bosom, and vexed me as much as ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "Nay, weep not, mother, I shall soon return:
> The gentlest bird, ungrieved beholds her young
> Spread the light wing and quit the natal bower,
> Never to come again."

On the second day after "the festival," as Mr. Waft ever spoke of the ploy we had at Judiville, the preparations being completed for Robin's departure, he set out for New York, and I went with him as far as Olympus. It was at first intended I should have gone to Utica, but the business of the store would not admit of so long an absence: we were expecting daily a fresh supply of goods, and moreover, many enquiries were making about the land; all which constituted a cause for me to 'bide at home.

From Olympus he was to make the best of his way, by any kind of conveyance he could obtain cheapest; and as he was furnished by me with letters to some of my old friends at New York, especially to Mr. Primly, a most respectable Quaker, whom I had known from his boyhood, my heart was light concerning him. The chief source of my confidence was in the boy himself, whom it had pleased God to endow with a cheerful spirit, an airy taking manner that won much with strangers, and a high sense of rectitude and honour. It is true, that some of the neighbours, especially that never-ending tribulation Bailie Waft, used to jeer me about the favour and affection I had for my children, and to say that my geese were all swans; nevertheless, even the bailie himself, when discoursing with sobriety, confessed that he had seen few lads of his years to compare with Robin Todd. Mr. Herbert, the schoolmaster, told me, on the morning before his departure, that he had every quality necessary to make an honest man and a clever trader.

But although all these assurances were most agreeable, and although I was bound to acknowledge that hope was above anxiety with me in looking forward to the prospects of my first-born, and the son of my first love; sadness at times overcast my spirit, and as we drove on in the wagon to Olympus, I felt the difference between the pang a parent suffers in parting with his child to the world, and the regret of a son taking leave of his father.

It could not be said, in sending my son to New York, that the trial was so severe to my feelings — it would not have been rational had it been — as that which my worthy father endured, when he consigned my brother and me from the pier of Leith to the perils of the roaring ocean, to espouse our fortunes in the woods and uncertainties of America; but still, under these shadows of sadness, I felt a great deal, and something, too, like contrition, when I recollected how lightly I shook hands with the kind old man, in bidding him farewell, compared with what he must have felt, when the tears flowed into his eyes, as he said, "May the God of your native land go with you!"

That pious wish has often rung in my heart, and in the stillness of the Sabbath, while ruminating alone in the wilderness, it has melted me with sorrow; for my father was a religious man, and there was fearfulness, and a doubt in his words; as if, on the foreign shore, we might meet with temptations that would lead us to forget the kindness he had borne to us. Thank Heaven, that never came to pass!

In the course of the journey to Olympus, I began three or four times to give Robin some warning of the world, and admonition how to conduct himself; but all I said ever ended in beseeching him, as the first of duties, to be frugal. Why this should have been the burden of my song, has often since caused me to wonder, for he had never shown aught of a prodigal inclination.

I ought not, however, to descant longer on the excellence of his nature, when he passed from under the parental wing — but I cannot help it. The inditing of this narration brings back the recollection of pleasant days; and though cares were amongst the hopes with which I bade him adieu, who could have thought that the fair promise of his inno-

cent integrity would, in two little years, have been all blown away, like the blossom that never comes to fruit? And yet, I cannot think of his faults — I can but remember the pretty boy in the bloom of fifteen, who had never, before we parted, given me cause for one harsh word. But it was the will of Providence: my temporal cup was to be filled to overflowing; and it was meet I should taste that something of sorrow, which is ever, more or less, mingled with the allowance of life.

We had been late in leaving Babelmandel, and in consequence it was dark before we reached Olympus. I drove straight to Nackets' tavern, but, on arriving, some scruple was made to admit us, as the house was in dishabille, the wife and children having two days before been sent on to Utica, whither Nackets himself was intending, with the remainder of their gear, to follow in the morning. However, upon persuasion, he not only consented to receive us, but, in a very friendly manner, offered to take my son along with him in his wagon; a stroke of good fortune we had no reason to expect.

Owing to the unfurnished state of the house, we had but sorry accommodation that night, and neither of us had much sleep: Robin was talkative, and full of the idea of seeing his old schoolfellows, wondering if this and that had taken place among them. And my mind was busy with many perplexities.

As I thought of the time when, a few months before, I had purchased the goods from Mr. Nackets, I could see plainly before me that, if health and strength were granted, I was ordained to be soon a man of considerable property. But I had come to the third stage of life, the parting with my dear boy; and although there was nothing in the occasion to make me regard it in any degree as an extraordinary event, yet gradually, as the night sank into silence, a deeper and a darker shade spread over my reflections.

I rose with the first brightening of the gray morning light, and, without disturbing Robin, who was then asleep, I walked out and sat down on the tram of the wagon which had brought us from Babelmandel, where I had not been many minutes, when I discovered a man coming to-

wards the house. Something in his appearance, even at a considerable distance, interested my attention; and as he drew near, there was an air about him very different indeed to that of the commonalty of settlers.

Before he came up to where I was sitting, a boy about seven or eight years old appeared in sight. I saw they were father and son, and it struck me as something worthy of notice that I should have such a rencounter at such a time.

The father halted and enquired for the road which led to the new settlements, and out of this a conversation arose between us, from which I learned that he intended to be a settler, and that he had only but recently arrived, with his family, from the old country. It farther transpired, that he was a Presbyterian clergyman of the Scottish church, and had been regularly licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Dundreigh; but being without patron, had not been able to obtain a church.

The account of him, and the testimonials to his character, which he had brought with him, were to me highly agreeable, for I had long been anxious to obtain a properly educated clergyman to settle amongst us, as the reader already well knows. I accordingly advised him to send back his laddie to the house where he had left the wife and family, and to come with me to see the settlement, and to favour us with a sermon on the morrow, which was the Sabbath day.

Mr. Bell, for so he was called, was no less pleased at having fallen in with me, and acceded very happily to my proposition. Soon after, we had some breakfast, and Mr. Nackets being ready for the road, we mounted our respective wagons at the same time; Robin going with him, and the minister with me. In parting with my boy, I was constrained by Nature to drop a tear upon his neck as I bade him adieu.

"He is a fine boy that — your son," said Mr. Bell; "but it's a pity to send him so soon to a populous city alone. He has a lively and a gallant look, and may need tending."

I was surprised at this remark, and described to the

minister the true nature of the stripling, and the innocence of his heart. "Great changes take place in the characters of young men between the tyning and the winning," was the reply expressed, with more strength than the occasion seemed to call for.

CHAPTER IX.

"There is a malice in the world's remembrance
That will not let our errors be forgotten:
Though we may blanch them with immortal virtues,
Still will their blemishes, lack-lustre blanks,
Remain as blots for envious scorn to point at."

As we had no minister at Babelmandel, I need not tell the courteous reader we had no church; but when we were visited by a preacher, we contrived to make a temporary place of worship, in one of the buildings which the speculators were erecting for a tavern. On the occasion of Mr. Bell's preaching, the weather being calm and bright, a pulpit was raised in the open air, under a large tree — the elm under which my sweet baby's sad wake was held, and the settlers assembled around him from all parts of the settlement well on to the number of a thousand persons, old and young, — the greatest congregation we had yet collected. I missed, however, Mr. Waft from the crowd; an extraordinary thing, considering the business of the day; it being understood, that if Mr. Bell gave satisfaction, we were to engage him for three months.

At first, I imagined something had surely happened to the bodie, and I was angry with myself that any thought about him should interfere with my attention to the sermon, which was really worthy of all I could bestow on it, being not only sound and orthodox, but delivered with a force and style of language far above common. Towards the conclusion, I however discovered him walking at some distance among the trees behind the pulpit, as if keeping aloof from the congregation, yet curious to see what was

going on. By and by he drew nearer and nearer, till he caught my eye; which he had no sooner done, than he shook his head in a significant manner, and gave a queer distrustful smile, as much as to say, This is poor stuff, and will never do; — I was both vexed and surprised.

It would not be easy to describe what I suffered at witnessing such irreverence, being totally incapable of understanding what it meant, for the matter and the manner of the preacher were both most excellent; so I resolved, as soon as the service should be over, to interrogate the motives of such indecorum; but at the conclusion, the molester was nowhere to be seen.

In the afternoon Mr. Bell preached again; and while the congregation were assembling, I had some talk concerning him with the most respectable of the settlers, who were all of opinion that he would be a great catch to the settlement; even Mr. Hoskins, who was but little disposed to take any interest in religious matters, expressed himself with more warmth and satisfaction than was to be expected from his cool and phlegmatic character.

"Well," said the old gentleman, when I enquired what he thought of the minister, "I guess he's a snag in the Devil's way, and I'd a double deal sooner go to heaven by his road, than sing the 109th Psalm on Jedediah Jenkins, that set fire to my barn before I knowed the Squire."

The second sermon was better than the first, and nothing could exceed the attention with which it was heard; but Bailie Waft was still not there. Towards the end of it, however, he again made his appearance; far off, and sliding on the skirts of the camp, as in the forenoon; and his profane signs to me were still more emphatical than on that occasion, which caused me to marvel exceedingly, and to resolve to see the bottom of his meaning. Accordingly, I followed him with my eye, and so lost the good of the preaching till the service was over; I then went straight towards him, and said, —

"Mr. Waft, it was a guilty and unaccountable thing of you to break in upon me in the way you have twice done this day, and I request you will give me the satisfaction of an explanation. You made murgeons with your mouth,

and derisions with your gestures, as if there was something about the preacher calling for mockery."

"I ken him — I ken wha' he is," replied the ettercap, "a bonny like minister; he's a sticket one though."

"What do you mean, Mr. Waft? I have not heard more gospel truth come out of the mouth of man since I came to America, not even out of Dr. Mason's, at New York, than I have heard this day from Mr. Bell."

"There's no doubt he can preach," replied the modiwart; "there was na' a young man of his class, it was said, at the Divinity Hall o' Glasgow that could have equalled him. But, Mr. Todd, where fell you in with him?"

"It would seem," said I, somewhat disconcerted at hearing such innuendoes, "that you have some by-gone acquaintance with Mr. Bell: what is't you know to his prejudice?"

"It was a fault, it was a fault—it was a young man's fault; some made light of it, and no doubt he has by this time repented."

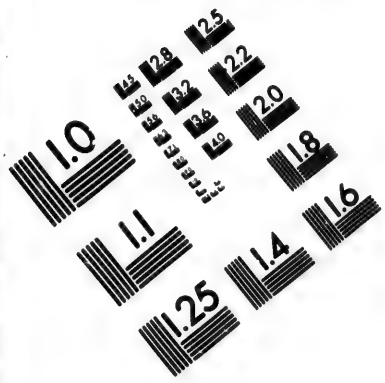
"Repented, Mr. Waft! In the name of goodness," cried I, "of what had he to repent?"

"It's manifest, Mr. Todd, I see," replied that most provocative bodie, "that ye ken but little of Amos Bell; and I am just confounded, how a man of your sagacity and natural wisdom could have thought of bringing the likes of him to the settlement—a sticket minister, and no' for the lack of talent, but for——"

At this I interrupted him, and said with a voice of austerity, "Mr. Waft, your conduct this day has been very quiscos, and I must insist on knowing what you know about Mr. Bell; or I will go to him myself, and cause you to be brought before him, and you shall be scrutinised, both you and him, face to face."

"I should hope there will be no occasion," was the answer I got, with something like a pulling in of the horns; and then he added, "but it was far from my thought to do him an injury. If ye're content with him, and if the settlers are content, it's little my part to rip up old sores."

"I insist on knowing, Mr. Waft!" was my downright and dogmatical observation on this most scandalous impute;



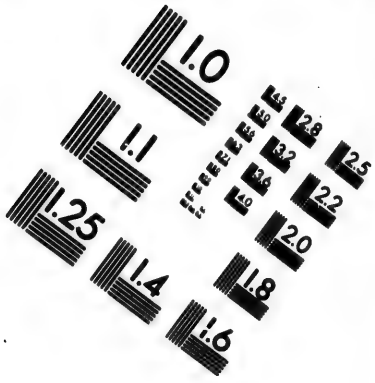
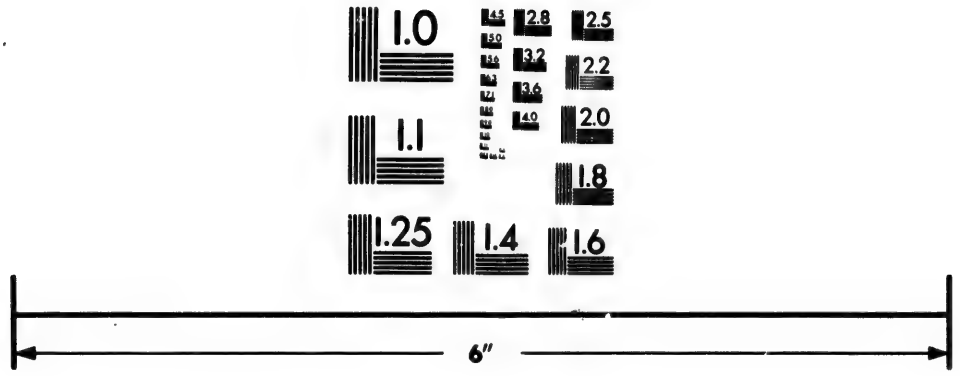
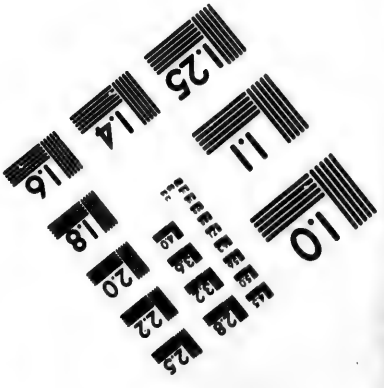


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

" and if you don't speak out and tell the truth, I must say you are a backbiter, and no honest man. What is it that you have heard to the detriment of this gentleman's character?"

" In a fashion it may be said," was the reply, somewhat impudently, " that I know nothing to the disadvantage of his character as a gentleman, but as a minister of the Gospel. Ye have loose notions on these points in America—see, Mr. Todd, that ye're no yoursel corrupt."

" Will you give me satisfaction, or will you not?" was my stern categorical.

" If I don't, what then?" was his short answer, for you may discern he was waxing obstinate.

" Nay, if you are resolved to persevere in blighting a man's good name with pestiferous insinuations, I am only exposing myself to the same blemish by conversing with you. Surely, Mr. Waft, you ought to see, that being here all strangers to one another, we are all equally bound, for mutual security, to keep the fold free of black sheep. Now I would seriously beg, as a favour, to know the reason of your eschewing Mr. Bell in the manner you have done."

" Well, then, since you ask it as a favour, I cannot well refuse. You see, when he was at the college, he was a young man of a great promise, and there was a sough anent his trial sermon, as if he would be another Dr. Chalmers. Och! hone! hardly was he leeshanced by the Presbytery, when—ye have pressed me sore, Mr. Todd, I really wish ye would just be content with what I have told you. Oh! it was a black story."

" Well, well, but what was it?"

" Is there no' a risk of him bringing an action of damage for defamation against me?"

I was deprived of the power of speech at this, and turned my back upon the insufferable—what should I call him?—my patience being utterly exhausted.

" Well, I see," said he, " ye will be satisfied, so the sin be upon your own head. Amos Bell—his name's Amos—had not been leeshanced above a week, when it was bruited that he had met with a misfortune along with his landlady's dochter. To be sure, no time was lost in

soldering the damage; but it was not a thing that could be hidden, for in less than three months a living witness came forth, by which he was cut off from all hope and chance of preferment. What became of him since that time I never heard, but really to see him in a poopit, like a minister of the Gospel, was to me a very comical kind of imposture."

I waited to hear no more—but what was to be done?

CHAPTER X.

"'Twas by the prattle of an idle tongue
The wrong was done—not from a spiteful heart."

I HAD invited Mr. Bell to take a cup of tea with us, and likewise Mr. Herbert, the schoolmaster, who was a most superior man indeed; but I was so much disconcerted by what I had heard from that ill-speaking bodie, John Waft, that I could hardly muster courage enough to take me home to join them.

The more I reflected on the story, I was the more displeased with the meddling. Mr. Bell had told me, as we were coming from Olympus together in the wagon, that he had been married ten years, and had seven children,—a heavy handful. His manners were of a regulated methodical mildness, and he had a calm look of resignation, which begot a good opinion of him. It was impossible he could have been long within that ten years addicted to disorderly courses; and there was a fatherly solicitude in the manner he spoke of the reasons which had induced him to come to America with his family, that showed he was not only a man of gentle affections, but likewise animated by a right religious principle: I could have wished that the tongue had been cutted out of the mouth of that John Waft.

The first movement of my mind, after parting from him, was to consult Mr. Herbert and Mr. Hoskins; but, upon better consideration, I thought it would not do—Mr. Herbert being of the sect of the Church of England, and of course prelatic and concupiscible in his notions, could have

no right sense of the case; and Mr. Hoskins, being an indefinite Methodist, could have no sense of it at all. Truly, that afternoon, I was in great straits; and I took a turn in the woods by myself, cogitating what was to be done.

After the best consideration I was able to bestow on the subject, it appeared to be a matter in which I ought to have but a small concern. In the end, my principal feeling, as in the first instance, was of an angry sort against John Waft, for having molested me with the story; for I thought that whatever was loose or immoral in it at the beginning, ten years of patient drudgery in a school, with the hard struggles necessary to provide food and raiment for a small family of seven children, made penance enough to bleach even a darker transgression. The chief vexation, therefore, that in the end disturbed me, was the dread of the story spreading abroad amongst the settlers, with whom, as I have already intimated, a pious minister was to the full as much wanted as a magistrate of temporal power.

One thing led to another; by the time I reached home, I was not altogether very well satisfied with my own management in the business. I blamed myself for having been so short to the bailie, with whom I ought to have reasoned against the uselessness, if not worse, of invoking back the ghosts of forgotten guilt. In a word, before I reached the door, I resolved to send Charles for the bailie to join us, none doubting that a few words of conversation with Mr. Bell would have the effect of repressing his gossiping disposition. I had, however, on entering the house, the delight to find my intention anticipated, Providence having so turned the insatiate curiosity of the meddler, that he was there before me, and cracking away like a pengun to the reverend gentleman, with whom he laid himself out in the couthiest manner to the best advantage.

I need say no more than I have done of the character of Mr. Bell; but it would be a blameable omission, were I not to notice a very striking instance of Christian humility on his part, which had ten times more influence with the bailie, than all I could have said either in argument or persuasion.

Seeing that he was remembered, and discerning that the

cause of his failure in the ministry was known to John Waft, and would probably spread farther, Mr. Bell quietly wised the conversation upon juvenile indiscretions and the passions of youth, till a fit occasion arose to speak of the fault he had himself committed; which he did in a way, that, without lessening the respect he had inspired, moved all present to look upon him with reverence, tempered with compassion.

That night, as Bailie Waft judiciously said, and it was one of the few judicious sentiments he ever uttered, was salubrious to our souls, and fraught with health and wholesomeness to every soul in the settlement; for after Mr. Bell had retired, the bailie, who had accompanied him to the tavern, came back, and with the help of Mr. Herbert's counsel, it was agreed that I should try in the morning what money could be raised, to induce the worthy man to remain a season amongst us. In this matter I had fresh reason to respect Mr. Herbert; for although, as I have said, he was of an intolerant sect, he considered less the Presbyterian connection of the preacher, than the good which so enlightened and well-informed a man was likely to do amongst a backsliding people. Alas! it was daily becoming more and more manifest that the leprosy of the backwoods could not long be kept out of the settlement.

But before I proceed to the sequel of this affair, I should mention that Mr. Hoskins, seeing the importance with which the settlers in Babelmandel regarded a clergyman and a schoolmaster, made his own calculations, and was up and forth early in the morning before me. As yet, there were few actual settlers at his town of Judiville, and these were still dwelling in shanties; but a considerable number who had bespoken lots were to come on in the fall, to raise their houses before winter; and he saw it would be much for his profit to be able to advertise, among the other advantages of his settlement, that an effectual preacher and schoolmaster was provided in the same person.

Thus it happened, by the time I had conferred with the heads of the principal families, Mr. Hoskins had been with Mr. Bell, and had agreed with him, that he was to take up his residence at the end of three months at Judiville, in the double

capacity of preacher and teacher; they had farther agreed, that in case Mr. Bell did not make an agreement with my party, he was to go forthwith to Judiville.

It may easily be imagined that I was a good deal surprised at hearing of this paction when I joined Mr. Bell in the course of the forenoon, after having arranged what I considered a very acceptable offer for him. Nor could I think Mr. Hoskins had acted so fair and square above board on the business, as might have been expected, and so I told him; but his answer was reasonable.

"The Squire," said he, "hadn't a-made him no proposal at all, and was duberous if his charackter would serve. Now, says I to myself, seeing as how the cat jumps, if so be as I steps in, before nothing and scrape of pen, where's the harm? But the Squire ought for to know—ha'n't I had more generositie than to cut him clean out, for says I to Mr. Bell, 'Em 'ere folks here, they want a gospeler, and may make you an offer, so I won't interfere; for, Mr. Bell, you sees,' says I, 'my village ha'n't a-got a house in't;' wasn't that fair, square, and above board? 'But, three months agone from this time, we shall have all sails set, and then you can open school and steeple-house, for I'd give more than two cents to have religion popular at my village:' and so in this we shakes hands, and the Squire may have him for the three months; but if he won't, then I will, and the child's name's Antony."

But not to summer and winter on this topic, I shall here come to a conclusion. It was agreed that Mr. Bell should remain with us for three months, at the end of which time, with the consent of Mr. Hoskins, if he could make a better bargain with us than with him, he was to be free to make a new one. The consent of the old man to this was commended as liberal, inasmuch as he had really made a confirmed black and white agreement; and no one was louder in commendation of his liberality than I was myself, but I got a lesson not to halloo until you are out of the wood; for when all was settled and signed, a doubt in the course of the afternoon came across the mind of that porcupine of affliction the bailie, who, to do him justice, had taken an active part in the work, as if he was desirous to atone for the ill

which his communication to me might have done to Mr. Bell, and in the gloaming, while we were at supper, he came to deliver himself of this doubt to me. I could see by his looks, the moment his queer twinkling e'en were discerned in the shadow of the doorway, that he was big with something which he thought of importance; but as he often in that state conceived and brought forth nothing, I was generally far from being inclined to lend him an ear. On this occasion, however, considering the satisfactory manner in which he had conducted himself in the business of the subscription, and the contrition of his whole behaviour towards the minister, I was disposed to be indulgent, and so I invited him civilly to come ben, and take a chack of supper with us, which he did in a better-bred manner than I was prepared for, Mr. Hoskins making room for him at the table between himself and Mr. Herbert.

CHAPTER XI.

"To be, or not to be!"

When we had finished our meal, the night being warm and close, I proposed that we should adjourn to the stoop—for by this time I had so far complied with the fashion, as to have a stoop or viranda along the front of my house. Mr. Hoskins, having lighted his cigar, joined us, dragging out the rocking-chair behind him, for he preferred it on all occasions while smoking in the stoop. The bailie took his seat on the bench beside me; and as soon as we were composedly arranged for conversation, he bent slightly forward, and laying his left hand on my right knee, he turned towards Mr. Hoskins, who was swinging on the chair a little in front, and said, —

"Gentlemen, I have a notion that in this contract with Mr. Bell, some o' us have not had our wits so well gathered as was to have been desired on an occasion of such solemnity; in short, gentlemen, I have a doubt."

"There can be no doubt of that," replied I, jocularly; at the same time, by a glance he gave me, which I saw by the moonlight, I was persuaded he had something to ettle at me. "But what's this doubt about, bailie?"

"Ye see, gentlemen," he resumed, "I'm no blaming you Mr. Hoskins, and every body knows well that Mr. Todd's never in the wrong."

"Hem!" exclaimed the old man, whiffing out a long wreath of smoke, and spitting with an emphasis far beyond the railing of the stoop.

"I hope no offence," continued the plague, "but really, Mr. Todd, you must just let a friend use a friend's freedom; I think we have been all fey in this affair. Ye see, Mr. Todd, I dinna give you all the wyte o't, I take part of the blame to myself: I confess and allow that I am art and part."

"I think, Mr. Waft," said I, slightly disturbed, and wondering what was to be the upshot of such a preface — "I think, Mr. Waft, if you would tell us what ye mean first, we would then better know on whose shoulders the blame, if blame there be, should be laid. Can you, Mr. Hoskins, understand what he means?"

"Well, I guess, I does," replied the old man.

"It's more than I do," was my answer; and I added, fearing that he might have heard something fresh to the disadvantage of Mr. Bell, — "but whatever you have got to say, it is now too late; we have agreed with the gentleman for three months, and pay we must."

"I wish that was all the calamity; three months will soon wear away, but I must have a sincere word with you, Mr. Hoskins. How long was your agreement for after the three months were out?"

"Well, I reckon," said Mr. Hoskins, "twelve months — yes, just twelve months."

"Now, Mr. Todd, do you hear that? a whole twelvemonth!"

By this time I was beginning to fry, because there appeared to be a suspicion of something defective in what we had done, and chiefly because the impudent bodie was ma-

nifestly intending to make me the scape-goat; I therefore said to him with severity,—

"I wish you would speak to the purpose, Mr. Waft; or to what purpose do you speak? Mr. Bell is engaged for three months."

"True; that 's admitted, Mr. Todd; but I have my doubts that he 's engaged for twelve months more — there 's a tickler for you, Mr. Todd!"

I felt the cold sweat burst from every pore; for no sooner had he uttered the words, than I saw, that if we did not make a new agreement with him at the end of the three months, better for him than what he had made with Mr. Hoskins, and if Mr. Hoskins did not choose to have him, we were bound to take him at the rate he was to have been paid by Mr. Hoskins. This was alarming as it then seemed, and I turned to the old gentleman, and said, half serious and half merrily, "This is pretty liberality."

"I calculate it is, Squire; so be the man is apostolical," was his dry answer.

"And if he prove otherwise," exclaimed the bailie, patting his own left palm with his right-hand fingers, and looking from under his brows like an astrologer, "our friend Mr. Todd, poor man, has sold his hen in a rainy day."

I appeal to the whole world if such treatment was to be borne; but, nevertheless, what was the use of argolbargoling with such a heckle? so, constraining all my patience and fortitude together, I said sedately, "But what have you heard more to the disadvantage of Mr. Bell?"

"Me! I have heard nothing," exclaimed the ——; I have na' another name for him; "and grieved I am for what I minted to you of his forgotten and repented fault."

"Moonshine!" said Mr. Hoskins, taking the cigar from his lips, and spitting again far beyond the railing of the stoop.

"Then, in the name of goodness," cried I with indignation, "what has brought you here? and what have we to do with the contract more than to see it fulfilled? Mr. Bell has given satisfactory tokens of a humble and unaffected Christian character; and the certificates and testimonials

that he has produced of his conduct while schoolmaster of Dundreigh are all far above common. The two lines from the Laird of Dunnywhistle speak volumes in his praise; he calls him a heavenward-going man."

"I doubt the laird 's no judge," replied John Waft; "did you na' observe that scarcely a word in the laird's testificate was right spelt? But, Mr. Todd, if you are content with the bargain you have made for the settlement, it's little my business to find fault, only I think it has na' been managed with just that particularity wherewith a proper man of business would have managed it."

"Take your change out of that!" said Mr. Hoskins, knudging my elbow, making the smoke spin from his nostrils in a comical fashion. But I could suffer no more at that time; so I rose from my seat, and sternly told John Waft that he might look out for another market to take his clishmaclavers to.

"I hope we'll no part in displeasure," was his reply: "I'm sure all thought of harm or disrespect was far from me when I came here this night; and if it had na' been that you ran away with the hook so rashly, there was nothing I said to have caused such a boiling in your breast. I only wanted to hear from you, who are esteemed the longest-headed man in the settlement, whether I had gotten a right understanding."

"That's very doubtful," said I; but he went on taking no notice.

"Because, if I'm in the right, there need be no such sough about Mr. Hoskins' liberality, especially as we are to run the risk of Mr. Bell's trials; for should he no give satisfaction, we'll be bound to keep him for twelve months longer. O ye pawkie dievil, Mr. Hoskins, it's a Yankey trick!"

I had never heard the old man laugh; a feeble, sober smile, just twirling the corners of his mouth and his eyes, was the utmost risibility he ever gave way to, and even to that extent only on rare occasions; but at this address from the bailie he broke out into such a cataract, and with a sound so droll, and yet so unlike laughter,—it was like the rumble of a cart-load of stones,—that the children, who

were stripped and ready for their beds, came to see what had happened, and all hands joined in the diversion. I have a notion, however, that it was not so much the waggery of the bailie's wit that tickled his merriment, as the thought how he had shot me round the corner, in the seeming liberality which he had shown in modifying his agreement with Mr. Bell, at my instigation: for I had remarked in him a curious kind of exultation, whenever he happened to get the slightest advantage over me, particularly from the time of my grand spec of the twenty thousand acres, concerning which it now behoves me to say something.

CHAPTER XII.

"Here, on the breezy top of this high hill,
Let us, rejoicing to have gain'd such height,
Rest and be thankful!"

From the time it was understood that both Mr. Hoskins and the Albany Land Company intended to plant villages, a pause in the progression of Babelmandel took place, and several settlers, who had come with the intention of remaining there, went and took lots at Judiville. In the mean time, the roads both from Judiville and Napoleon, the Company's town, were being opened through my block, and many enquiries were made as to my price and intentions; but I gave no direct answer to any of them, reserving myself until the roads should be practicable.

When this was the case, and when the Company and Mr. Hoskins had fixed their prices, I also fixed mine, at a quarter of a dollar higher per acre; much to the consternation of the old gentleman, whose amazement was increased at finding, that, notwithstanding the difference, I received more offers for my land than he did.

It was seemingly not easy to account for this preference, which, indeed, surprised myself, who had no other reason for fixing the price higher, than a vague notion, that in

consideration of two roads passing through the land, the settlers would probably not object to give it. I ought, however, to confess, that I was a little swayed by a secret reason, not so rational. The price I fixed would leave me a clear profit of a dollar per acre, which, upon twenty thousand acres, supposing no thereafter increase, and that I could dispose of the whole within the five years of the contract, would yield the substantial part of five thousand pounds,—the utmost I had ever thought of for a competency to retire upon.

But worldly fortune was more liberal than my expectations. The rumour of the three settlements going on and progressing together, our excellent school, and our eloquent preacher, and, above all, the judicious manner in which Mr. Hoskins disposed of his water privileges, attracted settlers from all quarters. Judiville, before the close of the season, was a large village, and a company was formed there for the construction of mills, on a scale so extensive, that the settlement, with those around it, was regarded as one of the most promising ever opened in the state. All this brought grist to my mill.

Seeing the increasing demand for land, I laid out my twenty thousand acres in a way which was greatly approved. First, around Mr. Hoskins's five hundred acres, I made an extensive reservation, immediately contiguous to Judiville, reaching up the river as far as the skirts of Napoleon, the town of the Albany speculators. Second, I divided the remainder of my block into parallel lots, in the usual manner; but I did not allow the settlers to pick and choose. At first I only allowed every third lot to be sold, then every second, and finally those which then remained vacant; making a considerable advance in the price when the first class was sold off, and so with the third, when the second was disposed of. In this way, besides the advantage of selling the good and bad land together, I obtained, as the settlement proceeded, prices far above my expectation for the lots, without touching the reservation round Judiville, which I kept back until the main part of my pre-emption should be sold.

It is true, that several years elapsed before the proceeds

of the sales were realised; but it is as well to conclude the history of my speculations in this part of these memoirs, because I embarked in no other. It would, indeed, be drawing too largely on the reader's patience, to expect him to take any interest in affairs so strictly of the shop; and, therefore, having laid open the sources from which the means arose that enabled me to retire from business, at, comparatively, the summer of life, I shall now go on with my narrative, no farther noticing the growth of my prosperity than may seem requisite at times to make matters plain and understandable.

But before winding up this branch of my biography, I am bound to point out to the youthful reader how little of my good luck was owing to my own wisdom and devices: this is the more necessary, for though it is but in a jocular way, I am apt to represent myself too much as the architect of my own fortune.

The blight which had fallen on Olympus, and the ague that afflicted Mr. Nackets, through the influences of which I was enabled to buy that capital nest-egg for the store in Babelmandel, were in no way owing to any ability of mine. As little were the motives which induced Mr. Hoskins to sell his farm and settlements in Vermont to come and live with us, bringing all his property; and nothing could be more like a God-send than the way in which I was led to agree, just in the nick of time, with the land agent for the twenty thousand acres. No doubt it may be said, that in making that bargain I had shown foresight; but I am loth to take much credit to myself, while I agree with the generality of the public in thinking the agent was, maybe, rather quick in acceding to my proposal. But then this should be said for him, — he had been several years in the management, during which his business had moved very heavily, and experience did not warrant him to expect the sudden tide of emigration which came flowing upon the country after the war. In fact, it is to Mr. Hoskins's sagacious discernment of what was coming to pass, that I am indebted, under a higher power, for all the benefits derived from the speculation. He foresaw where the people were coming from by whom the western territory was to be

inhabited, and he it was that pointed out to me the advantage of acquiring as much land as possible in the earliest stage of the settlement. Certainly I may claim for myself, if the suggestion of Providence can be so appropriated, the merit of discerning the scheme of taking the land in pre-emption for a term of years; but it was, in sober trade, a thing not to be hoped the agent would agree to. It was a doing on the faith of the proverb, that faint heart never won fair lady; and the chief merit of it, as a stroke of business, consisted, as far as I was concerned, in there being no risk, while to the agent also it was a saving of all trouble for five years, the term of the pre-emption being for that period.

One thing the reader will remark in this place as curious, and that is, my remaining at Babelmandel after the founding of uncle Hoskins's city; but in this there was a policy which ought to be explained. The discomforts of the first few years of a new settlement are unspeakable; and I had fixed my location before Judiville was thought of, and had established the store there, which was doing as well as men of common sense and sedate reason could expect. Therefore, until the city was somewhat advanced, and the first roughness wheeled away, it was agreed, after due deliberation with the old man, that I and the store should remain where we were for some time: but in this we had an eye to futurity; for in disposing of the town lots, he reserved the best in the market-place, on which, in good time, we erected the large and handsome brick edifice, with the stone piazzas in front, which faces you in coming from Babelmandel, just at the junction of Hoskins Street and Todd Street, between the Mansion-house hotel and the Eagle tavern.

We did not, however, make use of all these spacious premises for our store purposes, having ample convenience in the warehouses behind. The upper part, as will be related in the sequel, was first repaired as a dwelling house for me, and there I remained until my visit to Scotland; but I should halt my pen, and not anticipate events yet to be described, nor, by too hastily disclosing the future, forestall the curiosity of the judicious reader.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

"Good things of day begin to droop and drouze,
And evil things themselves do rouse!"

In coming to the fifth epoch of my story, I must solicit the courteous reader to bear patiently with the details I have to relate: they concern less the progression of my fortune, than incidents not uncommon in human life.

The course of my business, and the increase of my means, were both, in a manner, so established, that with health and constancy of purpose, I had no reasonable imagination to authorise me to fear I might not, in due season, retire from the troubles of the store, and of the settlement, and have, between the setting of the sun and the close of the twilight, a time for pastime and pleasantry. That I had, as related in the foregoing pages, an experience both of adversity and sorrow, cannot be questioned; but nothing had I met with to give me cause for distrust, nor to justify me in thinking my success had not been equal to the fairest promises fortune had ever made me. Indeed, that contentment of nature, which enabled me to discern the dawning morn constantly behind the darkest hour, had prepared me to accept both good and ill, with the calm mien and the tranquil heart of equanimity: and therefore I may justly say, without more ado, that the fifth epoch of my life began under circumstances which gave a glowing assurance of continued prosperity, and also of enjoyment, with those moderated desires, which, though often the consequence of disappointment and dismay, are yet the best ingredients of rational happiness. But yet, notwithstanding the wide-spreading tendrils that covered my bower, and the clusters swelling to ripeness among the branches, there

was a serpent at the roots, and caterpillars among the fig-leaves that overshadowed me.

In a light and airy passage of my younger years, it will be recollected that I spoke with reminiscences of kindness concerning a monkey. That most diverting creature was called Jacko, and was extraordinarily fond of nuts, and of certain sons of Quakers who attended a school close by, and who, in the intervals between the school-hours, came often to the nail-shop, where my brother and I made our daily bread by hammering iron.

Among some of these well-behaved, douce, and decent lads, I formed acquaintance, which continued until I left New York. One of them, Abimelech Primly, was much attached to me, and though likely to come to the inheritance of a large fortune, evinced, up to the very day on which I bade him adieu, a friendliness of disposition that induced me, when my eldest son Robin went to New York, to give him a letter to friend Primly, bespeaking his notice of the stripling.

Mr. Primly was not only pleased with this remembrance, but received Robin as kindly as if he had been his own son,—though he had three of his own,—insisted that he should take up his residence among them; and without allowing any other of my friends to interfere, rested not until he had got him placed in one of the best stores in the city.

His letters, touching what he thought of Robin, were delightful; but indeed they did not surprise me, for a lad more debonair never left his father's fire-side to seek his fortune in the busy world. He was jocund and blithe, but not given to obstreperous mirth; and in his appearance was gallant and dressy without foppery. He sung like a mavis; and with many innocent qualities, he had a jocular way, which he took after me, of saying funny things, that were sometimes witty; and on all occasions he was most agreeable to his companions.

The first impression which Robin made on the warm-hearted "friend" deepened; and when he had been about a month or six weeks in New York, the second letters from Mr. Primly were kinder about him than the first. I was

therefore content with my first-born; and as every thing my hand was then on was seemingly thriving, I yielded to the vagaries of a hopeful heart.

Matters continued in this agreeable state to the middle of winter, when I received a most friendly letter from Mr. Primly, telling me of different things concerning his own prospects, and mentioning, as it were in a Nota Bene, that in consequence of an addition Mrs. Primly was likely to give to the family, he would, though it was with great reluctance he proposed it, be much obliged if I would move Robin from his house, naming one Mr. Ferret, a neighbour of his, who received young men as boarders, and who would gladly take Robin; adding, that he knew no house for the management of such a young man equal to Mr. Ferret's in all New York.

There was nothing in this letter to give me the slightest cause to apprehend any evil of poor Robin; but I could not tell how it was, the recommendation of Mr. Ferret was not satisfactory, especially what was said about managing "such a young man," as if there had been something in Robin's conduct different from that of other young men.

However, I wrote, as I was compelled by obligation to do, my thankfulness to Mr. Primly for his kindness to my son; at the same time I acknowledged his letter had caused me some uneasiness, and requested him to let me know, at his earliest convenience, if there had been any outbreaking on the part of the boy needing curb or restraint.

Mr. Primly did not answer my letter by course of post, nor for more than a month after; and when his answer did come, it was so evidently written with the repressed feelings of circumspection, that it molested me much. Among other things, he mentioned that he had not seen Robin for some time, which he hoped was owing to his attention to business; and he therefore advised me to correspond with Mr. Ferret concerning the stripling, rather than with him; who, on account of the times, and the anxieties which he felt for his own sons, had but little leisure to observe the walk and conversation of other youths.

Although this letter was so far dry, and it was written in a quaint manner, it did not conclude without evidences of

a true and friendly disposition towards me, adverting both to the state of his family and of my poor Robin; expressing his pious regrets that the affection of parents seldom allowed them to see their children in the light they were seen in by others.

Upon all these communications, tender and thoughtful as they seemed, I made my own comments, and they were to the honour of Mr. Primly. I knew he had two sons, both older than mine; and I was afraid, that, being come to the perilous time of life, they had shown symptoms of looser morals than their father could approve; and that, from conscientious sentiments, he, who was truly a pure, worthy, and honest man, had deemed it his duty to advise me to remove my son from the sphere of their contagion;—I highly honoured in my heart his beautiful benevolence.

Nor was the thing improbable: his sons had been all their days brought up in a populous city, exposed to temptations and taint; mine, on the contrary, had been suckled within the domestic fold, and nourished in the solitudes of the wilderness. No temptation had come within his sight, nor seduction been applied to his ear. Innocent alike of the world and its snares, I believed him to be strong in his purity, as much from ignorance as from integrity; for I was not so weak nor so inexperienced in the world as not to know that ignorance of sin is often the best part of a young man's virtue.

However, not to trouble Mr. Primly without necessity, instead of answering his letter, I addressed myself to Mr. Ferret; but I did not then express any suspicion of the regularity of Robin's conduct, for in truth I had none. I only begged of him to see that he diligently attended to his duty in the store, where Mr. Primly had procured him so advantageous a situation; and to let him know on befitting occasions that his father was not rich, and could not afford him money for many pleasures; there being nothing which more moves a generous youth to halt and consider in his pleasantest career, than the idea of narrowing the comforts of his affectionate parents.

CHAPTER II.

"A man was famous and was had
In es-ti-ma-ti-on —
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon."

THE sagacity with which Mr. Hoskins had chosen the site of Judiville became every day more manifest, by the preference given to it by settlers of the mechanical orders. It was evident, in the course of the first twelve months, that it would in the end leave Babelmandel and Napoleon two dwarfs; and nothing did so much to help it forward as the judicious bargain which the far-foreseeing old man made with Mr. Bell to become preacher and teacher. For by the end of three months, the settlers at Babelmandel, seeing the turn which the emigration had taken towards Judiville, willingly assented that Mr. Bell should fulfil his agreement with Mr. Hoskins; and his renown as a great gun having been constantly spreading, many who came to settle at Napoleon or Babelmandel, set themselves down there entirely on account of the minister.

Among a batch of these was a widow lady, with two fine young men her sons, and an only daughter. They were of a genteeler class than emigrants commonly consist of, and the two sons were, for settlers, the best prepared of all I have ever met with. Mr. Cockspur, their father, had long meditated the intention of bringing his family to America, being a man of republican predilections, and he had brought up and educated his children for the purpose. There was scarcely a useful trade of which both Oliver and Bradshaw Cockspur had not some knowledge, and few mechanical tools they did not handle with dexterity. The young lady their sister was no less accomplished than her brothers; all sorts of household thrifts were as familiar to her finger-ends, as scratching to the nails of a highlandman. Besides baking and brewing, pickling and stewing, shaping and sewing, and every sort of domestical doing, she had a spinning-wheel and a loom on which she plied the

flying shuttle like a destiny weaving the life of a prodigal. Nor, with all these qualifications to make themselves independent, were they unprepared with pastimes. Miss Volumnia could play on the piano-forte, and sing like a nightingale; and the two young gentlemen were the cleverest fiddlers I have ever heard on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Oliver put such life into his instrument, which was the common wee spendthrift fiddle, that it made the very soles of my feet kittly to hear it; but Mr. Bradshaw's was a grand capacious solemn edifice of sound, that put me in mind of the harp of King David; I dare say it would have held the best part of a barrel of turnip-seed, and it lowed as it were with a voice like a bull-frog softened to harmony.

I could not but lament that their father had not survived to have come with them; for surely he would have been a great acquisition to any new settlement. I had, indeed, never heard of such a provident man; the education he had given his children was in all points so practical, that it was a pattern to every father who thinks in time of settling in this or any other wild and vacant country. Verily he had caused them to be taught how easily the desert can be made to bring forth, and the solitudes of the wilderness to be social.

Mrs. Cockspur, the mother, was a lady of settees and wax-candles, but withal most methodical; and she submitted to their first rude habitation with a gracious good-humour, that captivated every beholder. I had not seen her but twice, when I began to think it would be an advantageous thing for my daughters to become acquainted with her, for as they were beginning to have the prospect of a something, I often wished we might chance to fall in with a more ornamental matron than aunty Hoskins, who, though in her way one of the best of women for homely stirring and striving, had seen nothing of gentility, and fashed at courtesies. The only fault I could object to Mrs. Cockspur, and it was well repressed by her natural civility, was a distaste she took to Mr. Hoskins. The old man himself discovered it, but it bred no ill-will on his side; on the contrary, it caused him rather to cherish a compassion for

her—he being well convinced that the bush was not a home for one who had been so daintily accustomed.

I was at first a good deal surprised at one thing in the conduct of this superior family. It had been so evidently the intention of Mr. Cockspur, their father, that their residence should be in the woods, and their industry directed to rural business, that when I saw them preparing to erect an elegant villa in Judiville, and to lay out a flower-garden, I became somewhat doubtful of their discretion, and was inclined to predict they would not long endure the rough and raw of a new settlement.

Mr. Hoskins, however, differed in opinion with me, and in so doing showed his better sagacity; for the villa was destined for the old lady, the young gentlemen justly concluding she would feel herself forlorn in the woods, and their affection prompted them to provide for her comfort before beginning with their own farm. She was anxious to be near them, and they had located themselves on my block, having purchased four thousand acres within three miles of Judiville, for which they paid me cash down; a capital good thing, and the immediate cause of my determination to move the store from Babelmandel.

In that matter I was not hasty, because it had been agreed with Mr. Hoskins, that before moving the store, we should have a proper building erected — money enough as yet to enable us to undertake it could not be well spared from the business. However, by the God-send of the Cockspurs, I was enabled to lend something from my own purse, and accordingly a contract was made to erect a portion of a building, for which Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur drew the plan.

The proposed fabric was so contrived, that it could be constructed in parts; and at last it was determined that only the ground-story should be raised in the first year; but before it was finished, our means had become something freer, and in consequence, after making our calculations, we resolved to complete the upper part likewise as a dwelling-house. I was moved to this by two special considerations. First, I could obtain no house in Judiville for my family, and to leave them unprotected with aunty Hoskins at Babelmandel could not be deemed judicious, particularly as

the old man was almost constantly at Judiville on his town affairs; and second, it would be manifestly a great advantage to my daughters to be near a lady so well bred as Mrs. Cockspur. Mr. Hoskins, in his dry way, said there was a third reason, the strongest of all; but I protest his surmise was without truth. I had no thought whatever of Mrs. Cockspur. I acknowledge, that I regarded her with respect and esteem, but she was a cut far above my circumstances at that time, and she was older than me by at least fifteen years; moreover, I was not in such necessity as to think of marrying an old woman, had the temptation been even double the sum at her disposal.

However, while the house was building, as I had often occasion to consult Mr. Bradshaw, and was on such occasions sometimes invited by his lady-mother to take a snack, a whispering began to gather feet and run about, that I was more taken up with the mother's pleasant conversation than the son's plans.

Among others who got hold of this rumour was Bailie Waft, who had made his location at Babelmandel. There would have been more truth in the report, had it alleged that one of my reasons for the removal was to eschew him, who was such a rankling arrow in my side. His conduct, indeed, about this affair was really terrible: I never returned from Judiville, which I generally visited once a week, to see how the building was coming on, but he was sure to be waiting either in the store or near my house for me, making it a point to enquire for the health of Mrs. Cockspur in a singular manner, which was exceedingly provoking: he never let out that he knew any thing of what idle tongues were talking of, but looked in my face so pawkily when he asked the question, that it was plain he had a meaning; but as he said nothing, I could take no notice of the provocation. Afflicting as his conversation on every subject naturally was, his silence on this was ten times worse.

On one occasion, as I was returning home, I chanced to come up with Mr. Bell on the road, who was then so far on the way to Babelmandel in order to christen a child of one of his former hearers; and we walked together, discoursing

of this and that, and thinking on no particular affair, when who should come in sight but that agonistes the bailie. The moment I saw him, it came across my mind like a flash of lightning, that he would suspect I was conferring with the minister about fixing a bridal-day. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts than such a thing; but this unaccountable notion so disturbed me, that I felt my face flush, and my heart beat; in short, by the time the adversary joined us, I was so agitated and angry, that I could not command two coherent ideas.

He said nothing, and, which did not tend to soothe me, he never enquired as usual for Mrs. Cockspur, but walked quietly alongside of the minister: I could, however, see an inquisitive wrinkle lurking with a merry malignancy in the corner of his little piercing eye. That silence and this look really got the better of me, and I knew not what I said, for in asking for his wife, I called her Mrs. Cockspur, and did the same in speaking of Mrs. Hoskins, which caused him to chuckle and rub his hands in ectasy, but still he said nothing. At last the minister happened, from the loose and topicless nature of our conversation, to enquire when I expected my new house would be ready; to which, to my own unutterable consternation, I replied, thinking of Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur, that every thing depended on Mrs. Cockspur.

Mr. Bell himself was confounded, for he gave no credit to the report; but the deevil's buckie snapped his fingers to the lift, and roared and guffawed till he made the woods ring. Surely the hand of restraining Grace was upon me that I did not commit murder on the spot.

I was so amazed at myself, that I turned on my heel and walked aside, wondering if I was indeed beside myself. However, I had soon the satisfaction of setting all to right with the minister, for the afflictor shot ahead to spread the news in the village; upon which I rejoined Mr. Bell, and we had a hearty laugh at my absurdity: verily, it was indeed, as Mr. Hoskins would have said, ridiculous bad.

CHAPTER III.

"'Tis past — yes, hail; the summer days are gone."

On reaching home, I found the long desired letter from Mr. Ferret concerning my son Robin waiting for me. It was not what I expected; the partiality of a father's heart had beguiled my judgment; I had not read the delicate communication of Mr. Primly with a discerning spirit: still, there was nothing said by Mr. Ferret calculated to disturb me with any extraordinary anxiety.

He spoke of the lad as of winning manners, and beloved by his companions, who, indeed, were so much attached to him on account of his many agreeable qualities, that it might be necessary to admonish him not to let their wishes for his company encroach on the attention due to his business. But one thing alone contained a sting, and it was to the effect that Robin was rather too facile in admitting young men to his acquaintance; preferring for his comrades those who could best contribute to their common amusement, without sufficient regard to character and connections.

On this passage I meditated with an apprehensive heart. I saw there was more of an easy nature in his fault than of corruption; but, as it led him into the way of temptation, who could predict the consequences? And then I partly blamed myself for having sent him to Mr. Primly's care; for I ought, upon reflection, to have considered I had always regarded that good man as overly strict in the discipline of his sons; for though no young lads, for their years, could be more orderly in their conduct, and methodical in walk and conversation, they yet had an artificial habitude about them, that I sometimes thought might harden into hypocrisy; a callosity of mind I never could abide either in old or in young.

Had my boy, as I said to myself, been sent into a family where there was more of that free heartiness which I encouraged at home, he would have cared less for out-of-

door companions. In short, I was uneasy; but as no special misconduct was mentioned, to give me more than a fear he might fall in with dissipated youths, I was disposed, in my determination of writing to him on the subject, not to evince any severity, but only a fatherly anxiety.

In this frame of mind, being fatigued with my long walk from Judiville, I sent Charles to request Mr. Herbert to come to me. He was a man, as I have already said, who had been observant of the world, and had plainly lived in it with all his ears and eyes open. Mr. Bell, in the mean time, having finished his baptismal job, came to spend the remainder of the evening with me, which I almost regretted; for although that worthy character was, on every point of conversation, a most edifying and instructive companion, I yet felt a restraint upon me, when minded to speak with him concerning Robin.

He was, indeed, a man who looked upon young follies with an austere aspect, so much had he suffered by his own in the outset of life; and I had by this time discovered, that, under a saintly equanimity of manner, he had to manage vehement passions, which were chained, but not subdued. The natural man was yet strong within him; even in the pulpit, when he prayed to be protected from temptation, there was in his petition a something of energy and dread that thrilled deep among the awfullest sympathies of his hearers' hearts.

It was some time before I could guess at the cause of this prophetical contention, for such it seemed to me; but when I came to know his wife better, which was not until I had moved to Judiville, there could be no doubt that his hearth was an altar of continual self-sacrifice, and that he had patched up a peace with decorum by his marriage, at the expense of his happiness, and the dignity of his mind. All this made him, as it were, inaccessible to the common matters of worldly care; he was an oracle only to be consulted at solemn times, and in perilous emergencies; so that I would have been just as well pleased could I have conferred with Mr. Herbert by himself, concerning the contents of Mr. Ferret's letter.

Mr. Herbert came at the bidding, and Charles soon after

returned and took a stool in a dark corner of the room unobserved by me, otherwise I would not have permitted him to remain; for it is not fit that the young should hear what the old think of youthful errors.

After some light generalities, I handed the letter to Mr. Herbert, and requested him to tell me what he would advise me to do. When he had studiously perused it, he gave it to the minister, at which I was a little disconcerted, not wishing that he should become exactly a party to the consultation, though he was accidentally present.

Mr. Herbert said nothing while Mr. Bell was reading; but I was startled when the reverend gentleman, having finished the perusal, laid down the letter on the table, and, without making any remark, left the room.

"He takes this matter too seriously," said Mr. Herbert.

"I wish he had not been here," was my answer; but since it has so happened, I will call him back. Accordingly, I went to the door and brought him in again. Mr. Herbert was the first who broke silence.

"It is not to be disguised," said he, "that the poor lad has fallen into some irregularities; but it is equally clear he has committed no very heinous offence."

"Against the world," interrupted Mr. Bell, sternly; "but what has he done against himself?"

"I trust nothing that requires any particular animadversion," replied Mr. Herbert, calmly.

"He that spareth the rod, hateth the child," interposed the minister, in a still more emphatic strain; and turning to me, added, "Let him be brought home immediately, nor let him enter the world again, till he is better able to take care of himself."

"I can see nothing in the statement of Mr. Ferret," said Mr. Herbert, evidently surprised at the minister's warmth, "to justify so decided a step; we cannot put old heads on young shoulders; I think, from what I know of the generosity of the boy's disposition, that a kind admonition from his father will have a great effect."

"Yes, it will," replied Mr. Bell; "it will have a great effect — it will be his ruin."

I had hitherto said nothing, but there was an abrupt harshness in this that really shocked me, and I could not help remarking that Mr. Ferret's letter gave no reason to fear any thing so disreputable as to call for punishment.

"No," rejoined Mr. Herbert; "and if you punish without guilt, or if you punish beyond the penalty due for the offence, you supply a motive—a vindictive motive—to perseverance in error."

This sentiment, dictated by humane feelings and good sense, Mr. Bell condemned in strong terms; and the drift of his observations was to the effect, that the youth himself would one day turn upon me, and cause me to rue beneath his reproaches the fatal indulgence of his first fault. He then launched into a vehement discourse on the delusive light in which the first fault is often viewed; and worked himself into such zeal, that I sat amazed; whilst Mr. Herbert, evidently no less surprised, interposed, and began to remonstrate against the cruelty of unrelenting justice. The minister, who could not endure any contradiction of the implacable opinions he held on this subject, interrupted him with great vehemence. But his voice was drowned by a sudden burst of riotous mirth and ribaldry close to the house, and by poor Charles, starting from the corner like a ghost, and crying, overwhelmed with alarm and in tears, "They are coming, they are coming!"

At the same moment, the door was burst open, and John Waft entered, followed by a crowd of unmannerly young fellows and children, with pots, and pans, and marrow-bones, yelling and shouting.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Mr. Bell, in his sermon-voice, rising from his seat, and looking with a stern countenance. The bailie cowered into the crowd and disappeared, whilst the mob stood hushed.

I soon guessed what it meant, and said laughing, though we had been so earnest just before, "This is the upshot of that mistake of mine about Mrs. Cockspur. The bailie has been telling them of the supposed marriage, and they have come with this tempestuous salutation to an old fool's third wedding." Then turning to the intruders, I added, "Gentlemen, ye're too soon; the bride's consent is yet to

be asked;" at which they all slunk away, but the poor laddie Charles continued to weep very bitterly.

It seems, when he went to fetch Mr. Herbert, he had heard I was actually married, and had seen some of the preparations which were making for that ungracious epithalamium. It need not be added, that the interruption broke up our session.

CHAPTER IV.

"'Tis not so noted in the bond."

Betimes in the morning, before Mr. Herbert's school-hour, I was with him; for all the livelong night I could think only of my misled boy, as I then began to consider him, the dark fears and despondent prognostications of Mr. Bell having infected me to that extremity. But in Mr. Herbert I found a comforter.

"I beseech you," said he, almost as soon as he saw me, "to drive from your mind the unchristian reflections of yon disappointed man. The lad is but sowing his wild oats; and, after all, it appears to be to no great extent. It is dangerous to make too much of such things."

Thus it came to pass, that upon the counselling of Mr. Herbert, I wrote a gentle admonitory letter to Robin, pointing out the inevitable consequences which would ensue if he neglected his business, or associated himself with lads of loose morals and midnight revellings. I also addressed Mr. Ferret in the most earnest manner, entreating him to watch my son with vigilance, and to let me know from time to time how he conducted himself. The anxieties of a parent were now awakened in my bosom; and the grief I felt was unspeakable, when I thought of the bare possibility of the innocent and playful child, the lamb of my first love, becoming tainted with the dishonours of a profligate life.

When this was done, I stopped some time with Mr.

Herbert, until his pupils began to collect. I told him when I expected to be able to move to Judiville, and remarked, that I wondered why he had never been there, mentioning, among other things, as an inducement to visit it, the character and tasteful conduct of the Cockspurs.

He had heard of them before, but seemingly without taking any particular interest in them; when, however, I described the sort of man I thought the old gentleman must have been, the judicious education of the young folks, and, above all, the serenity and gentleness of the mother, he seemed for some time to be lost in cogitation.

"Can it be possible?" said he aloud, speaking in soliloquy, not noticing I was with him—"can it be possible?" and then he fell into a brown study, and appeared abstracted from every thing around him.

About this crisis of our discourse the children belonging to the school began to tumble in, and we had no leisure for farther conversation. As I bade him good morning, he said, if it was not obtruding on me, he would come round to my house again in the evening. To which, as there was no cause to make it inconvenient, I kindly invited him.

After that satisfactory interview, I went in quest of John Waft, being determined to endure no longer his meddlings and intrusions. I had often before resolved to come to an issue with him, but as often something always happened to turn up by which my anger for the time was allayed. After the uproar of the preceding night, in which he was so openly act and part, I could, however, bear him no longer. For not only was the natural disposition of the bodie most troublesome, but he saw it fashed me, and he was in consequence tempted to plague me the more.

In going along towards his house, I naturally reflected on what had taken place the preceding evening, particularly on the quandary into which I was so strongly cast about Mrs. Cockspur; and it appeared to me to be a duty incumbent, not only to get rid of John Waft, but to stifle the silly tale which had been constructed about me and the old gentlewoman. I saw, unless an end was put to his prying and prattling curiosity, as well as to that conjecture con-

cerning her, my peace in this world, or at least in the settlement, was gone for ever.

As I was walking leisurely along, so thinking, I felt a hand suddenly laid familiarly on my shoulder; and turning round briskly, who was this but the incarnated pestilence himself.

"Well," cried he, before I had time even to skake off his tangible salutation — "there was a droll prematurity in the coming upon you last night, Mr. Todd, thinking you were a bridegroom; but it was all owing to the haste — the heady haste of the young men — and I was only there by an accident."

I was on the point of answering this in a way, for which he appeared, by his jocularity, little prepared; but, upon reflection, I only brushed down his hand from off my shoulder, and said dryly, "How do ye do?"

"Ah!" replied he, without noticing what I had said, "really, Mr. Todd, yon was a very suspicious laupsus lingos of yours anent Mrs. Cockspur, but I hope the worthy leddy will no' be exposed to any molestation about it; especially as ye have declared that nothing was farther from your thoughts than a marriage with her: nor am I surprised at it; for although you are not a very old man, she might, for age, be your mother. Had ye been as well stricken in years as me, I'll no' say that any body could have disapproved of the match. As for me, to be sure, it was not likely, even had I been a wanter, that a fine leddy like her would have thought of me."

By this sort of dissonance he so disarmed me of my purpose, that I forgot the intent on which I was bound; and from less to more we began to speak of Mr. Herbert as a man, both for years and manners, far more befitting to be husband to the old lady, than any other elderly man in the two settlements.

This notion had not occurred to me, nor, for many reasons, did it appear to be rational. In the first place, there was nothing about Mrs. Cockspur to give any cause to think she would marry again; whilst there was a great deal that rendered it very questionable indeed, if she would stoop to a poor domine, although he was such a man as was not

likely to be fallen in with among the best in the state. To that effect was my response to the bailie.

"Ay, ay!" was his answer; "it's fine talking about politess in the woods, and jointures, and tochers, and a' the other prijinkities of marriage-articles. 'Deed, Mr. Todd, we're here in a state of nature, and ought not to be too strict anent things of that kind, nor, indeed, about any sort of bargaining. By the by, talking of bargains, I have for some time had a mind to speak to you on a matter of that kind, wishing for your help and advice. I have been thinking, Mr. Todd, when you remove to Judiville, there will be a vacancy for a store here in Babelmandel — is not that your opinion?"

I replied, "No doubt, it was; but I am in hope that perhaps some person will be disposed to make an agreement to take mine off my hand." Calling abruptly to my recollection at that moment how the bodie had vexed me in the affair of his proposed "shoppie," I thought this a fair opportunity to be upsides with him, so I resolved to play him as good a prank as he then played me, and accordingly added, "Once on a time, had not you yourself, Mr. Waft, a notion of keeping a store, or rather, a 'wee shoppie?' Here's a capital opportunity now, if you are still that way inclined."

"If it depended on the inclination," said he, "the business might soon be settled between us; but, to tell you the truth, I doubt if I have the substance; and maybe ye would not be disposed to deal with me on commission?"

"I think, Mr. Waft, ye should by this time know that I am a man liberal to deal with," was my sly answer, pretending to be in earnest, being persuaded he was coming round me with one of his hooky-crookies; and I subjoined, just to see the lengths he would go,—"but to be plain with you, Mr. Waft, I would rather sell the store and the residue of the goods, on an indulgent credit, than make an agency: I would rather make a sacrifice at once, than run the risks and incur the vexations of a commission-trade — so few agents ever give their principals satisfaction!"

And just to carry on the joke, I said, "Now, have ye a

mind for a spec? Make me an offer, and you shall have no cause to call me a hard man."

"I have told you what is the fact, Mr. Todd, that the state of my substance is the only impediment," was his answer, spoken in a sedate, rational manner; but knowing what a fox it was, I was not to be so taken in, as that he should have again the laugh against me; so, I parried him in his own way, and repeated, "Make me an offer, no harm can come of that."

"Ah, Mr. Todd," said he, "if I were to make you an offer, such is my ignorance, I doubt you would jump at it like a cock at a grozet. But could no' you, yoursel, give me a bit inkling noo of what you would take for the store-house, the fifth part of your present stock of nails and hard-ware, three crates of crockery, and three bales of blankets, with the choice of twenty pieces of calicoes and dry goods."

"That would require some time to make a calculation," was my answer: "but I'll let you have the store-house, and an assortment similar to what I bought from Mr. Nackets at Olympus, for five hundred dollars; I paid him as much for the goods, so that you would have the store gratis."

This, I need not tell the courteous reader, was a ridiculous offer, being such as no man not joking would ever make; but the bodie, which confirmed me in the opinion that he was at his old trade, replied,—

"Na, na, Mr. Todd, I hope you have a better conceit of my understanding than to expect I would ever be guilty of such extravagance."

"Well," said I, "you shall have it for four hundred dollars."

"No, Mr. Todd, I could never think of that; indeed, ye're far above my mark. If ye would look at two hundred and fifty dollars, maybe I could let you see them."

"Down with the dust, and the goods and the store are yours;" was my bold and brave acceptance: but judge of my consternation, when I beheld him sit down on the trunk of a tree, unbutton his waistcoat, rip up the lining, and take out a handful of the United States Bank notes.

When I recovered my breath, I said, "Surely, Mr.

Waft, ye could no' think me in earnest; you could not believe I was such a fool?" But to make a short of a long tale, he stuck to the bargain, and would not even take a liberal solacium to give it up. So that in the end I was, after no little argolbargoling, obliged to succumb; for I had no encouragement to fight him at law, and conscience would not let me deny the bargain. He, however, promised he would tell nobody what he had paid me, and that was all the satisfaction I got for my first performance in the hooky-crooky line. "Catch me," said I, when we settled the business,—"catch me again at such costly daffin."

CHAPTER V.

"Oh, cursed ambition! in pursuit of thee,
Thou unsubstantial iris of the brain,
I have so far into the desert run,
That all around me seems one blasted heath."

AGREEABLY to his appointment, Mr Herbert came to me in the evening, He had been uniformly treated by all my family with the greatest respect; indeed, such was the superiority of manner with which he always conducted himself, that it was impossible for any one to approach him with familiarity. Out of this grew a little ceremony in our treatment of him not observed towards other visiters.

My house, as the courteous reader knows, though good of its kind, was yet but a primitive log tabernacle. It had been enlarged by several additions; and besides a common outer room, which served all the purposes of kitchen, hall, and parlour, contained a bedchamber better than the rest, and which would not have been any disparagement to a more ostentatious edifice. Into this chamber Mr. Herbert, when he came alone, was always shown: it was only when he happened to look in upon us while I was enjoying myself in the midst of my family, that he took a seat in the outer room, requesting that his accidental appearance

might not disturb us. But on this occasion he acted differently.

Instead of halting at the door, as he usually did, to speak a word or two with Mrs. Hoskins, or to say something in his mild, facetious way to the girls, he went, without opening his mouth, directly into the inner chamber, although I was sitting opposite to the door when he entered, and entirely disengaged.

"What's the matter with him?" said I to myself, as I rose to follow him.

"Mr. Herbert," rejoined Mrs. Hoskins, "is strange and discomposed."

"Is Mr. Herbert here?" said Bailie Waft, opening the door at the same instant and looking in.

"Ye'll hear tell o' that by and by," was the answer he got, and I was on the point of shutting the door in the bodie's impertinent face.

"Come out, come out, come out!" replied he in a hurried whisper; and catching hold of me by the lapel of the coat, he pulled me to the outside, and drew the door to behind me.

I had but small cause that day to be in a tolerant humour with a man whom I never met without receiving some kind of provocation or other. So I turned round sharply in order to return into the house, and told him I would see him another time, another day, or any time, but could not then, as I had business to transact with Mr. Herbert.

"Oh, very well," said he, "very well;" and walked away in a huff; a pridefulness he never ventured to assume towards me before, and which excessively disconcerted me, as he had in the morning so effectually got the vantage. However, I returned into the house, and ordering a light to be brought into the room, joined Mr. Herbert, who was sitting alone in the inner chamber.

He was the first who spoke:—

"Mr. Todd," said he, "I have already made you acquainted with the outline in feeling, if I may so speak, of my history; and I had hoped no occasion would arise to call from me a fuller account: but we have no control over Destiny. What you mentioned this morning respecting the

family of the Cockspurs is singular; and I should not be deserving of that kindness with which you have ever treated me, did I longer withhold from you the particulars of my life. They are in themselves not romantic, but, as connected with the story of that family, might, without much art, be made to seem so. Our inevitable meeting here in the wilderness is a remarkable instance of that predisposition by which the different scenes of life are developed into a systematical and consistent drama. The art with which the different parts of a man's fortunes are put together, is scarcely less wonderful than the mechanical contrivance displayed in the construction of his corporeal frame."

I was a good deal surprised to hear him talk in this manner, and knew not very well what answer to make, farther than to assure him, and it was perfectly true, that I had met with few persons in whom I had taken a greater interest; and that while I certainly longed to know more of his misfortunes than he had yet communicated, my curiosity was, nevertheless, so restrained by the esteem with which I regarded him, that I trusted he would never find me actuated to seek more of his confidence than he was pleased voluntarily to bestow.

After some farther general but grave conversation, he began his story with evident emotion, but in a brisk and earnest manner; touching forcibly on the facts, and lightly hastening over the incidents which were calculated to excite the feelings.

"My father was a clergyman, and held the living of Stoke Melcomb. Nature had endowed him with excellent talents, but he enjoyed none of the advantages which arise from connections or fortune. He had, when at college, done some service to a young nobleman, and was rewarded, after an interval of many years, with that living. In this lay the source of my misfortunes; or rather, it produced that sterility of fortune, by which, though always on the edge of prosperity, I was yet also equally near to the precipice of poverty. By the countenance of my father's patron I had access to such company as aspiring young men desire; and I acquired habits inconsistent with my condition and pro-

spects, but not to such a degree as to lessen the respectability of the one, or to blight the promise of the other.

"It might have been supposed, under such circumstances, that I should have been destined for a professional life; having no capital to enable me to procure access to the preserves of established commerce: but it was not so, nor can I tell how it was never thought of; I discovered that error myself, when too late.

"About the period when my father began to reflect seriously on the necessity of sending me into the world, the Melcomb and Freightborough Canal was projected. Without much solicitation, for my character was not unknown among the subscribers, he procured me the appointment of clerk to the association.

"At that period, among those who took a leading part in the concerns of the canal, was a Mr. Devereux. Business led me to see him often, and he formed a flattering opinion of me. He was an accomplished man—a younger son of one of the oldest and most opulent families in the county. It was impossible to know him without admiring the resources of his ingenuity; the rapid perspicacity with which he saw into every proposition offered to his consideration, and the discernment with which he penetrated the motives of those who addressed him either for favour or on business; but it was also impossible to feel for him the slightest degree of personal attachment. It is strange, that talents, and even virtues, should sometimes be disagreeable. No man could possess a more refined sense of duty, integrity more incorruptible, nor intelligence more practical; and yet, from an indescribable austerity of nature, he was evidently insensible to the blandishments alike of affection and of feeling.

"Mr. Devereux had a daughter, her name was Sophia; she is now Mrs. Cockspur; at that time she was in the bloom of youth. Her beauty was of the most delicate and gentle kind; all about her betokened extreme amiability, and a diffident spirit in need of kindness. She had early lost her mother, and felt, like the rest of the world, the incommunicable disposition of her father. She was alone, and a degree of timidity, the effect of the solitude in which

she lived, threw the interest of a spell around her. She was seen at the first sight with the tenderness of pity, at the second it was warmed to passion.

"But could I aspire, in the fortuneless condition of my hereditary circumstances, to the hand of one whose whole race had ever been jealous of their blood, — a jealousy said to be stronger in her father than in all the other members of their proud and ancient family?

"Devoted as I was to Sophia Devereux, I was yet not so enchanted by passion as to be insensible to the folly of cherishing hopeless love; — I resolved to quit that part of the country, and to seek my fortune in London. I did so, and that was the error of which I spoke when I first related the brief generality of my fruitless life. I had then no friends, no one to sympathise with my good or with my ill fortune, certainly not one single soul who thought of me when I was out of sight. Still, I persevered, and after many endeavours, sufficient to make a book of romantic adventures, at a late period of life, I reached, as I have told you, the summit of my ambition. But I am proceeding too fast.

"I was succeeded in the office of the Melcomb and Freightborough Canal, by a young man, a companion of my own, possessed of singular energy of character and splendid endowments. He was in his feelings and sentiments the most independent of men; but he had a taint of the prevalent epidemic of the time — democracy, then just beginning its ravages.

"It was a subject of wonder in the county, how Mr. Devereux ever consented that such a person should be employed in any business under his superintendence; but Cockspur had his fortune to make, and therefore, although he valued but little the honours of heraldry and descent on their own account, he yet paid deference to their possessors, on account of the means they possessed of helping his promotion.

"Mr. Devereux was too much a Tory even to dream of the possibility of such humble individuals as Cockspur or myself venturing to look up to his daughter; and yet he was not so rigid in his principles as to forego valuable ser-

vices merely for what he called a touch of the Gallic epidemic. He had been displeased with me for assigning no reason on the occasion of my retiring from the office, and perhaps that feeling engendered the motive which made him the decided patron of Cockspur.

"Cockspur had not been long in confidential intercourse with his patron, before he too felt the influence of Sophia's beauty, and the more endearing charm of her gentleness: like myself, he saw the hopelessness of ever conquering the hereditary prejudices of her father; but he continued to cultivate his good opinion with redoubled endeavour.

"Mr. Devereux had, some time before I left Freightborough, been afflicted with pulmonic symptoms: I never thought of them, but Cockspur did; for with all his ardent passions he had a cool head. He saw that no long time could elapse until the character of the disease would be decidedly determined; and assuming that the result would be favourable to his wishes, he concealed even from Sophia the sentiments she had inspired. The old man died, and in the course of the following year Sophia and Cockspur were married.

"Now his republican arrogance broke out. His connection with the business of the canal was of course ended; in the free enjoyment of her fortune, he became an influential character in the county, and, saving that pride of opinion which belongs so exclusively to persons of the same political principles, he was deservedly held in great esteem. This tempted him, at a general election, to offer himself for the county — the only imprudent error, it is said, he ever committed; and never was presumption more thoroughly chastised. He had no friendly nor familiar associates in the county. He was unacquainted with the sentiments of the gentry and freeholders; he mistook the shouts of the populace for influential popularity, and his solicitors fell into the same fault. They were clever persons, but without local connections, brought from London at an expense detrimental to his fortune.

"On the day of election, the few voters who had been secured for him, kept aloof until it should be seen by whom among the great freeholders he was supported. Still, many

hands were held up; but only his proposer and seconder polled for him. He retired from the hustings amidst the jeers of the gentry, breathing vengeance he knew not wherefore, nor against whom.

"From that day he sequestrated himself from the gentlemen of the county, and declaredly began to prepare for the removal of his family to America. No man was possessed of more constancy in purpose, nor was more implacable in his resentments; but he had nobler qualities, and it would be doing him great wrong, to say that his mortification prompted him to any undertaking of personal revenge; but all his adversaries regarded his sequestration as dictated by animosity against them individually.

"The presumption of offering himself as a candidate for the county was, indeed, an offence not to be soon forgiven by the squirarchy. They set him down for a determined, disloyal man, only waiting for an opportunity of letting loose his malice against them; to this they ascribed his remaining so long in England after his declared intention to quit it for ever. He had, however, no other motive but only to educate his sons for a forest life and independence in the wilderness, which he believed could not, according to his notions, be properly accomplished in the United States; and it was for that he remained exposed to the humiliation of shunning and being shunned.

"Such was the state in which he stood, when, seven years after I had quitted Freightborough, I returned to visit my father. I will not say my passion for Sophia Devereux was then extinguished — that it could never be; but it was subdued; and that I might not seem to have forgotten the attentions I had received from her father, and the cheerful hours spent in her own society, I resolved to visit Cockspur.

"By this time I was become a stranger in the county. What were its intrigues and petty cabals to me? And my residence in London had taught me to take a more generous view of men's political principles than accorded with the harshness of provincial intolerance. I carried my resolution into effect, and was received with the hospitality due from one old and early companion to another.

"I had heard of the rigid discipline which he main-

tained in his family, and of the despotism of his character. But I was delightfully disappointed; all the amiable feelings which, under other circumstances, would have been shared with the world, were concentrated at home. The mind that was fit to rule a nation had found itself employment among his children. And although the effects of his systematic management were every where visible, it was yet no where felt."

Mr. Herbert at this point became in some degree agitated; he suspended his narrative, and took several turns across the floor, evidently collecting himself. He at last succeeded.

CHAPTER VI.

"Alas! how little in this world of things
Are held the feelings that pervade the heart."

When Mr. Herbert returned to his seat, he resumed his story, but with less alacrity of language. Some regretful reminiscence had come across his mind; he spoke more heavily, and appeared to feel a weight upon his spirits that could not be shaken off. There was, as it were, stiffness, pain, and swellings, in his faculties.

"The recollections of an old man's first love," said he, with a faint smile, "will please but few auditors. I shall therefore abstain from attempting to describe my feelings, when I beheld Sophia Devereux, in the glow of the evening, sitting in the midst of her playful children on the lawn in front of their residence. Her heart was bound up in them; she had no thought for the world, nor for the inclemency of its strictures. She had been so long estranged from it, that she had ceased to take any interest in its proceedings. And she added, with a sigh, after having so explained her contentment, 'It is fortunate I have acquired this taste for retirement and tranquillity. The wilderness cannot be more friendless than the excommunication in which we live here.'

"You will not suppose that I was inclined at that moment to touch any jangling string. Mr. Cockspur was about some twenty or thirty yards off, looking at one of the plants in the shrubbery, and beyond hearing. 'But what does he think?' said I, looking towards him.

"'He endures it bravely,' was her answer, 'but not with my composure: I am but a poor wife for an ambitious man; I can neither resent nor resolve with sufficient determination.'

"By this brief speech, but more by the manner than the words, I persuaded myself she was less happy than she affected to be: but nothing farther passed that evening; for Mr. Cockspur came to us with a remarkable leaf in his hand, and the conversation became a babble about buds and blossoms.

"Next morning, some of his agricultural experiments called him early abroad, and he was not returned when I entered the breakfast-parlour, where Mrs. Cockspur was sitting alone. My mind had been much occupied during the night with the thought of her unhappiness; but do me the justice to believe there was more of sorrow than of passion in my ruminations. Time had somewhat changed with me the course of love, and had thrown it into the calmer channel of affection. A brother could not have spoken with a purer sympathy, when, in reverting to the incidental remark she had made the preceding evening, I expressed my regret that Mr. Cockspur should ever have exposed himself to the contumely of his proud and illiberal neighbours.

"I am not sure that I made use of one word more than was necessary to convey my meaning, or employed either action or accent that did not belong to the sentiment delivered in the mildest form.

"But the effect on her surprised me. She made no answer; I could see, however, that she gradually became deeply agitated, and she finally began to weep.

"'For myself,' said she, when she had suppressed her emotion, 'I do not think of the consequences which have arisen from the manner my husband has estranged himself from every body — perhaps provoked that retaliation which

he feels more than he is willing to acknowledge — but my children! the risk they run of being regarded as outcasts, fills me with inexpressible alarm.'

"The conversation continued some time in this affecting strain, and she spoke to me, as an old friend, of many humiliations to which she had personally been subjected from the neighbouring families. It was impossible not to feel for her situation; and from no other sentiment than sympathy, I said unguardedly, that Cockspur was too selfish in his resentments; he should make some sacrifice of them for her and his children.

"One of the windows opened into a conservatory, which opened upon the lawn, and in which, it would seem, Cockspur had been some time, and had overheard the latter part, at least, of our conversation. At my remark he abruptly entered, his face inflamed, and his eyes flashing, and for a few seconds he looked at his lady, and then turned with a stern aspect to me.

"Not conscious of having exceeded the privileges of friendship, his sudden appearance, though it may have a little surprised, in no degree disconcerted me: but I was struck with the manner in which he turned upon me. Preserving, however, my presence of mind, I said to him with perfect self-possession and jocularity, 'that listeners seldom heard any good of themselves;' and I was proceeding to recount in substance what I had been saying to Mrs. Cockspur, and to urge some abatement of that abstraction from society, by which she so much suffered.

"While I was speaking, he preserved a profound, but evidently an indignant silence; and when I paused, he said in a cool, sardonic manner, 'Have you any thing more to say?'

"I was not exactly prepared for this, but still I was able to answer him without apparent emotion.

"'Mr. Cockspur, you are offended — I have done nothing to offend you; I am too much the friend of you and of your family, not to lament that you should deem it necessary to persevere ——'

"He suddenly interrupted me, his choler evidently increasing, as he said, —

"'I think, sir, you have transgressed the privileges of our degrees of intimacy;' and he laid particular emphasis on the word degree: adding, 'I can permit no more; and I but act on the principle which you have impugned with so much freedom, in requesting an early termination of your visit.'

"I felt this almost as an insult; but I could not disguise from myself that I had taken more liberty than could well be justified. The interest I felt in the happiness of Mrs. Cockspur could alone excuse to myself the indelicacy of speaking to a wife so freely of her husband. And yet, in what I had said, there was nothing which might not have been repeated before him. The position, however, in which he had placed himself, exposed him to so many mortifications, that his heart was excoriated: he could as little endure the emollients of friendship, as the provocations of enmity: his mind was skinless; and though his innate strength of character enabled him to endure the anguish with Promethean fortitude, he was yet not the less miserable.

"As I retired from the house, I could not but reflect on the exclusion to which the gentle Sophia Devereux was doomed; and pity for her helpless condition, and the mortifying consequences of it to her children, revived much of the tenderness, without the passion, which I had once cherished. Of Cockspur I could not think without indignation, and I had almost worked myself into a resolution to challenge him, even while I admitted that the peculiarity of the case afforded me no pretence to do so.

"While I was riding towards my father's in that humour, Mr. Groves, one of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, overtook me on the road. We had been formerly intimately acquainted, and he was then so far on his way to ask me to his house, in order to meet some of our old friends.

"'But,' said he, 'you will probably not relish a condition that I am under the necessity of attaching to the request?'

"'Is it that I break off my intercourse with Mr. Cockspur?'

"Without directly answering the question, he replied, 'We have all done so. He has opposed himself to all the county in such a manner, and expresses such un-English sentiments on every occasion when he can obtain an opportunity to do so, that it became necessary to exclude him. Had he been a person less distinguished for talent and intrepidity, we should not have conferred on him so much distinction; but his abilities make him, in these times, a dangerous man.'

"'Had the request been made, coupled with the condition, an hour ago,' replied I, 'you would probably have expected an unequivocal rejection of your kindness: but now the condition is unnecessary;' and I explained to him so much of what had taken place, as superseded the necessity of any explanation on his part. I had correctly guessed the nature of the intended condition.

"In the course of the afternoon, my father having retired to his study, while I was sitting alone after dinner, reflecting on the incident of the morning, and saddened with the thought of the unhappiness I had witnessed, perhaps had augmented, while anxious to diminish it — Mr. Cockspur was announced. 'Shall I see him?' was the first question I put to myself: 'can I, after what has taken place with Mr. Groves?' But while I hesitated, he entered the room.

"'I will not let you hesitate,' was his exclamation, before the servant had time to retire. 'I have come to entreat your pardon for my rudeness this morning; to thank you for the brotherly interest you have taken in our happiness — I have come, at Sophia's request, to solicit you to renew your visit;' and he held out his hand so frankly, that I had almost accepted it; but I paused, and moved back a pace or two.

"'Is it so?' said he, with a shudder; and in a restrained but pathetic tone he added, 'With what taint am I infected, that all the world avoids me? Have you, too, cast us off?'

"Knowing the firm character and intense sensibility of the man, I was painfully affected at hearing him so far confess his misery; but the situation in which I stood with

the principal gentlemen of the county, through the medium of Mr. Groves, embarrassed me beyond description. My heart prompted me to seize the proffered hand, and to forget, as I forgave, what had passed; — but could I forego, on Cockspur's account, my earliest friends, and the companions of my happiest years?

"I remained silent, and he threw himself into the elbow-chair where my father had been sitting, and covered his eyes with his hand. At last I found myself able to address him, which I did to the following effect: —

"'Since I left your house this morning, I have seen Mr. Groves. He was, indeed, coming here to invite me to meet some of my old companions; but his invitation had a condition attached to it. Your behaviour to me rendered the stipulation unnecessary; and I am no longer free to renew our intercourse, but also upon condition.'

"He started from his seat, and with an energy that lent a frightful, an almost demoniacal expression to his countenance, —

"'Never, never! no man shall tell me of conditions, — conditions for what? on which he will tolerate me as an associate, — never!' and he instantly left the room.

"This interview disturbed me more painfully than even the previous rupture. It appeared to present an opportunity of bringing about some sort of reconciliation between him and his neighbours; but his vehemence at once blasted the hope.

"A few days after, I returned to London; and for several years I heard nothing of the Cockspurs, farther than that they still lived in the same excluded and sequestered state, and that the education of the sons for a woodland life was perseveringly adhered to."

Just in this crisis of Mr. Herbert's narrative, Bailie Waft patted on a pane of the window, which, by the way, he cracked, for it was that thin flash glass which cannot abide handling. "Dear me, sirs," cried he, "are ye no' done yet? Really, Mr. Todd, I have something most particular to tell you: if ye can but spare me a minute, you would oblige me and yourself likewise."

I rose, and going to the window, replied with severity,

—"I wish ye would give me any cause for an obligation; see, ye have cracket a lozen: I request you will call at the store in the morning and pay for't: Good night. And with these cool and calm words I returned to my seat beside Mr. Herbert.

CHAPTER VII.

"Alas! the constancy of my sad mind
Is put to dreadful proof."

After a few judicious animadversions on the impertinence of John Waft, for Mr. Herbert was sometimes plagued with him as well as I was, he resumed:—

"In consequence of the death of my father, which happened in the course of the sixth year after the event just described, I had no inducement to revisit Stoke Melcomb: but the unfortunate situation of Sophia Devereux still saddened my thoughts, and the recollections of our youthful intercourse was sweet in my memory, like the withered rose-leaves in the jar.

"One day a smart youth brought me a letter; it was from Mrs. Cockspur, and the bearer was Oliver, her eldest son. She informed me, that he had been sent to London to acquire some practical knowledge of mechanics, and she begged that I would allow him to consider me as a friend.

"This incident gave me great pleasure — but it told me that the excommunication still continued, otherwise the grandson of Mr. Devereux would not have been in need of my friendship. The following year Bradshaw, the second son, also came to London; but he brought me no letter. I had in the mean time shown a few little civilities to Oliver, and it was not doubted I would be as attentive to him — so the boy himself told me — and subjoined with a degree of affecting sensibility, 'For we consider you as our only friend.'

"When they had been in London two years, they were recalled by their father to accompany him in a tour to the

principal manufacturing towns, and to inspect some of the canals. His health had been declining, and he was advised to travel. In fact, the chagrin in which he had so long lived was beginning to affect his constitution; but his unrelaxing spirit would make no concession to his neighbours, even while he was consuming with the desire to be re-admitted into their society.

"From that period I have not seen the two lads, who by this time must be men — Oliver cannot be less than twenty-four. Volumnia — for Cockspur's republican predilections extended to the names of his children — was a fine girl, when ——"

Here Mr. Herbert paused suddenly, and then resumed: —

"Yes, when I saw her last, which was about twelve months after her father's death: — Mr. Cockspur never recovered his health; the journey with his sons, on the contrary, accelerated the progress of his disease. He returned home with diminished strength; lingered with increasing symptoms till the following spring, when he died, a self-immolated victim to his stubborn principles.

"About that time my prospects began rapidly to improve; they had for many years been bare and sterile, when suddenly, as if some new energy had been communicated to all my commercial friends and connections, a situation was found for me in the management of an extensive combination of their interests in a general banking-house. I had the good fortune to give satisfaction, as I have already told you; and while good fortune was so flourishing, the long quiescent feelings of my youthful passion began to revive, and hopes and wishes to bud and spring again.

"I revisited Stoke Melcomb, where, though I found that, from the death of Mr. Cockspur, the circle of exclusion had been opened to his family, yet the long unmerited interdict to which Sophia Devereux had been subjected, made her averse to re-enter, and anxious to quit that part of the country, even until her sons, who happened to be then absent, were ready to proceed to America. This avowal on her part led to a more tender disclosure on mine, of my early attachment. The snows of age had already begun to whiten upon both our heads; but affection is an evergreen;

and she acknowledged that she saw my first departure for London with sorrow. But why should I dwell on this topic? Arrangements were made for our union.

"I returned to London, in order to prepare for her reception; but on my arrival that terrible revulsion commenced in trade in 1810. The association for which I acted was blasted in its chiefest members, and I was directed to close and wind up the concern. Under such circumstances, could I think of marriage? I informed Mrs. Cockspur of what had taken place; and without resigning the claim I had established to call her mine, begged that our wedding might be postponed. It was at that time I went to Hastings on the sea-shore, and in that disconsolate epoch, the accident happened by which I was brought to America. She believes me no more; whatever regard she once entertained for me, exists but among her regrets and remembrances. Can it be kind to disturb her recovered tranquillity? How can a poor old village schoolmaster, housed with poverty, and wrenching his morsel of bread from the fangs of want, venture to present himself to Sophia Devereux?"

Although my heart biggened in my bosom, as the venerable gentleman concluded, I yet mastered courage to say with a gay flourish, "Faint heart never won fair lady;" but I really could think of no counsel to give him.

"No," said he, "ten years have made a great change in both. The wrinkles, which were then just beginning to trace their lines, are now deepened into furrows, and with one of us they have been channels to many tears. No, the flowery bridal wreath suits ill with grey hairs. Think you the young men, her sons, would ever suffer propriety to be so outraged in the gentle dignity of their mother?"

"The hand of Providence, Mr. Herbert," said I—"the hand of Providence is visible in your case. Were you lifted out of the raging deep, and set upon the bottom of a boat, and a French ship sent to take you abroad and far from the troubles which beset you at home, to bring you safe unto this land of refuge for nothing?—No, sir, you were preserved for a purpose; so walk you onward, and abide the issues that will come to pass."

"That's a fine piety, Mr. Todd," said Bailie Waft, who had slipped unobserved into the room, and was standing behind me: "but will ye hear me, now that ye have said your moral? for you ken the moral always concludes the fable. I have been waiting for you, both out and in, for a long time, the business no' admitting of delay: something must be done in it this night. Noo, Mr. Todd, for this time I am really serious; as sure's death, Mr. Todd, I am this night a sincere man."

I need scarcely say, that such a succession of intrusions was a great trial; but on this earnest declaration, being quite overcome, I signed to him, without speaking, to take a seat.

"You see, gentlemen," he resumed, "there has been this evening a most memorable event to us all. I was just sauntering by myself in the twilight, thinking of this and moralising of that, and marvelling how one thing happens after another; when, lo and behold! two most respectable gentlemen came making genteel bows towards me. I was astonished. Well—'Are you Mr. Hoskins?' said one of them, in a most pleasant manner; I could make no less response than that I had not that honour. What can they want with Mr. Hoskins? thought I. 'Then, you are Mr. Todd,' said the other; I could not in conscience, you know, Mr. Todd, say I was you; but they had so quickened my curiosity, that I gave them a look of significance."

"In the name of truth, did you pass yourself for me?" cried I. Mr. Herbert smiled, notwithstanding the state of his own sensibilities; and the tormentor coolly replied,—

"Just be calm, Mr. Todd; just be calm. This is a great thing: water from the rock, manna from the skies, are as natural as ice and hailstones, compared with our miracle in the wilderness. Well, you see, the two gentlemen, probably supposing that I was you, said they were as well pleased to find Mr. Todd as Mr. Hoskins, and forthwith they began to tell me who they were: Mr. Van Haarlem, of Newborough, and no less than the rich Mr. Breugle from Albany."

"Well," said I.

"You may weel say well, but be thankit would be more to the purpose," was his retort; and he continued:—

"Then they began to say, that having heard how the settlements in this Genesee tract were progressing, they had come to see, with their own eyes, if rumour told the truth, and they were right well content with what they had seen; so they said, after an interchange of parly voos, that they had received a high character of Mr. Hoskins, and of me: that was, because they thought I was you, Mr. Todd,—ye see what it is to have the fame of ability;—and so, from less to more, they began to speak to a business-like purpose, and of a proposal they intended to make us: believing I was you, and the partner of Mr. Hoskins. Noo will ye guess what this proposal is to be? and in black and white you will receive it to-morrow morning. I'll wager a plack and a bawbee, if ye guess till the break of day, ye'll never be a bit the wiser. Oh, Mr. Herbert, it's just the trade that you, with your counting-house sleights, were made for. Noo make a guess, Mr. Herbert: Mr. Todd, keep your composity, and make a guess. Well, if ye'll no' try, and I must tell, what would ye think of setting up a bank in Judiville? what do you think of that, Gaffer Toddie?" and he gave me a whacking innuendos, as he called it, between the shoulders, which almost took away my breath; but notwithstanding, I knew not how it happened, I was seized with an immoderate fit of laughing. It was not a laugh of satisfaction and titillation, but an extraordinary shout and convulsion, which continued with a hysterical vehemence beyond the power of Nature to repress.

"Noo for once you will allow that I have brought you glad tidings," resumed the bailie, when I had, in some degree, recovered my composure; "but when I heard of such a Potosi coming among us, I bethought me that the gentlemen would not be pleased if I gathered secrets only meant for you and Mr. Hoskins; so I prudently warned them I was only a friend to Mr. Todd. And in that I had an eye to futurity; for I thought if I played a deceptional part, that maybe hereafter, when I might want to discount a bit scrap of paper, they would say the well was dry, or the cow's yell, or looking through it between them and

the light, observe, without looking me in the face, 'It won't suit us.' So I begged their pardon, and told them I was not Mr. Todd, though people were apt to mistake the one for the other, on account of our remarkable likeness to each other. Finally, having made two attempts to obtain an audience, as ye know, I was obliged to go back to the gentlemen, and to say, you were so busy with the schoolmaster helping you to settle your store accounts, that ye could not see them to-night. So they are now at the tavern, waiting till you and the sun gladden the world in the morning."

This was, indeed, a very wonderful occurrence; but I was angry with the officious bodie in saying I needed a schoolmaster's help in my accounts, to gentlemen that were come to make a banking concern with me.

CHAPTER VIII.

"To make the crown a pound."

The next day was a great day in Babelmandel: I rose with the crowing of the cock, and despatched my son Charles on horseback to Judiville, to request uncle Hoskins to come to me immediately. I roused Mrs. Hoskins, to prepare for us the best breakfast and dinner that the means of the village could afford. I directed the two girls to be decked in their fairest frocks, and all the house to be trimmed up and put in order; and I dressed myself in my best suit of black, which is the colour I always wear—it saves money, when relations happen to bequeath the misfortune of going into mourning. But, when all these orders were given, Charles off, and the preparations stirring, a cold thought came into my head: "What if all this story of the bankers be only an invention of Bailie Waft?" It is not possible to describe what I then suffered; but, nevertheless, I resolved to go through the business as if all he had said was gospel; and accordingly, as soon as I had dressed myself,

I walked leisurely towards the store to open it for the day, swinging the key of the door on the fore-finger of my right hand as I went along.

I had not proceeded above two hundred yards, when I beheld John Waft coming from his own house towards the road: he, too, had prepared himself for the occasion, being apparelled in his best; but verily he was an admonition by example to all men who delight in coats of many colours.

His coat was of light grey—it had been his wedding garment some time in the course of the last century—adorned with large brazen crown-broad buttons, the least big enough for the censer of an idol's altar. Mr. Herbert called him the solar system, his buttons being planets and moons, and the spots on his swandown waistcoat the fixed stars. His decencies were of purple plush, and his hose of light blue cotton, over which he wore a pair of half boots, with long leather straps dangling over their outside. His hat was almost as good and bright as new, but it had been kept in too small a box, and had a squarish and compressed shape, something like a cocked-hat in a state of relaxation. Moreover, he sported a pair of new olive-coloured gloves, which being rather large, obliged him to be constantly pressing them into fitting, by interweaving his fingers; and his wonted every-day staff, an oaken sapling he had brought from Renfrewshire, was laid aside, for an ivory-headed Indian cane, which he only displayed at pace and yule, and other high holidays.

The sight of the bailie in all his paraphernalia was an encouraging omen; but I would have been just as well satisfied had it been so ordained that we were not to have met that morning: so, affecting not to see him, I walked straight on towards the store, mending my pace as I approached it. He was not, however, to be so easily dispensed with, for he increased his pace also, and, taking a diagonal course, was at the door almost as soon as myself.

"Hey! Mr. Waft," said I, "what bridal or banquet are ye for the day? or is there a corn-fair and market in the woods?"

Much to my surprise, the droll bodie wore that day a sedate aspect, and looked from under the brim of his beaver

with such composed eyes that he almost seemed another character from what he had hitherto appeared.

"Ye see, Mr. Todd," replied he, "though we may use a spice o' familiarity among oursels, it behoves us to put on our manners afore strangers; so, wishing to uphold the credit of the place, I considered it my duty to dip to the bottom of the muckle chest on this occasion. For you know, when you remove to Judiville, I shall be then the principal mercantile character in Babelmandel."

"That will be a great thing," said I, hardly able to keep my gravity at hearing such a pretension.

"And I thought," resumed the bailie, "I could do no less, out of the respect I bear you, than to dress myself in time to introduce you to the gentlemen."

I did not like this; and replied,—

"I thought, Mr. Waft, you were not acquainted with them; I would be as content that they, being come on business, would introduce themselves."

Here I was again surprised, for the bodie, being that morning in a peremptory mood, turned on his heel and went off in a huff: it was the second time he had done so since he took me in by the hooky-crooky bargain, thereby clearly showing that it was naturally upsetting and could not carry a full cup.

Soon after his exit in a huff, Mr. Herbert joined me, also in his modest best; and really he was like a gentleman: so calm and quiet in his manner, so neat in every point, and yet so plain and simple, that it was evident he had been destined for a better condition than that of a backwood's village dominie.

I invited him to take his breakfast with us, intending to ask the two strangers if I fell in with them in time; and in this I was not without a purpose, which in due season will be divulged. In the mean time, while we were conversing, I saw the gentlemen coming towards the store with Mr. Waft, who was plainly making himself as agreeable to them as possible, by directing their attention to different things about the village, turning round and pointing them out with his stick.

At they approached the door, the bailie stepped aside,

and the strangers came in unattended. They cast their eyes round for a moment — then they took a glance at Mr. Herbert, and afterwards at me, and finally they did homage to him. At this crisis the bailie also entered, and leaning his back against the counter, gave me a significant sidelong look, as much as to say, "Would you not be the better of my introduction?"

Mr. Van Haarlem was the first who spoke: he addressed himself to Mr. Herbert, repeating a good deal of the commendation he had bestowed the preceding evening on the progress of the settlement.

The bailie began to fidget, and his eyes to twinkle in their wonted manner, but he said nothing.

When Mr. Van Haarlem had finished his compliments, then Mr. Breugle cut in, and expressed the extraordinary satisfaction they had both experienced in their visit to Judiville, through which they had come in their way to Babelmandel.

The bailie looked from under his brows and brim at me, in a malignant, though a merry manner — for all this time I was standing behind the counter, winding up string, blowing the dust from the scales, and doing such other uncalled-for work.

Mr. Van Haarlem, after some farther discourse, enquired of Mr. Herbert when he expected Mr. Hoskins, and nothing could be more polite than the manner in which that gentleman turned to me and said,—

"Mr. Todd, when do you expect the old gentleman?"

The two strangers looked for an instant confusedly at each other, and the vexatious bailie rubbed his hands with fidgety fainness, and gave a sort of keckling laugh, as if in triumph for the victory he had gained over me: but his joy was not everlasting; for the temporary mistake of the two strangers was happily corrected by the judicious interference of Mr. Herbert, and we were soon on our way to my house, to which I invited the bankers to accompany me to breakfast; so I was upsides with the bailie by not asking him. We had not, however, proceeded far from the store, when my heart smote me that I was behaving overly harsh to the bodie, especially as he had dressed himself to do us all ho-

nour; so, as he was slowly and slinkingly moving towards his own house, I called out, "Where now, Mr. Waft? are not you coming with us?"

"I'm thinking," said he, in a sort of out-of-countenance simplicity, "that the eggs will be cold before I can get home."

"Then ye should make more haste," cried I, laughing; "but make our way your road to breakfast, and I can assure you that ye shall have a supply both of hot eggs and hot water."

"Ah, ye will be cutting your witty jokes at my expense," replied the bodie, coming back with a lighter foot than he turned to go away. And then we had all a good laugh at the pawkie prank he had played me in letting the strangers, for want of an introduction, mistake Mr. Herbert for me.

As I told the story myself, and not without a garnishing of jocularity, it bespoke an excellent opinion of my good nature with Mr. Van Haarlem and Mr. Breugle, as they afterwards told me.

By the time we reached my house, Mr. Hoskins was arrived, and aunty had laid out for him a change of linen and other decorations; but he would not then put them on, for breakfast was by that time ready, and he was averse to keep the two gentlemen waiting. Breakfast, however, was soon despatched, and we all adjourned with our cigars to the stoop—I say ours, but neither Mr. Herbert nor I ever smoked, and the bailie bodie did it so seldom, that he fell ill, and his head grew dizzy, which obliged him to return home.

During the cogitation with the cigars, I found an opportunity to tell Mr. Herbert aside that I would let him take the lead in discussing the scheme of the bank, and that when we heard what the two gentlemen had to propose, we would have some farther deliberation between ourselves.

As it would never do for a history-book to be filled up with the particulars of business, of course it is not expected that I should relate what passed on that occasion. Let it therefore suffice that the proposition of the two gentlemen was both rational and feasible. They were sure that Judiville would to a certainty become speedily a large town,

and that its growth and progress would be helped by a bank. But one thing did surprise me, — the smallness of the capital which they proposed should be embarked,—the amount being only two thousand dollars, of which each of us should advance five hundred, that is, Mr. Hoskins and I, the other two doing the same.

With these two thousand dollars we were to get hard cash to meet a run; a handsome plate made for the notes; and provide the other proper et-ceteras. With the bank's notes we were to discount bills, and we were likewise to take in deposits of cash at one per cent. less interest than we discounted bills.

As Judiville was as yet but in its infancy, and few bills were in the settlement to discount, the scheme did not appear to be either very hazardous or unreasonable; so it was determined, in the end, that the Judiville Bank Company should be established on this moderate scale, as we all thought it, and that Mr. Herbert should be the manager; for it was thought by Mr. Hoskins that he could both keep his school at Babelmandel, and superintend the banking affairs at Judiville—the two places, by the bush-road, being only seven miles distant.

Feasible, however, as the plan was, the mysteries of banking were deeper than I could ever well fathom; so I proposed to let Mr. Herbert have my fourth, and that I would advance the five hundred dollars, he to pay me back with interest double the sum in five years.

CHAPTER IX.

——— "A little Druid wight,
—— But his eye was keen."

After some conversation with Mr. Herbert, with reference to the change which the banking arrangement promised to his ostensible circumstances, I urged him seriously to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cockspur.

"No," said he; "I mastered my passion when young,

respected, and amidst the assurances of good fortune; — can I now, an old man, bent beneath the burden of many disappointments, with a withered heart and a shaking hand, claim more than pity even from affection?"

Seeing him in this mood (I wonder what it is that makes men of superiority so inaccessible to judicious counsel?) I said nothing, but I formed a plan of my own, and, as delays are dangerous, I lost no time in carrying it into effect. Accordingly, on the morning after the departure of the bankers, I went to Judiville, partly to see how the buildings for the house and store were coming on, but chiefly to have a few rational words in a corner with Mrs. Cockspur.

It may be thought, that in taking up this business, I was too much, like John Waft, troubling myself with matters that did not appertain to me; but I could not help it. I was much taken with the appeased character of Mr. Herbert: he was so evidently by nature an heir to a rich inheritance of fortune and honour, that I could not but regret so noble a spirit should be so far out of its proper sphere. It was this charity that prompted me; an up-looking charity that finds its best reward in self-approval. But I must not forget a resolution made in early life never to praise myself; so, without more ado, I shall now rehearse what I did at Judiville with the worthy old lady.

I have already mentioned how I was obliged to Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur for the plan of the house and store, and how the business concerning the same led to an intimacy with the family. This intimacy allowed me the freedom of paying my respects at all times to Mrs. Cockspur; and accordingly, at a period of the day when the young gentlemen, I knew, were abroad, I went to her. The villa they were building was not yet finished, and she was still residing in their primitive log-hut with Miss Volumnia. I was not, however, to be impeded by the presence of that young lady; so I found a way and method to get Mrs. Cockspur to take a seat with me on a pleasant bank, where the young men had raised a bench that overlooked the river; Miss Volumnia, in the mean time, having undertaken to prepare tea for us.

After some general discourse on divers topics, I told Mrs. Cockspur of the bank scheme, and of the confidence with which every body talked of the brisk fortune that awaited Judiville. In that manner I scooped out an opportunity to say, —

" And, madam, one of the many remarkable signs by which we are assured to expect great things of the place, is in the gentleman who is to manage the bank;" and I launched into a just encomium on Mr. Herbert's manifold virtues and excellent qualities, exhibiting as clear and distinct a description of the man as I could by words make manifest to the mind; adding, " But, maybe, you know him?"

" No," was her answer; " not that I am aware of.— What's his name?"

" Mr. Herbert;" and I looked askance, to see what effect the name would have.

A slight effusion of bloom overspread her pale countenance, a gentle motion heaved her bosom, and she replied, —

" I once knew a gentleman of that name, to whom your description would, in many particulars, apply; but he has long been dead;" and a slow breathing, something as deep, but not so acute as a sigh, came, as it were, from a far-away region of her memory.

" Mr. Herbert," said I, " has been many years in this country; and he seems, at times, to bear a load upon his heart, as if he had long been a servitor to adversity."

" Poor man," was her pitiful remark. " It was so with my friend: a man too lofty in his sentiments for the sordid world; his worth was known to few."

" I think it cannot be so said of our Mr. Herbert," (I had a purpose in repeating the name,) " for no one can see him twice without acknowledging a sense of his worth."

" How long did you say it was," enquired Mrs. Cockspur, " since he came to America?"

And there was a soft inflection in her voice, as if it had been modulated by a tender remembrance; at the same time a tear oozed into her eye.

" Mr. Herbert told me himself about ten years; and the

occasion of his coming was wonderful — he escaped drowning in a singular manner."

She suddenly exclaimed, with a voice thickened by agitation, —

"Drowning! how did it happen? Strange! such was the fate of my poor Mr. Herbert."

"This gentleman," I replied calmly, "was at Hastings ——"

"Hastings!" said she, with fervour; "can it be possible? No: — had he survived, he would have informed me. But it is an amazing coincidence. Living! — poor Herbert, thou canst not be!"

"Yes, madam, he does live," said I, desirous to abridge her anxiety; "and we both talk of the same person. He has told me all his story, and much of yours."

At these words she laid her hand upon mine, and her tears began to flow, but with that temperance which becomes the educated feelings of a gentlewoman, and is more affecting than loquacious lamentation.

While we were thus tenderly conversing, I thought that once or twice I had observed the twinkling eyes of John Waft peeping at us from among the leaves of the neighbouring bushes. It was, however, only for a moment, for he speedily disappeared. But, without retiring from the scene he had come slippingly behind us, and, just as Mrs. Cockspur laid her hand on mine, he put his head between us, and exclaimed, chuckling with delight, —

"Will ye deny noo, Mr. Todd — will ye deny noo? — haven't I catched you in the fact?"

Although, of all the manifold inbreakings of which that creature had been guilty, there was none so unapropos as this; yet the apparition of his head was so droll, and his winkings of waggery so comical, that a constraint of nature obliged me to laugh, as I said in rising, "The cloking hen was never so far off her eggs as ye're, bailie."

"Weel, weel," cried he, in a kind of ecstasy — "weel, weel — Oh, Mr. Todd, but that was a touching moment. Oh dear, it made my mouth water. But noo, Mr. Todd, were not ye long of coming to the point? Did na' ye hesitate? — that was ticklish — what a beating at the heart ye

must have had — at the vibration of the catastrophe! — Madam, I wi . — I declare she is off, and into the house."

It was so; Mrs. Cockspur, at the moment of the intrusion, rose and went into the house without saying a word; indeed, she could not be otherwise than in a consternation, being, as she w totally unacquainted with the bailie. However, I wa ot ill satisfied that he was so conglomerated about the true merits of the case, even while I saw that for a time I should be obliged to endure his satirical inflictions, because it would enable me to serve Mr. Herbert without suspicion or molestation. The better to carry on the plot, I took him by the arm, and led him towards the house, where Miss Volumnia had got her tea-table prettily set out on the green sward before the door, begging him, as we went along, that he would not mention what he had discovered.

"It's very true," said I, "and I'll not affect to deny it, Mr. Waft, that ye have seen something; but, although there may be a degree of understanding between Mrs. Cockspur and me, yet it is by no means either a clear or a settled point."

"I saw," replied he, a little seriously, "that ye had your difficulties, Mr. Todd. It's a tough job to woo and win a widow, for widows are kittle cattle. But now that ye have given me your confidence, it's finger on lip with me, Mr. Todd — but ye must allow me to emit a wee bit jeerie now and then, suitable to the occasion, for it bodes a dull matrimony when the courtship's without a comicality."

By this time we were near Miss Volumnia; and Mrs. Cockspur having retired into the house, I left beauty and the bodie, and used the freedom to follow her. She was sitting in a corner, and her countenance still wore the signs of sadness; but when I told her of the misconception which the bailie feigned, she brightened, and coming out to the tea-table, invited him, in a most genteel manner, to partake.

This was an honour he little expected, and it confirmed him in his error; but the presence of Miss Volumnia, as well as being unaccustomed to the elegant manners of the ladies, perplexed him. It was plain he was fidgeting for

an opportunity to throw a javelin both at Mrs. Cockspur and me, but he was awed by her serenity, and deterred by delicacy, lest it might disturb the young lady; for no mature miss approves of her mother's marrying — so he sat between *I would* and *I doubt* — an embarrassed man.

At this crisis, Mr. Bell, the minister, taking his evening walk, passed by at a short distance; and the bailie, forgetting he was himself but a guest, cried out to him to draw near. Miss Volumnia also beckoned to him to join us. Thus it happened, that in the bustle of making room for his accommodation, I had an opportunity of whispering to her, that the bailie had taken it into his head her mother and I were about to be married, and that I humoured his error. I thought this requisite to guard her feelings against his blethers, and it proved a judicious manœuvre. For, scarcely was the minister seated, when the 'lectrifying bottle began to crackle and sparkle in his old way, saying,—

"Mr. Bell, I would ask you a question in theology, concerning second marriages; what's your opinion of doings of that nature?"

The minister looked at me with a smile, and then at Miss Volumnia, who endeavoured to put a bridle in the mouth of risibility, by biting her own lips.

"I think," replied Mr. Bell, "a great deal may be said on both sides of the question. What's your opinion, Mr. Waft?"

"I'm disposed to take a practical view of the subject," was the reply. "Suppose, for example, (I'm only putting the case, Mrs. Cockspur, as a suppose, for well I know nobody of your breeding would ever look on the likes of Mr. Todd,) that, if he were to throw a sheep's eye at you, and ye had a neb in your heart to pick it up, there would be nothing extraordinary in that.—Now, Mr. Bell, to the point."

In turning round quickly to address the minister, his knee struck the leg of the table from under the leaf next to him, and the full cups, which chanced to be on it, tumbled with their contents on his legs: scalded and screaming, he instantly fled the scene of confusion, and we had all a hearty laugh at the disaster.

Nor was the accident without its instruction to philosophy. Miss Volumnia, though in a roundabout manner, was thus made to know that people did not think it an impossible thing for her mother to marry, which was the beginning of a preparation for the event, especially as, after the disappearance of the bailie, Mr. Bell and I had some solid discourse, in the presence of the two ladies, concerning second marriages, and marriages late in life; to both of which he expressed himself propitious, believing I was wiling him into the conversation for some intent with Mrs. Cockspur, notwithstanding the assurances I had given him to the contrary some time before.

CHAPTER X.

"Daughter of Jove!——
Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand."

On my return to Babelmandel, I had the grief to find a letter from Mr. Ferret, written in a friendly and feeling manner, concerning the conduct of Robin, my son. It could no longer be disguised, that the thoughtless lad had thrown the bridle on the neck of his passions, and was careering in a dangerous course. He had formed intimacies with a number of irreverent young men: "And though," said Mr. Ferret, "it cannot yet be alleged that he actually neglects his business, as he is regular in his attendance in the office; yet it is impossible, after the night has been wasted in dissipation, that he can bring a clear head in the morning to his duty;—moreover, there is reason," continued the worthy man, "to suspect that he is falling into debt. The amount, as far as I have been able to learn, is as yet inconsiderable; but still, as he has not been able to withstand the temptations of this city, I would advise you to send for him. He then expressed great sorrow for him, praising his natural talents, and commending

exceedingly his acquirements, the fruit of the care and judicious tuition of Mr. Herbert.

This distressing letter for a time drove all lighter matters from my mind. I spent the watches of the night in anxiety and sorrow, and when I went forth in the morning, every thing around appeared faded and disconsolate. I went through the business of the day at the store, but my mind was absent from the work of my hands, and I only made confusion. Sometimes I thought of going to Mr. Bell for spiritual consolation; and then I reflected how, on a former occasion, he spoke with a severity against youthful follies, to which my heart could not accord. Mr. Hoskins was not a man to talk with on the subject at all; his notions of dissipation were of a coarser kind than religion would allow me to tolerate; indeed, all his ideas were wild and of the wilderness. My only visible refuge was in Mr. Herbert, and I sent for him to condole with me.

As we were sitting together in the stoop, deliberating on what should be done, I happened to say, that if ill befel my first-born, it would bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Ah, Mr. Todd," said that wise and good man, "it is too soon for you yet to talk of old age; and long may you be spared from the anguish which is in the first taste of its condition. It is a grief of death, deeper and sadder than the sorrow that is felt for the loss of children."

"You have not been a parent, Mr. Herbert," was my reply.

"True, I have not been a parent, but I yet know the reason that is in life and in nature for the truth of what I say. Our first friends are all our seniors; we never meet again with such kind hearts and fond embraces as those amidst which our childhood nestled. Our parents, protectors, and patrons, all who feel for us interestedly, are those who knew us in the innocency of our childhood: contemporaries and schoolfellows may be faithful friends, but their friendship lacks the tenderness of that of the friends of the elder race. Our juniors regard us as beings of a different sphere. They cannot feel towards us any of the interest so essential to the enjoyment of life; it is when

our parents and their contemporaries die, and can no more be traced on the scene, that we receive the first visitation of age. The race that looked upon us with indulgence is then no more, the world is poorer in the means of help and kindness. There are then none who will interfere merely from affection to avert misfortune. I have heard you say that your father still lives; unless Nature were awry, while that is the case, you have still a friend; you have not yet reached the wide lone moor, over which lies the pilgrimage of needful age."

While we were thus pensively ruminating aloud to each other, Mr. Hoskins came towards us; something in his manner was unusual, and he sat down at a distance from me on the bench.

"I guess," said he, after being seated some time, "the Squire ha'n't had no letters from York-town this evening."

"No, none; none since Mr. Ferret's epistle."

"Well, I have got one from that ere Mr. Primly," and taking off his hat, in which he commonly carried his handkerchief, he took a letter from under the handkerchief, and turning aside from me, held it out at arm's length. I seized it eagerly, and at the same moment the old man rose and walked away.

There was still light enough to enable me to read the letter, which I saw by the first sentence was an answer to some enquiries which Mr. Hoskins had, unknown to me, made respecting Robin. The tears came into my eyes at this unbidden and secret tender-heartedness, and not being able in consequence to read farther, I gave the letter to Mr. Herbert, requesting him to cast his eyes over it, and let me know the contents. He did so, for about as long as one might take to count thirty, when he sighed, as if his bosom had been pierced with a cold weapon.

"Truly, Mr. Hoskins has a right warm heart," was his observation, as he sorrowfully refolded the letter, of which he retained possession.

"What says it of my boy, my erring and misguided Robin?"

Mr. Herbert made me no answer for some time, and when he did speak, it was in a broken and troubled voice,

the exact purport of which I could not distinctly hear. It was a suffocating murmur of the words "horrible, and murder, and death."

"Is he dead?" was my wild enquiry, for my throat was so parched with horror, that I could not articulate without an effort.

"No, he is not dead," was the emphatic answer.

"What has he done?" cried I, somewhat relieved.

"It could not be premeditated," said Mr. Herbert, thoughtfully; "it was not in the poor boy's nature to have imagined such a crime."

"Crime! oh, trifle not with me — is he accused of any crime?"

"Yes; and of murder!" In uttering these hideous words, Mr. Herbert, for the space of a minute, became so agitated, that he could not proceed.

"Yes, poor boy! he fell into a quarrel with some of his companions; a duel was the consequence, and his adversary was left for dead on the field; Robin and his second have fled. It is supposed they have gone to England in a ship which sailed that morning."

"Oh! Rebecca, he was thy son! he could not have committed murder!" was the first utterance I could give to the earthquake in my heart. I was then enabled to add, "I think he has not fled to England; I have ever been a kind father. Oh! pennyless in England! his doom is sealed."

Mr. Herbert, with many gentle remonstrances, endeavoured to assuage the violent grief which now overwhelmed me; but his endeavours were for a long time unavailing; nor was it until, in reply to my repining, he reminded me how often I had said evil was, in my life, the forecoming shadow of good, that I became in some degree calm.

We then consulted on what should be done. As the port to which the vessel was destined, was of course known at New York, Mr. Herbert proposed that a letter should be written, by the first ship for England, to some person, to look after the fugitive on his arrival; but there was only my aged father whom I could address, and he was old, and ill able to endure the fatigue of any journey or agitation.

"I had once many associates," said Mr. Herbert; "we shall to-morrow morning ascertain from the Cockspurs who among them are still alive, and I will write to some of them, though my letters will be as from the grave."

It is thus that Providence ever mitigates the east wind of adversity. Had the tidings of that night come a week sooner, how much keener would have been the blast? for then Mr. Herbert would not have thought of writing to any one in England; but now he could do so without repugnance, and speak of his own resuscitated condition and prospects. When I look back on my intercourse with that excellent man, and retrace, step by step, the course of our connection, from the day when I saw him first caressing his little dog in the solitude of the forest, I am bound to say, had our acquaintance ended with the interest he took in my unfortunate son, that he was an appointed instrument to bring about some of the most extraordinary events in my destiny.

CHAPTER XI.

——— "Such stuff
As dreams are made of, and their little life
Is rounded by a sleep."

At an early hour next morning Mr. Herbert came to see me, and found me very ill; my anxieties had brought on a fit of the ague: I had passed the night in dismal dreams; sleep I had none: the spell of an incantation was upon me; my bed was surrounded with auguries and omens, and I beheld dreadful apparitions flashing athwart the gloom.

My intention was to have gone with him to Judiville, to ascertain from the Cockspurs which of his old associates were yet living to whom he could write on behalf of my son; but the residue of the ague-fit was still upon me, and I could not quit the blankets, so that he was obliged to go alone.

In the course of the afternoon, having enjoyed some re-

freshing sleep, I rose, anxiously looking for Mr. Herbert; but he did not return till it was almost sunset. His mission was, however, satisfactory; he found that many of his oldest and most intimate acquaintances were still living, and he wrote to several of them from Judiville, that a post should not be lost.

Although it could not be said that this attentive kindness made any difference in my situation, it yet, in some measure, relieved my mind, — if that can be accounted relief, which merely provided that the fugitive, in the event of reaching England, should not find himself utterly destitute.

By the next post I wrote to my father. It was a heart-breaking thing to address that pious old man on such a subject, and to entreat him to receive with compassionate affection, if ever the rash lad reached his dwelling, one who was stained with blood. It is true, we had not heard that the victim of the duel was dead; but the hopes of his recovery were slender, and I prepared my mind for the worst. Alas! that the felicity of parents should so often be limited to the childhood of their children!

It was on this occasion that I first began to reflect seriously on the pain I had given to my kind father, when, intoxicated with the democratic vapours of the French Revolution, I was art and part in those projects of perfectibility, which brought me, and so many of my young companions, under the tawse of the Lord Advocate. I discerned then the truth of what Mr. Herbert had observed on the difference of feeling, between the regard which the young entertain for their seniors, and the tender affection of the old for those whom they have seen growing up from merry schoolboys into sober-visaged men; and the thought of my own recklessness made me suffer the heartburn of remorse. Strange! that I should have lived, insensible to the grief I had inflicted on my father, until the errors of my own son made me feel the sting.

I was in no heart to talk to Mr. Herbert of the reception he had met with from the Cockspurs, particularly of his meeting with the lady; nor, indeed, though I had been in a gayer mood, would the time, so immediately after it, have

been fitting for jocularity: but I requested him to spare me half an hour at his earliest convenience to consider of his own affairs. "It is a duty I owe you, Mr. Herbert, for your friendship in the misfortune that has befallen me. He made no reply, but pressed my hand, as he said "Good night," and shook his head thoughtfully.

In the mean time, the story of the duel had spread through the settlement, and I was, during the greater part of the day, in dread of a sympathising visit from John Waft; but he was not without delicacy, when a solemn occasion called for it. He knew that I was apt to fash at him, and he discreetly kept out of my way.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bell came from Judiville, and I would have been as well content had he not. The austerity with which, on a former occasion, he spoke of the faults of inexperience, I had not forgotten; nor the sternness of his sentiments respecting the errors of young men. Moreover, I had rejected his advice, and taken a more lenient course; I was therefore afraid at his appearance, lest he should chide me, and my heart was too sore to bear rough handling. But he came in the Samaritan spirit of consolation, and his holy admonitions pacified my wildest apprehensions: still, I must confess that nature continued strong; for, when he retired, I was far from being resigned, and more than once dared to question the rectitude of Providence, not in afflicting me, but in allowing my callow young to fall so early into the fowler's snare. At last, I endeavoured to master these irreverent murmurs, and to stifle an impiety that was worse than the folly of the fool's foolishness: in the struggle, Divine hope came to my assistance.

Soon after the departure of the minister, I found myself so weary in mind and body, that, upon the advice of Mrs. Hoskins, I went to bed, and a happy sleep was shed upon my pillow. In the morning I was more myself again; and, to the surprise of Mr. Herbert when he came to enquire for me, he learned I had gone to the store; where, as I have been always of opinion that earnest employment is the best mandragora for an aching heart, he found me busy with Charles, taking an inventory of the goods, preparatory to our removal to Judiville.

Instead of renewing the melancholy conversation, broken by his departure the preceding evening, I began immediately to speak of his own case; remarking, that I hoped he had met with nothing to disappoint him, but I did not like that head-shaking with which he had left me.

"I have not yet seen Mrs. Cockspur," was his reply · "I was not sufficiently prepared to meet her, so I made my business to be with the young men; and I cannot but say that their altered appearance darkened my hopes—it made me feel as if there were dotage in thinking of marriage with the mother of men. I did not make myself known to them for some time, nor did they recognise me. Bradshaw, the youngest, at first looked at me sharply; and, as we walked along, speaking of the settlement, he stepped a pace or two on before, and then, suddenly turning round, eyed me eagerly; evidently showing he was beginning either to recollect something of me, or somebody he thought I resembled. I hope you will not look upon this little comedy as any proof of slackness in my errand.

"Having gradually led the two gentlemen to some distance, I began to enquire about my old friend Mr. Groves. The moment I uttered his name, Bradshaw, with a slight exclamation, almost a shout, discovered me; Oliver stood still, and after steadily looking at me, said, "Is it possible?" Then they both shook me heartily by the hand; but I noticed immediately after that they exchanged looks; and without returning towards their mother's house, as I had expected, they walked onward in the direction I had taken them.

"To my questions they gave satisfactory answers, some of them in the highest degree agreeable; and they also particularly enquired about my own adventures, by which I was convinced their mother had not disclosed to them the news she had received from you. It is this that makes me doubtful to renew my acquaintance with her, while I cannot doubt that the young men would be equally averse to see it attempted. Their behaviour, both at the recognition and when we separated, was in accordance with this: they neither asked me to go back with them to see

their mother, nor, when we parted, did they express any wish to see me again."

"Now, mind," said I; "you and they have not been so miraculously brought into reunion here in the woods of America by accident; we shall see by and by what undivulged purpose is to be served by it."

"You are mighty confident in the results of the Providential drama," replied Mr. Herbert; "but in the progress of my life I have not been so observant of the indices of events: not that I have been altogether unobservant, for I have at times felt myself drawn or driven along a course from which by no voluntary effort could I deviate."

"Ah!" said I, "you light-speaking men of great cities may affect to be insensible to the evidences of a special Providence; but, Mr. Herbert, you — a man of your intelligence — cannot have lived so long, nor have seen so much of human life and of human nature, without having noticed that there are times, and men, and places, and things, that have a mysterious connection with good or evil in your destiny. The ignorant talk of lucky and unlucky days; of blighting eyes; and of plain soles; of spots haunted and uncanny, and of sounds and sights of dreadful or of encouraging prognostication. Your philosopher affects to give no credence to such creeds, because they touch not upon specialities; but who is he that hath not to himself acknowledged, that on such a day my bad angel often has the ascendency; that I hate to meet with such a man, the sight of him is never to me the forerunner of any good; that I have never been at such a place without soon after having cause for sorrow; and that when I dream of such and such phantasies, or feel particular influences in the atmosphere, I may prepare, as it were, for some new turn in the wheel of fortune, or advent of adversity? No, Mr. Herbert, there is not only a secret tie between your earthly lot and mine, though to what end is still a problem in both our lives. I redde you, therefore, to read more in the book of daily accidents, and you will less esteem the power and wisdom of man, and maybe discover that chance is but a coming round of some notch in the wheel that changes the patterns in the webs of the power-looms of

Providence. It was a lucky day, and Pabelmandel a happy place, when we first met. — Man! I am the agent of your good angel."

In this sort of mystical manner I essayed to revive his confidence in his destiny.

CHAPTER XII.

"The cursed carle was at his wonted trade."

During several days, I so much engaged myself with the business of the store, taking an inventory of the goods, laying aside such as were to be left for John Waft, and packing up those to be removed to the new establishment at Judiville, that my mind became in some degree estranged from grief.

Indeed, it is proper to note here, that, although at the time the anguish of my heart was very intense, I cannot now recall, on many points, such distinct recollections as to justify me in attempting a narrative so particular as the one I had originally intended to make. This is partly, no doubt, owing to the circumstance of writing it after the issue of events had determined their true nature; when things which, in their prospective estimate, seemed gloomy and disheartening, have proved happy in their consummation.

How can one who is esteemed fortunate, look back on the vicissitudes of fortune which he may have experienced, with the emotions he felt when the eclipse was passing over the sun? This consideration should excuse to the courteous reader any defect in feeling or inconsistency which may seem to mar the propriety of my story. I am like the sailor, with can in hand, describing the perils of his voyages, and the dark nights of danger he has passed on unknown shores. I think lightly now of accidents which,

at the time of their coming to pass, bruised my heart; and I see cause almost for laughter in disasters which, when beheld in their first aspect, threatened terrible things.

I well recollect an accident that fell out at the period of which I am treating; it then gave me a deal of vexation, but it can no longer be thought of with gravity.

On one of those days when I was busy in the store, arranging every thing for the flitting to Judiville, like a man of business and an honest man, my evil genius, John Waft, came to see me. It was his first visit after I had received the calamitous news of my son; and I but do him justice when I repeat that for some time his conduct was pleasant and Christian. He spoke with a true presbyterian sincerity concerning the lot of man, who is born to troubles as the sparks fly upwards, and whose best activity — his toil and moil in the servitude of the world — is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

But after a season, seeing what I was about, his discourse changed to more temporal topics, and he asked me which lot of the goods was destined for him. I pointed out two, at the sight of which he expressed himself well content, and he was evidently proud with the thought of being the master of such cargoes. This was in the generality. By and by, while I was occupied with other matters, be began to examine the articles, one by one, in a very scrutinising manner — which, considering the bargain he had gotten, and the way he over-reached me in it, might as well have been spared.

For some time, however, he met with nothing to which he could object, for it had so happened that the best things were uppermost. How that chanced, is impossible for me to tell; but it was a curious thing, and I have nothing but my character to set against the suspicion to which the bodie gave vent when he dipped deeper into the heap.

The first thing he found which had met with a misfortune, was a pot-metal spider that had most unaccountably broken its leg. He lifted it up, and brought it towards me in his hand, and in his usual mincing and simpering way, said, —

"Mr Todd, I would just, if ye'll spare a minute, beg you to look at this crippled commodity."

I turned round, and on seeing what was in his hand, cried, "Dear me! that's dreadful; how could such an accident happen? surely ye cannot think I observed it when it was set aside for you, Mr. Waft."

"Oh no, oh no," was his reply; "I'll never impute such a malefaction to you, Mr. Todd. It's an accidence, and I fancy I'll have to put up wi't."

So he carried it back; but instead of replacing it in the heap, he set it down by itself apart, and, rummaging for more infirmities, laid his hands on a kail-pot that had lost a foot; he raised it up in both hands, and came round with it also to me. I saw by a blink of my eye that he was coming; but I turned aside, for it was manifest he was going to be overly troublesome.

"Mr. Todd," said he again—"Mr. Todd, I wish ye would look at this: here's a pot that has lost a foot, and, where the foot has been, there is a hole."

"I can't help it: ye have it as I had it—I as little broke off the pot's foot, as the spider's leg," was my tart answer. But he was not to be so daunted, for he replied,—

"Oh, Mr. Todd, I would never even the like of such a folly to you. I ne'er could think that ye would sit down on the ground, and take spiders and pots on your lap, and knap off their legs and feet with a stone or a hammer. No: I have a better opinion of your understanding."

So he carried the pot back, and placed it beside the invalided spider: presently he found in the heap a tin teakettle, the spout of which was, by chance, become loose; I saw him shake it, and I heard it jingle; at the same time he gave a sniggering, out-of-temper laugh, and cried across the store to me,—

"I have the number of the Graces, and the third is a stroopless kettle;" so he tossed it from him towards the other three lamiters, with more bir than there was any need for, by which the spout was broken off.

"Let alone my goods, and not handle them in that manner," exclaimed I, for my corruption was rising: "see, ye have broken the spout off that kettle."

"It was loose before, and useless," replied he.

"You're useless," cried I; "and I am not going to let you pick and choose in that way; you shall have a fair assortment of the goods in the store; one for one, of every article I brought from Mr. Nackets', according to your black bargain."

From less to more, we came to high words, and he insisted on having every article in a sound and merchantable condition. That I declared he should not have; and after many more words than were likely to solder our difference, we agreed in the end to leave the matter to the arbitration of Mr. Herbert; for I insisted that, as nothing was said in the bargain about the quality and condition of the goods, he was bound to take his fair proportional share of the damaged articles.

Accordingly, we adjourned to Mr. Herbert's school, and finding it was the play-hour, and him alone, we stated our case, and got a quick adjudication. Having considered all the particulars, and made some very judicious strictures on the manner in which the bailie took me in at the first, he finally decided that justice would be satisfied by not obliging him to take more than his fair share of all kinds of the goods, whether entire or damaged.

From Mr. Herbert's tribunal we returned to the store, and jointly made a thorough examination of every thing; the result of which proved very vexatious to me; for it so happened, when we had finished the scrutiny of the lots set apart for the bailie's share, the objectionables were rather more numerous than, according to the verdict, they ought to have been; and the worst was, that I could not convince him it was owing, somehow, to an accident.

That piece of business was the last I had occasion to transact in Babelmandel; for, having finished the inventory, and packed all up for removal, I went to Judiville, to prepare the house for the reception of my family, and the store for the goods. I could not, however, finally retire from the village without regret. From the time of my arrival there, all worldly things had prospered with me exceedingly. I arrived a poor man, with not more than three hundred dollars, the residue of Mr. Hoskins's

generous gift ; — I was quitting it a rich one, with a great and growing substance in prospect. The prices at which I was selling the last of my speculations were doubled ; and the extraordinary progress of Judiville was, I may say, daily raising the value of the reservation in the vicinity of that town. The store had proved a source of profit far beyond hope ; and the banking company, though the arrangements were not quite complete, promised, as Mr. Hoskins said, to be a Queen of Sheba to us all.

But amidst so much prosperity I had not been without a taste both of grief and of anxiety. My sweet infant, the innocent and tender namesake of Rebecca, had there hallowed the ground to my remembrance : my family had also suffered a loss in their calm and industrious mother, which no change of earthly fortune could restore ; and I had there been first taught to weep the salt tears of parental affliction for the errors of a beloved son, who, until he left the place, had never given me any cause for sorrow.

PART VI.

CHAPTER I.

"Things wear a visage which I think to like not."

It was a sunny morning, early in October, when I sent off from Babelmandel Mrs. Hoskins and my two daughters in a wagon to Judiville, under the care of my son Charles: the old gentleman was already there. The woods were then in all their autumnal glory; the golden sycamore and the flaming maple illuminated the forest, and a surpassing splendour shone all around from the kindling boughs. It is not in the boundless bowers of America that the moralist can preach from the text of the fading leaf.

I forget, at this distance of time, the cause which prevented me from accompanying my family in the morning. I believe it was some matter concerning the bank, by which I was detained with Mr. Herbert, or perhaps something in his own affair: I only recollect it was late in the twilight before I reached our new home, and that he had accompanied me the greater part of the way; for we fell in together with Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur.

After dry salutations had passed between the two, Mr. Herbert returned homeward, and the young gentleman walked with me to the town.

I thought this a good opportunity to advert to the previous story of his mother and Mr. Herbert, for I had set my mind on seeing them married: and accordingly, as we sauntered leisurely along in the cool of the evening, I began to speak of my friend, to commend his many excellent qualities, and to express my hope that the close of his varied life might yet be in comfort.

To my commendations, Mr. Bradshaw acknowledged his assent; but there was a visible restraint upon him; and

when I had wised round the conversation to the events by which the marriage was frustrated, he expressed with some warmth his satisfaction that it had been broken off.

"Not that we had any objection," said he, "to Mr. Herbert personally: for, indeed, as you say, where is a more excellent, and, in many respects, a more able man to be found? — but we disliked the idea of a second marriage at the advanced period of my mother's life: besides, it seemed to be hazarding a repetition of the mortifications we had suffered in my father's time, and which could only be attributed to the disparity of his birth, as compared with the descent of our family."

I smiled at the young man as he made this latter observation, and remarked, "that it seemed to me odd he should speak of his mother's side of the house, as being the family to which he belonged;" adding with a laugh, "I guess, Mr. Bradshaw, your father had a father with ancestors as well as Mr. Devereux."

He seemed to blush a little at this insinuation, so I pushed home my advantage.

"Your family," said I, "have come to this country according to a pre-arranged plan of your father. Your property in England has been sold, and you are now planted in America — I hope to take root and to flourish. But, Mr. Bradshaw, you will neither find comfort nor increase here, unless you conform, not only to the customs of those among whom your lot has been cast, but to their opinions and ways of thinking. The people on this side of the Atlantic have no ancestors; it is not more than two hundred years, since the Adam and Eve of *this* world were formed out of the waters of the sea in the hollow of a ship."

"In family concerns, Mr. Todd," said the young man, interrupting me a little too briskly, "the advice of strangers is often best spared until solicited."

"No doubt," replied I, pretending not to have felt his short remark; "but a traveller on an unknown road is none the worse of a hint as to the course he should take. You will be much mistaken if you expect to find America like England, and still more if you think it may be made so. I have seen many self-conceited emigrants, who ima-

gined it might: not being able at home to make England like America, they come here, and their first work is to make America like England. It is wonderful how much this is the case with the reforming gentry."

"But we are of no political sect," said Mr. Bradshaw; "we have come with no other intention than to live as happily as we can, and to pursue a course for ourselves, that may enable us to preserve the same relative position in society we had a right to at home."

My facetious answer was, "I now perceive you have come here to be ancestors. That may do very well with your young folk; but your leddy-mother's days for that trade are pretty well over."

He was apparently not pleased with this retort; but as I owed him one for his shortness about family concerns, I continued, —

"And to be as plain with you, Mr. Bradshaw, as I am pleasant, this is not an affair in which dutiful children would interfere; indeed, no discreet child, be it son or daughter, would ever think of meddling with a parent's marriage."

"I think differently," was his dogged reply.

I was really dum[b]founded at this unsavoury answer, and for lack of better, [s]aid — "What you think now, and what your mother thought when you were clecket, are two very different things. But, Mr. Bradshaw, if you and your brother will listen to the advice of a well-wisher to your family, ye'll let your mother please herself. I doubt not she has as many reasonable objections to a marriage in her old days, as her children can have; and she's a leddy of such good sense, and so correct a judgment, that she well may be left to the prudence of her own will."

"A marriage in old age! — 'tis ridiculous! 'tis almost a shame," cried he.

"Hoot toot! hoot toot! Mr. Bradshaw," said I, "that's no' a way to talk of solemnities ordained in heaven. Ye seem to think that there can be no marriage without a dance: if it were so, then I agree it would be very ridiculous to see your leddy-mother and Mr. Herbert, the one fifty-nine and the other threescore, whisking round and

round the room to a two-some reel; but I can assure you no such galloping is at all indispensable. They have only to be joined in one; and after a sober tea-drinking, befitting their time of life, to take a glass of wine, and ——"

"A glass of devils!" exclaimed the young gentleman, in a contumacious manner, and walked hastily forward some twenty or thirty paces. Then he suddenly turned and came back towards me, with a glowing face, and eyes that might have kindled candles. Seeing him coming, I thought to myself, now that I am on the wall-top, it's just as well to venture the leap.

"Mr. Todd," said he, as bold as a lion — "Mr. Todd, I forbid you to interfere in the affairs of our family."

"Show your authority, Mr. Bradshaw," was my calm and juridical reply.

He stood still, as if the lightning had smote him; he looked at me like a storm, and I looked at him with a smiling visage, like a summer morning. He turned upon his heel, and stately strode away. He had not, however, walked many yards, when I called him back.

"Hooly, hooly, Mr. Bradshaw," cried I, "ye need not make a tempest of yourself; for if there be such objections to Mr. Herbert, maybe I'm no so ill pleased to hear o't as ye fancy — maybe I have just been sounding you?"

He again stood still, and looked at me with an astonished and inquisitive eye for some time; then I perceived the angry crimson fading from his cheek, and a smile beginning to mantle and dimple, as he said, —

"Well! you are a droll character: but, Mr. Todd, you really ought not to play so cruelly with one's feelings."

"Let by-ganes be by-ganes, Mr. Bradshaw;" and with these words I held out my hand to him, which he cordially accepted. I then put on a grave and kind face, and took him by the arm, as I added, "I would now put a serious question; seeing you are so determined against Mr. Herbert, what would be your sentiments, were another to offer? — suppose me?"

He flung from me like a whirlwind, and uttering not a word, hastened home as quickly as his legs could carry him.

I certainly did intend to surprise him, at the same time I expected he would have seen through the joke; so, being rather vexed by his abrupt departure, I walked on to the town, not in the best of all humours with myself. I had clearly made no progress towards the object in view; and parting in the manner we did, had perhaps rendered the chance of success to Mr. Herbert less probable. But, verily we know not what we do; for I could not have been more wisely directed, as will be seen in the sequel, than in using that suggestion, though it was done with a light mind.

Mr. Bradshaw, on reaching home, had, it appeared, summoned a council, consisting of his brother and sister, to whom he related all that had passed between us. What they severally thought of Mr. Herbert's renewed pretensions, of course, I never heard; but it would seem that the idea of me evening myself in sincerity to their mother, concentrated all their indignation into one focus, and I was destined to be consumed. They went in a body to their mother, as she herself afterwards told me, and being come before her, Bradshaw, who was spokesman on the occasion, addressed her at great length, not only against the indecorum of second marriages in general, but a marriage with me in particular. She saw they were under a delusion, and she allowed them to remain in it; nay, being somewhat diverted with the vehemence of their manifold objections to me, she even slyly encouraged them to imagine there was some sort of matrimonial tendency between us: but they interpreted her equivocalities, as she intended they should, until they grew wild to see her mind so seemingly made up to accept of my hand.

The affair did not end with this scene. The remonstrators retired; and at another sitting, appointed Miss Volumnia to see my daughters on the subject, and to urge them to attack me; while Mr. Bradshaw, who was the leader of the war, undertook to bring my son Charles into their alliance. The declaration of hostilities was, however, suspended, in consequence of an occurrence, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

"We 'll build it up of the sycamore-tree."

The house at Judiville, into which I had now moved my family, was a very handsome building. It was not then so large as it is now, the two wings having been added in the course of the year after. The store below was also noble and capacious, and the warehouses behind had not their match then in all the Genesee country. The whole premises have, no doubt, been long since surpassed in appearance by many other edificial structures; but there has not yet been any building erected in Judiville, which, for conveniencies within, and a judicious situation, can compare with the premises of Hoskins and Todd.

The progress of the town has been very wonderful. In less than five years from the date of "The festivaul," it contained upwards of two thousand seven hundred inhabitants; and at this present writing, the population exceeds ten thousand souls. Mr. Hoskins is one of the richest men in many counties; and when the instalments are paid up on my twenty thousand acres, which were all settled for in the five years, I shall have no cause to grumble at the reward vouchsafed for my courage in that speculation. But let me not brag.

At the era of my arrival for a permanent purpose at Judiville, though the world was then, as it has ever since been, blithe towards me, there was a worm in my heart—the misconduct of my first-born, which neither riches nor honours could appease.

The post, on the day after my arrival, brought letters from New York, which, to a certain extent, were salutary to my spirits. They informed us, that the young man, who had fallen in the duel, had been pronounced out of danger, and that it had been ascertained my son's companion had not sailed in the ship for England, he having been seen in Baltimore, which afforded just reason to think

that Robin also had not quitted America. It may, therefore, be said that I took up my abode at Judiville under favourable auspices, though my anxieties for the unfortunate and ill-guided lad were still very sharp, and filled my uneasy pillow with thorns.

In this state of suspense matters continued for some time; at last, the newspapers having spread far and wide that the duel was not fatal, my son's companion returned to his friends in New York, and through him we learned that, although Robin had not sailed for England in the ship at first supposed, he had, nevertheless, taken his passage in another, bound for Greenock, in Scotland, with the intent of going to my father.

There was both comfort and vexation in the news;—comfort that he was heard of at all, and had taken the direction of Bonnytown; vexation that he should have so cast himself upon the world, friendless and pennyless, and haunted with horror for the deed it was believed he had done.

Under the persuasion that he would reach his grandfather in safety, I thought it my duty to reflect seriously on the means of turning the accident to the poor lad's advantage: accordingly, after a great deal of cogitation, I came to the resolution to let him attend the useful classes in the Edinburgh College for the winter; and to that effect I wrote to my father, and sent him, by means of Mr. Primly, a bill of exchange for a hundred pounds sterling; a sum that I thought would make the old man goggle. I wrote, also, at the same time, to Robin; and as the young man whom he had left for dead on the field was then well and hearty, I need not say that, on this occasion, the rod was not spared.

Having said so much concerning my domestic tribulations, I shall now return to the general stream of my story; but, before entering on it at the point where I left off, it is meet and fit I should acquaint the courteous reader with a great work then in hand, of which I take pride to myself for having been the originator.

It will be recollected, that a considerable time ago I mentioned, in an incidental manner, something of the com-

pany by whom the first mills at Judiville were erected. The leading partner was a countryman of mine, a most worthy Scotchman, who had been bred a millwright at the Brig-o'-Johnstone, in Renfrewshire, in the expectation of going out to an uncle, who was an overseer of a sugar-estate in the island of Grenada. But Mr. Semple, as he was called, however, grew to have a heart-hatred of slavery; and when he was done with his time as an apprentice, he resolved to have nothing to say to the West Indies; so, being like myself, in the way of youthful indiscretion, a little addicted to the reforming of parliament;—for the folks about the Brig-o'-Johnstone, Kilbarchan, and Lochanogh are great reformers;—he came to America, where by industry and good conduct he made, in the course of a few years, some money.

Mr. Semple and I, one Sabbath, after hearing a capital discourse from Mr. Bell, were taking a stroll together along the skirts of the wood, and from one thing to another, we began to converse about the old country, and how pleasant it was to see a steeple-top glittering above the trees on a fine evening, and to hear the far-off kirk-bell ringing shrilly in the lown of a Sunday morning. This led us to think, that the time could not be distant, when it would be necessary to build a church, and a steeple with bells in it, at Judiville; and from less to more, it was that very night resolved between us, that we should set about the business without delay.

To build a church in the wilderness—as in a sense the town still was—some might have thought a bold undertaking; but we set warily about it: we first raised as liberal a voluntary subscription as we could—and it was pleasant to see how religiously the settlers were inclined—for the amount exceeded our most sanguine expectations; we then opened another paper for shares, which, as the seats were to be let, and the town was daily increasing, was soon filled up; and Hoskins and Todd were appointed the treasurers.

Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur, whom I have already spoken of as having a genius for architecture, drew the plan, under the directions of Mr. Semple, from a description which he

gave him of a new church at Greenock, one of the finest buildings in Christendom; at least, so said Mr. Semple, and he but repeated the opinion of all the inhabitants of Greenock, the most enlightened community in the West of Scotland, scarcely excepting even that of Port Glasgow—so justly, for its taste in the fine arts, denominated the Florence of the West. The plan, however, when it was completed, was, according to Mr. Semple, superior even to the Greenock basilica; inasmuch as the portico had six Corinthian pillars, and the steeple was a story higher, which, he said, was just what the Greenock one is short of perfection.

The building of this grand structure was in due season commenced; and as I was the acting treasurer, and likely to have a great deal of trouble in consequence, Mr. Semple stipulated with the contractors that they should take their nails (it was a wooden church), and glass, and other hardware, from Messrs. Hoskins and Todd's store; for which compliment I could do no less than make a point that the planks and timber should be had from the Judiville Mill Company, of which Mr. Semple was the principal partner. It was a profitable, but not a fortune-making job to both of us.

The church, by the time of my removal from Babelmandel, was nearly finished, and we were beginning to talk of having Mr. Bell placed in it. To this, however, an objection was started by some of the shareholders, who were Methodists and Unitarians. They insisted that it would be better for all our interests, if the church were open for renting to all sects; and the question being duly considered, it was so determined. For one, I was in heart averse to making the temple a place of money-changers; but so great a majority was against me, that I thought it prudent to say nothing. I had lived long enough in the world to discern that there is but little use in raising an opposition, unless there be some chance of accomplishing the intent of it. In this case there was none; the question was between God and Mammon, and the majority of the shareholders were zealous to make money.

Having now both a kirk and a mill, it was the wonder

of many that nobody had set up a newspaper. This lack was chiefly owing to a persuasion entertained by many, that no great length of time would pass until we should see printers among the settlers, and so it speedily came to pass. On the very day after my arrival, and before we had got half our goods and chattels in order, two men came into the store. One of them, Mr. Primmer, a sallow, unclean-looking subject, with an ill-tied cravat, a new coat, and an old hat, said he was a printer, and that if he was likely to get encouragement, he would try a newspaper for a spec. The other was an elderly, lean man, with a loose hanging frill to his shirt, and seemingly much given to snuff; his breath was untrue, if he had not a hankering after gin-and-bitters also. The printer introduced him by the style and title of Dr. Murdoch, from Aberdeen; an eminent scholar, who proposed to do the editorial article, and superintend the literary department in general. A newspaper accordingly, under the attractive name of "THE JUDIVILLE JUPITER," was presently set a-going. Some altercation took place before the name was determined, but I had no part in the controversy: Mr. Hoskins stood stoutly out for having it called "THE AGAMEMNON OF LIBERTY!"

When every thing was arranged, a printing-house in order, and a book-store connected with the establishment, under the special care of the learned Dr. Murdoch, it was announced that the first number of "THE JUDIVILLE JUPITER" would appear on the following Monday, and great exertions were made to keep faith with the public; but still the first number was not quite so complete as the proprietors had hoped; an accident having happened to a box of their types, by which they were obliged to omit the Roman letters and the capitals until a new supply could be obtained: and next Monday, they had only ink enough to print three sides of the paper; and when the subscribers, whom I had procured, complained to me, I told them to remember that Rome was not built in a day. We have, however, now to boast of many papers, and our daily journal is as handsomely got up, and as learnedly written, as any newspaper in New York state.

CHAPTER III.

"Marry come up! here's a to-do!"

A FEW days after we had taken up our residence at Judiville, as I was standing at the door of the store, with my hands behind, looking at the buildings, which were rising on every side, I saw Miss Volumnia Cockspur coming by herself towards the house. As she passed me to go in by the private door, I could see she was big with something important, for she eyed me askance, more sulkily than was graceful in any young lady, and very forbidding in her, whom at all other times I had respected as a comely and judicious maiden: moreover, to my blithe salutation she made no reply, but only a high-madam-ho signification that she recognised me.

"There's a gale in your tail," said I to myself as she passed by, "light where it likes."

It did not then strike me that Miss could be about any Machiavelian manœuvre; indeed, she was the last young lady I would ever have supposed likely to be guilty of any sort of left-handed stratagem; she was at all times so fair and frank in her simplicity. I gave her at the same time credit only for a complimentary call on Mrs. Hoskins and my daughters, as they were new comers.

After she had been longer with them than they could well afford time from their thrift to spend in feminine frivolity, I began to conjecture with myself as to what could possibly be the object and purpose of her visit, when suddenly it came into my head that it might have some reference to her mother's proposed marriage. So, without more ado, bidding Charles to have an eye to the door, I walked round the corner, went up-stairs, and was presently in the midst of the ladies. I found my daughters and Miss Volumnia, like three heroines of a novel, bathed in tears, and Mrs. Hoskins sitting in the midst of them, knitting a comforter, and giving them good advice.

The moment I entered, Miss Cockspur wiped her eyes, and scrubbing up her rosy cheeks into higher bloom, bounced from her seat, and moved to make a flourishing exit with indignation, but I took hold of her by the two arms from behind, and pulling them back until her elbows almost met, I said to her, in a familiar, gallanting manner, —

"Sit ye down, Miss Voly, and tell us which of your sweethearts is a perjured wretch — breaking your tender heart?"

She paid, however, no attention to what I said, but rising again, looked at me as sternly as it was possible for a beautiful damsel of seventeen to do.

"Sir," said she, "since you have broken in upon us so unexpectedly, and seen our distress, I hope you will consider well before you make us all more miserable: besides, sir, it is needless for you to flatter yourself with any hope; my mother will never be permitted to marry you."

Here a flash of light pierced my brain, for she laid a stress upon the word *you*, as if, though her mother would not be permitted to accept my hand, she might yet accept another's; and I saw, that by pretending to persevere in my supposed courtship, a way might be opened to win the consent of her brothers and herself to a union with Mr. Herbert. So I said, with a voice of more seeming sincerity than I really felt, —

"Upon my word, Miss Volumnia, you are early setting up for a dispenser of weddings. I think, before you venture to pronounce any opinion as to who may be the fittest husband for your leddy-mother, you should first get a husband for yourself."

As I said these words, Marianne, my eldest daughter, began to tune her pipes with the spring she learnt first, and Isabella her sister was not long of joining chorus. Mrs. Hoskins, who was a little in my confidence, knowing the rights of the case, could scarcely keep a becoming countenance; and Miss Cockspur stood the image of an afflicted consternation.

"My dears," said I, addressing myself in a pretended sympathising manner to my daughters, "ye have no doubt

heard that marriages are made in heaven; and you know, if I and Mrs. Cockspur are bookit there to be man and wife, there's nothing in this world can prevent it."

"But it shall be prevented," cried Miss Volumnia, "and it must be prevented. My mother has long been engaged to Mr. Herbert. It will be a terrible thing if she now prefers you to him;" and with these words she flounced out of the room in a fine passion.

Seeing the distress of mind into which she had thrown my poor sensitive girls, I was almost inclined to let them into the secret; but considering their indiscreet years, on second thoughts, I paused, and, winking to Mrs. Hoskins, left them to her consolation, assured from my experience of her motherly manner that she would soon take the edge off their grief.

I had, however, a more kittle case to manage with Charles, whom one of the young men had instigated to be rampageous. The lad himself was not naturally addicted to violent courses, but was of a calm reasonable nature, with a sly but bright vein of humour and mother wit. When he began to speak on the subject, I soon saw it would never do to treat him with mystification, as I had done his sisters and Miss Volumnia. Accordingly, after a few sentences had passed between us, I resolved to let him at once into my secret purpose, though he was then only between fifteen and sixteen; charging him, however, in the strictest manner, to prove himself worthy of the confidence, by concealing it from his sisters even at the pain of seeing them for a season in a state of uneasiness. And really he proved himself a clever diplomatical; for he so worked upon the two young men, especially upon Bradshaw, who was more spirity in his feelings than Oliver, that they were persuaded a marriage between their mother and me would certainly come to pass, unless it could be prevented by admitting again the claims of Mr. Herbert. Many a hearty laugh had both Charles and I in our sleeves at the progress of the plot.

With Oliver and Bradshaw Cockspur he took every opportunity of describing his fears and affliction at the supposed impending event. I was then a little enlarging and improving our household furniture, making it more and

more in conformity with my increasing means, and the style of our habitation. Every new article I bought was duly mentioned by the pawkie laddie to the two saucy varlets; and he never saw Mrs. Cockspur, either in their or in Miss Volumnia's presence, without seemingly evincing a heart-rooted aversion to her.

All this time I had held no communion with Mr. Oliver Cockspur on the subject, though he was the oldest son, and from the gentleness of his disposition possessed of great influence over his mother. In truth, by that very gentleness and sensibility I was somewhat overawed. He was a young man not to be trifled with; every thing so seriously affected him. With Bradshaw I could take far greater liberties; for although at the time I played my pranks, he would storm and strut like a king in a tragedy, yet at the moment he was let into a joke, he would whirl round like a tetotum, and laugh in the perfectest enjoyment at the sport of which he had himself been the subject. In the mean time every thing was progressing to the desired issue: Mrs. Cockspur had no rest: I could not speak to her as she chanced to pass the door of the store, though in the merriest civility, my thoughts having no regard at the time either to her or the plot, but the young men were sure to hear of it from Charles, with many comical commentaries; and she, in her turn, had it served up to her with a plentiful garnishing of the horseradish of their petulance.

At last, Mr. Oliver Cockspur came to me one morning in the store, soon after his brother had called and taken out Charles. I could see without spectacles that this was a concerted scheme, so I prepared myself to hear in my best manner the young man's remonstrance, none doubting what he had to say would be such.

"Mr. Todd," said he, "I have come to deal frankly and fairly with you. For some time, neither my brother, my sister, nor myself, have been unmoved witnesses of the attentions you are paying our mother; we should do wrong, feeling as we all do, were we to allow you to remain longer in error. I do not, however, in saying this, allude to our strong filial objections to a second marriage, but to the fact that there is an impediment to a union with her which you

ought to know:—her hand is engaged to another gentleman, if ever she changes her life."

The reader must by this time have seen that I am sometimes a little apt to cut before the point; to mount the wall-top, reckless alike of what may be on the other side, and of the difficulty of getting down again on this. It was so on that occasion; for without sufficiently considering the import of my words, I said abruptly, —

"But that gentleman may renounce his claim."

Poor Mr. Oliver was taken all aback, and looked at me with a kindling eye for the space of at least two minutes, and then replied proudly, —

"He may renounce, certainly, but our mother is not at his disposal. He cannot assign his claim in favour of another, and, by God! shall not to you!"

"You are a very dutiful child, Mr. Oliver," was my answer; "but have you consulted your mamma in addressing yourself in that style to me? In one word, and to avoid controversy, I cannot abandon the hope of being honoured by a connection with your family, whatever the claims of others may be; — permit me to add, you are not the party to decide in this matter; it rests with your mother."

He made me no answer, but slightly bowing quitted the counting-house, for this conversation did not take place in the public store. In turning round, I observed, which I had not noticed before, that he was dressed for a ride, and had a whip in his hand. I followed him to the door, and saw he had a horse tied to the ring in the post at the corner. He mounted immediately, and rode off in the direction of Babelmandel.

"Can he be gone to Mr. Herbert?" said I to myself. "We shall soon see," was the response of myself to I; and locking the store, I immediately walked to Mrs. Cockspur's residence.

CHAPTER IV.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

On reaching Mrs. Cockspur's villa, I was shown into the parlour, where I found her alone, in great good-humour. She had just received a severe lecture on marriage in old age, from Miss Volumnia, and was longing to see me.

"I had observed," said she, "for some days, the mutinous looks of the young men, without being able to divine the cause; and Volumnia has told me, that they are all determined I shall not marry you."

Before I could make any answer, the young lady came in, and with her Marianne, my eldest daughter. The plot of the comedy was thickening. To hasten on the upshot, I expressed my delight at seeing them so lovingly sister-like.

"We shall never be sisters," exclaimed the two indignant misses, in one voice, and in a tone so piercing and so wild, that it threw the old lady and myself into an immoderate fit of laughter, which provoked Miss Volumnia to a great degree; for she immediately cried, with rather more pith than was genteel, —

"If my mother will marry, it shall be Mr. Herbert."

"That, my dear child," replied I coolly, winking to her mother, "does not depend upon you: 'shall' is a naughty word for a dutiful daughter to use towards her parent. But, if there is to be a wedding, your mother has a right to please herself. Come, come, Voly ——"

"None of your familiarities, sir!" was the tart rejoinder. "Voly, indeed! Oh! has it come to that?" And she sat down in a torrent of tears.

"You are a foolish girl," said Mrs. Cockspur, quite unable to preserve her gravity, yet, from the gentleness of her disposition, inclined not to afflict the poor maiden too severely — "you are a foolish girl; I 'm sure Mr. Todd has always proved himself exceedingly kind to you; — had

he been your own father, he could not have been more kind. I cannot think what makes you hate him so."

"I don't hate him, if he would let you alone. Oh, he will be such an ugly step-father!"

Here my sweet Marianne, feeling for the contumely thus cast on her father, interposed: "I'm sure your mother will be uglier for a step-mother."

The innocence and simplicity of this retort so delighted and affected Mrs. Cockspur, that she embraced Marianne; but Miss Volumnia plucked her eagerly away, and gave full vent to her vexation, not only with tears, but expressions so heart-touching, that I began to fear I should not be able myself to hold out to the end of the play.

"In this crisis my son Charles came in quest of the store-key; and when I went to the door to give it to him, a significant look told me he had something to tell, which induced me to leave the ladies abruptly.

"It is all settled," said the boy, chuckling and exulting, "and Mr. Oliver has gone to Babelmandel to invite Mr. Herbert to visit them. It is not their wish to encourage him much, but they think it will deter you, by which they will gain time to persuade their mother to give up the idea of a second marriage."

In this affair, Charles had managed so cleverly, and had evinced such sagacity, considering his years, that I suspect he was a little spurred by an apprehension that there might be some secret understanding between Mrs. Cockspur and me, notwithstanding what I had told him to the contrary; for the warmth of his satisfaction was rather more than exactly what the occasion required. However, I rejoiced exceedingly myself that matters had been brought so far round; and I hope there was no vanity in thinking, that, but for the touch I had myself given to the wheel, the clock would not so soon have been so near the striking.

Independent of the interest I had in wishing the business happily terminated, out of friendship for Mr. Herbert, I had yet a motive of my own inciting me to persevere until it should be so. Our partners in the banking concern had nearly matured their plans, and, as Mr. Herbert was to be the manager, I was anxious he should reside entirely at

Judiville. It is true, I had consented to Mr. Hoskins's arrangement, that he should still retain the school at Babelmandel, and come twice a week to regulate matters and things at the bank; but it was not satisfactory to my judgment. Moreover, the rapid increase of the town was attracting the settlers from Babelmandel, and, for some time, there had been a falling-off in the number of children attending the school: those who continued to attend belonged to the poorer settlers, who were often not able to pay for them. In a word, as far as I can well recollect at this distance of time, all hands of us were then in a puzzling conjuncture; for, though the kilfudyocking to bring about the marriage may seem to the courteous reader my principal occupation, it really was not so; it was, however, that which afforded the greatest diversion at the time, and is the pleasantest in recollection.

Among other perplexities of that period, was a kind of insubordination, if I may call it so, on the part of the minister, Mr. Bell. It is already known, that he was of an austere and constrained humour, less from sullenness of nature than from contrition for the abridged respectability to which he had early, by youthful imprudence, subjected himself. He was, without question, a man of ambitious passions, though severely pious; but his piety was curdled with remorse; it rarely flowed in that strain of indulgence and charity which belongs to the mercifulness of religion; while his ambition, deep and slow, held on its course like those rivers which run from the lakes, and which seldom seem to be swollen even by the heaviest rains.

About this time our grand church was completed; and it has been explained, that instead of being exclusively for the Presbyterians, as the original projectors intended, the majority of the shareholders insisted it should be let to whichever sect would give the highest rent; or even to two or three different sects, if by doing so more could be obtained. From the day on which it was so determined, Mr. Bell expressed his disappointment in not being placed sole minister, in stronger terms than he was justified by any thing in the proceedings to do, and it happened that I was ordained to bear the brunt of his offended clerical pride.

Perhaps I had in some degree exposed myself to it; for whilst the edifice was erecting, and before any question had arisen as to the letting, I had often spoken to Mr. Bell, as if the church was exclusively destined for him; and even went so far as to joke with him on the height he would hold his head in the pulpit, which, on account of the magnitude of the building, was uncommonly elevated. But, as I was saying, from the day on which his hope of being high priest was nipped, a cloud overspread his countenance, and as often as I chanced to make any allusion to the temple, he turned aside with a sneer, and made no answer. At last, a day was set for the final consideration of our ecclesiastical co-partnery, on which it was to be determined when the place should be opened for worship.

Before the day arrived, I had pretty well ascertained that the Methodists would far outbid the Presbyterians and Episcopalians united; and that they were not at all disposed to be in any way conjoined with them; so that Mr. Bell, who flattered himself the church was built for him, was cut off from all prospect of being permitted even to keep a door of it. I frankly acknowledge, that I, too, was mortified; for I looked to be the ruling elder, and had planned with Mr. Bell a proper kirk session, and every thing becoming the dignity of our national — I mean — the Scottish establishment; but I was in some measure comforted by foreseeing that the erection of another tabernacle could not be far off. Not so was it with the minister, for he was one of those ardent minds, in whom the present affair swallows up every other consideration.

He came to me on the afternoon preceding the day appointed for the meeting, and said, —

"So, Mr. Todd, we 're to have another verification of the folly of putting our trust in princes or men's sons."

I saw what was coming, and briskly added — "Or in churches, Mr. Bell: they are all a vain show."

At these words he grew pale, and his lips trembled with anger.

"I think," said he, his voice quavering as he spoke, "that you might at this time have spared that taunt. My

early fault had nothing to do with the present disappointment."

I was petrified to hear him, having no more thought than the babe unborn of alluding to his misfortune — for such, indeed, it must ever be considered by the humane; it was so constantly uppermost in his mind, and smouldering an unextinguished ember in the ashes of his ambition.

"Mr. Bell," replied I, "you have never received cause to suppose that I would unfeelingly touch your sore I was not even thinking of it, sir. I only meant to a lighter cast to our conversation than it was likely judging by the cloud on your countenance."

He however made me no answer; but added, You were bound, Mr. Todd, to have exerted yourself: for truly, to be plain with you, after so often giving me reason to expect the church, I feel myself free to say that I have not been well used. I have been deluded."

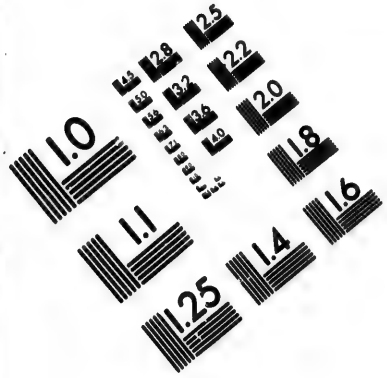
"Eh, Mr. Bell!" cried I, astonished — "Not well used! have been deluded! — What do you mean?"

"I mean — had you been as active to get the church for me, as you were to get the contract for yourself, I would not have had occasion to say what I have now said."

This was a tickler, that required a considerate answer; and accordingly, after a pause — for though he was a minister of the Gospel, I was ready to let fly a bomb-shell in his face — my reply was, —

"Mr. Bell; as a Christian man, I have all proper reverence for God's corbies; but for the carnality that is in the priesthood, I have as little respect as for the insolence of other men: and therefore, if you do not wish I should request you to show me your back in the doorway, ye'll scrape your foul tongue. Your many good qualities no one values more than I do; but you are not to indemnify yourself on me for any contempt you may, by your misconduct, either now or heretofore have brought upon yourself."

He was not only astonished, but quite dumb-founded, to hear me speak in that manner. I, who had uniformly shown him the most reverential regard. Truly, at the moment, we were a matchless pair; for he is a tall man, of a powerful frame, and my junior, and he was standing



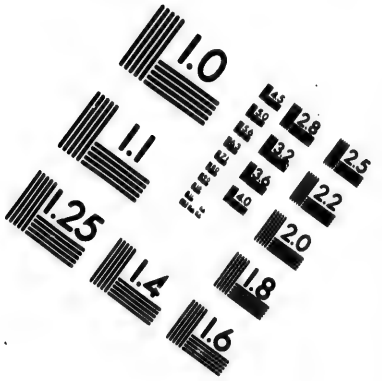
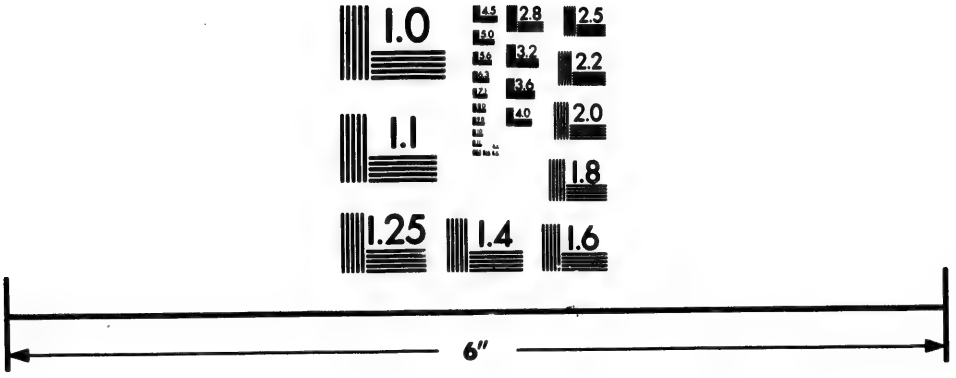
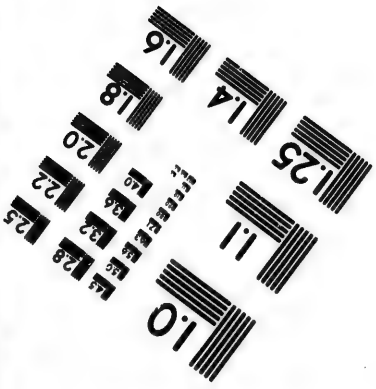
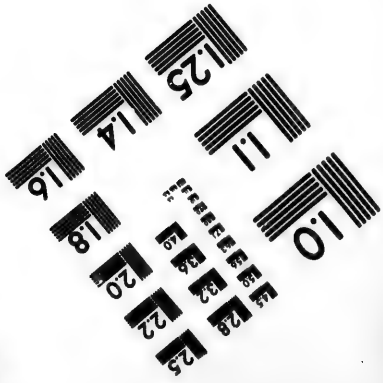


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

as straight and as stiff as a monument; while I, with my hands behind, was fronting him like a lion, and rising courageously on my tiptoes at every sentence I uttered, my head bobbing up to his breast.

"This is going too far," said he, and instantly quitted the store.

CHAPTER V.

"So fled the beggar with his bandaged leg."

Mr. Bell had not left me many minutes, when the puff of passion to which he had put the spunk was out, and I began to repent of my rudeness—for rude I had been, and more so than the provocation warranted; at least it seemed so, when I came to reflect on whose service he was in, and the livery by which he was protected.

While I was in this vexed and contrite mood, meditating on the course I should take to procure a reconciliation, who should come into the store to console me but Bailie Waft, from Babelmandel. I had not seen him for some time, and although I might, probably, on proposition, have eschewed a meeting, I was yet glad at his now coming, as he did unawares upon me; for it is an infirmity of my nature to take an attachment to every thing I happen to grow familiar with, and I really liked the bodie almost for the tribulations he had inflicted.

"How do you do, Mr. Todd?" said he, looking behind cautiously, as if he was followed, or was likely to have been overheard. "What can have come o'er the minister? I met him, stalking, as it were, with seven-league boots; his eyes looking up through the hair of his bushy eyebrows, his lips drawn back, and his teeth grinning like an atomy's, while his hands and arms were going like a drummer's with the fire-beat.—Gude guide us, Mr. Todd!—surely yon man's delirious!"

As the conduct of the bailie, subsequent to the first day,

had been in every way praiseworthy towards Mr. Bell, I was desirous to drop the curtain on the scene of our altercation, and to avoid saying any thing that might tend to diminish the respect with which the unfortunate man had re-inspired him. Accordingly, I merely remarked, in an off-hand manner, that he and I had a few words of argument about the church, which, in consequence of the rent the Methodists had offered, the Presbyterians were cut off from the chance of obtaining.

"Ah!" cried the bailie, with ten times more sagacity than I gave him credit for, "that's it! His pride has met with another wound.—Poor man! I hope he'll no' go off at the head, like a bottle of ower brisk ginger-beer when the string of the cork's cuttit. Oh! but he must have a daily wrestling with corrupt human nature. It costs him more trouble to behave with common decorum, than it would do the like of you and me, Mr. Todd, to be of the number of the four and twenty elders. Ay, ay, Mr. Todd, it's no' easy to be a saint, even among the clergy, who are paid for't. But, talking of paying, I would fain have two words with you in the sanctum of your inner place, quietly, in a sedate manner."

Without making any reply, I opened the door, and bidding Charles, who was writing at the desk, look to the store, and the bailie to be seated in the chair, I mounted myself on the top of one of our two tall official stools.

"Really, Mr. Todd," said the bailie, looking queerily up to me, "ye're like a kind of Godie there, condescending to lend an ear to a mortal; but it's a place that well becomes you;—few men have your sagacity, few can so see behind the scenes of futurity like you: well would it be for me had I but the moiety of your discernment."

The courteous reader will discover by this adulation, that the cunning bodie had a point to gain; and he would have but a small opinion of my judgment, and a great one of my vanity, if he can suppose I was to be wheedled from my wariness by such shallow necromancy.

"Mr. Waft," said I—my blood having been made peremptory by the arrogance of Mr. Bell—"both you and I should now be old enough to give over trying to trick one

another. I see you have come to seek some advantage, so let us have no more hooky-crooky, but tell me at once the object of your visit."

"I hope, Mr. Todd, I have not come to give you any offence," was his roundabout answer; "but I'm sorry to say, that since prosperity has made you powerful, ye're no' just so kindly in your way as ye were when your purse and heart were lighter. However, it's no' for me, that's come to beg a favour, to make animadversions. Ye were always a good neighbour to me, Mr. Todd, and I hope to find you so still;—but, oh, Mr. Todd, I'm a ruined man!"

"No' possible! Mr. Waft," cried I, both surprised and deeply affected, for he had got a monstrous bargain of the store and goods, and was driving, as I heard, a roaring trade, like a public house on a fair day. "In the name of mirth and melancholy, by whom are you ruined, and how did it happen?"

"Just by yoursel', Mr. Todd," said he, shaking his head; "and it happened by that black bargain, of which ye have never been able to speak with your wonted calmness and prudence. Ye see, when I took you in, as ye hae so often said, I was no astrologer; I did not see what was coming to pass, and that all the trade was to run after you to Judiville. The trade has gone clean away from Babelmandel; a customer does not darken the door of my store from Monday morning to Saturday night. The speerin's break their legs, the Lord only knows how; and the m[illegible] have eaten the blankets to riddles. In short, Mr. Todd, I'm on the point of perishing the pack, though ye thought I had gotten both the main and the more. If you will not help me, I'm an undone man."

This information was an affliction, it was so different from what I had been taught to believe. That the trade, and very being and substance, of Babelmandel was in a decline, caused by the growing attractions of Judiville, was no news; even Napoleon, with all the capital of the Albany company, was dwindling before the genius of our town, so much more judiciously had we been located; but still I thought that there had been trade enough to give Mr. Waft fair encouragement.

"Oh, no," said he; "I have been selling at prime cost, and even under, ever since I saw what was coming to pass; and it was in the doing of that ruinous dealing ye thought me coining money. Alas, alas! — what would ye advise me to do?"

"I'm much grieved to hear all this, Mr. Waft; and how to help you is not easy to say. Have you any considerable part of the goods remaining on hand?"

"Ah, Mr. Todd, you have touched the sore shin of my calamity, I have but a few beggarly remnants, — oh, oh! — the best are all disposed of, and I wish they were down the water; for I could sell the store to a new settler, were I only quit of them."

Though on my guard, and not to be taken in by him a second time, I yet sympathised with his misfortune, and was disposed to help him. "What amount of articles may you have remaining?" said I.

"Oh, just a trifle, as you and Mr. Hoskins reckon, Mr. Todd; it would no' be worth a once, twice, thrice, to any opulent merchant, but it's a Spanish galloon to a poor man. Oh, Mr. Todd, I'll be real honest with you, if ye would take them off my hand, for I never was made for making money behind a counter. Ye would, in a worldly sense, be my salvation."

Much more to the same tune and burden did he sing, until he persuaded me to take back the invalid articles at prime cost. We had not, however, well made a minute of the sale when my mind began to misgive, for I saw glimpses of more joyous satisfaction about him when the bargain was concluded than need have been, had all about it been as sound as my old friend William Cobbett's Ruta Baja's.

Just as we had severally signed the minute, in came Mr. Semple of the mills and Mr. Hoskins, at the sight of whom the bailie showed more haste to depart than accorded with his habitual curiosity to pry into other folks' affairs. They had come to invite me to take an interest in a large stand of new mills which it was proposed to erect by subscription; those which the Judiville Mill Company had brought into operation having proved eminently successful.

Mr. Semple and his partners would have constructed the

proposed mills themselves, but the water privileges of the site being still the property of Mr. Hoskins, he would only lease them: this was one of the old man's "shots into the bush," as he calls it, — a spec purely on venture.

Mr. Hoskins and I being partners, before I gave any answer to the proposition, I requested a few minutes for consultation; so, leaving Mr. Semple and John Waft in the office, we walked out.

"Tell me," said I to the old man, "how it is that you help forward this plan, and why it is you lay such a restriction?"

"Let the Squire take note," replied Mr. Hoskins; "better manage two than three, and three than four, in fellowship — so forth. Now the Squire, he knows as how 'em 'ere privileges are Jerusalem fine. Well, I guess, if many go into the spec, some will fall out; and I, being the proprietor of the land, may cast 'em all into the mill-dam; and so the mills will come to my inheritors, who are to be the Squire's second crop — the boy Charles and the two girls. So the Squire, he must take a ticket too in this here lottery."

As the proposed stake was not great, I readily acquiesced, and went back to the counting-house to subscribe the paper, which was lying open, with a number of subscribers' names on it, before Mr. Waft, who had a pencil in his hand.

The first glance of the paper showed me a name obscured by the pencil, which, however, I did not affect to notice, but put down Hoskins and Todd for a thousand dollars; and then, in a careless manner, I took a bit of Indian rubber, which happened to be on the desk, and cleaned the paper, revealing to view the crunkly autograph of the worthy John Waft, for one thousand dollars likewise. We had a hearty laugh at this, for we all so set upon him, that we compelled him to confess he had actually sold the sound goods, by which operation he had made that sum, as may be proved by calculation; and had all he was to get for the invalided articles, over and above, free gratis profit.

But do not let the courteous reader think that I grudged him this advantage: on the contrary, it afforded me great pleasure to see it proved that he had done so well: nor did

I very sincerely revile him for his pretension to ruin and poverty. Seeing, as I have so often seen, that for one man who thrives by bragging, two grow rich by making poor mouths: so I invited them all to go up-stairs with me, and we had a tosy glass of punch, drinking success to the new mills, and poking the sides of the bailie with many a sharp joke, for his double dealings, all which he endured merrily, and went winking home.

CHAPTER VI.

"When youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone."

On the morning after the new Mill Company was established, the post brought me a letter from my father. My son had arrived at Bonnytown; — but I will here copy the letter, as containing a better account of all about him, than it is possible for me to write.

"Dear Lawrie,

"I indite these few lines with all haste, to relieve your anxieties. Last night, towards the gloaming, just as we were preparing to begin the worship, a young lad came to the door, enquiring for me. He said he was your son Robert; and, upon asking him several questions, I have no doubt by his answers he is. We took him in; but he had not been many minutes at the fire-side, when he began to weep bitterly; and then he told us he had run away from New York, having killed one of his companions in a duel. My heart was broken to hear this. May the God of power and compassion support you, my son, under this heavy affliction! I need not assure you that we will take good care of the lad; and I would fain hope the thing is not so bad as he says, for his adversary was not actually dead when he left him. It is in the power of the Lord to cause him to recover; and while there is life, there is hope. Oh, Lawrie, this is a dreadful drawback on the great accounts

we hear of your prosperity. Alas! what availeth all the riches of this world, or the honours thereof, if with them there are such taxes on the heart? I pray to Heaven that your affliction may be softened, and that I may be comforted with a sight of you before I quit this earthly tabernacle.

"We had a letter not long ago from your brother: he was then well, and content; though he says he has not been so lucky as you. How much reason have you to be thankful; for in what, before God, are ye better than your brother? The fly on the wall is an agent of Providence, and may have been created for greater ends than you both. My son, be ye neither proud of yourself, nor lifted up, with your prosperity; but sift and search, that ye may know for what sin the Lord, in his displeasure, has been pleased to visit you and us all, with this bloody transgression of poor Robert your son.

"The lad, in appearance, and for his years, is very conciliatory; but the grief of his misfortune sits dark upon his spirit, and I'm wae for him, when I see him walking solitary by the Duke's dyke, on the Inveresk road, or sitting forlorn, with the tear in his eye, on the camomile bunker in the yard.

"We have not mentioned any thing of what has befallen him to the neighbours; but I thought it my duty to give the minister an inkling, that he had not, maybe, been just so steady in his business as he ought, and in the dread of your displeasure, he had come to me, till peace could be made up. The minister, who is a real Christian, has since taken a great deal of notice of him, and has had him three times at the manse drinking tea. Dr. Muckledoze has also been condescending and attentive; all which I mention, that if we could hear good tidings of the lad left for dead, you may see that your son is well looked to among the neighbours.

"Trade has, for some time, been very flat, but we have the prospect of a good harvest — thank God for it! and there will be, it is reported, many new buildings in Edinburgh next spring; so that, with all the ups and downs which I have seen in my day, I am not so daunted as I see some

about me; for I think the changes in trade are just like the produce of the earth—if one year is flat, another is brisker. The average of many years, sure am I, shows an increase of our national means; the which is a notion that gives comfort to the cotters who cherish it, for it enables them to fight with poverty as bravely as ever, while the lairds and the trading farmers are every year growing more and more down in the mouth,—the natural consequence of putting more faith in corn-bills, and the devices of mortal men, than in the constancy of Divine Providence; which I trust well, my son, is not the case with you.

"Death with his scythe hath of late had a commission to visit our village: William Bachle, the old shoemaker, was removed after a sore struggle with the blind palsy; and two bairns of Mr. Tawse, the schoolmaster, were cut down like the flowers of the field with the kinkhost. But we have not been without a compensation, the second son of John Deals, the wright, whom ye may mind at the school, has been married upon a Musselburgh lass, and Peter Esk, that likewise was at school with you,—they called him venturesome Pate,—he enlisted for a soldier long ago, and has been many a year in India, where he raised himself to be an ensign, or a lieutenant; but taking the liver complaint, he has come home with more than seven thousand pounds, and lives in a fine house at Lassawde. I hope the Lord will one day put it into your heart to do the same; for I am now an aged man, and as my days cannot be long in the land, my only desire now in this world, is to see you and your brother, before I close mine eyes. No more at present from your loving father," &c. &c.

Besides the satisfaction of hearing that my son had gone to his grandfather, and had not cast himself friendless on the unfriendly world, I was deeply affected at the affectionate wish which the letter contained, that my brother and I would visit the kind old man before he died. It revived to me many a forgotten recollection, and freshened the longing to return to my native land, which I had felt so achingly on my first arrival in America. That desire had never

ceased to languish in my bosom: sometimes it was stronger than at others; but as often as any incident occurred to remind me of my early companions, and the scenes of our harmless adventures, it brightened anew, and led my fancy into pleasing reveries, and sweet longings to retaste the waters of memory at the springs and well-heads where they first began to flow.

Often, in the stillness of the forest, have these innocent wishes come upon me, removing the heavy mantle of many years.

This invitation to revisit home was with habitual desire irresistible; and accordingly, on the same night on which I received the letter, I resolved to prepare for the methodical management of the business during my absence, and, as soon as it was in my power, to pack up my ends and awls for a voyage to Scotland. This was sooner accomplished than at first seemed practicable; for in the course of the same week, our two bank partners, Mr. Von Haarlem and Mr. Breugle, having completed the necessary arrangements, came to form the establishment at Judiville, and, upon my suggestion, it was made a point with Mr. Herbert, that he should give up the school at Babelmandel, and reside constantly at the bank; which, when my preparations were ripe, enabled me to place Charles under his directions in the store. For the effectual part of the business, the buying and selection of goods, few men were more competent than Mr. Hoskins.

And here, as I am drawing to an end with the history of my business transactions, I ought, in justice to Mr. Herbert, to mention, that the final plan for the management of the bank, which he submitted to us, was one that showed the great comprehension of his judgment. Instead of a single and independent concern, standing upon its own legs, he represented that, on account of the smallness of our capital, we ought to make our notes payable at a distance, to avert the sudden consequences of a run; and that we should connect ourselves with three or four other banks, that we might be able in the same case to command their aid. These propositions were adopted. Our notes were made payable in Philadelphia, and we arranged with the

Plutus Bank at Nazareth, the United Brothers' Bank at Zionville, the Thirteen Stripes Bank at Numidia, and the True Blooded Yankee Company at Tiberiusville, that each of them should have a small share with us, though we had none with them, thereby securing for ourselves their aid and agency: we did not deem it necessary, however, to blazon this clever scheme to the public, nor was it necessary, for the name of Mr. Breugle was itself as a mint of gold.

I have always considered the establishment of the bank as the making of the town: other causes, no doubt, contributed also, and the mills essentially; but previously there had been a famine of money constantly amongst us, and many adventurous mechanics and tradesmen were obliged to forego their best considered plans, having not the wherewithal to undertake them; but no sooner did Mr. Herbert open his doors, than a new life issued from them, quickening and stirring up the energies of all trades.

His plan of helping the credit of the tradesman was thought both liberal and wise. To the mere speculative merchants, he could not, indeed, be called liberal, except to such as confined themselves to particular lines of trade. He required, that besides the drawer of the bills offered for discount, there should be two endorsers; and knowing that the generality of the bills were accommodation, he required, after having given credit for a certain sum, that before any new discount could be granted, the sum of twenty-five per cent. should be allowed to be deducted from the bill offered. Thus gradually redeeming the debt to the bank, while it served the customers, by enabling them always to count with confidence on the extent of the assistance which the bank would give;—there being nothing so pernicious to commercial credit, as that uncertain system which discounts at one time more freely than at others. The issues of the Judiville Bank were never increased, save by aids, to new customers; or by the old ones showing good and sufficient causes to entitle them to farther accommodation.

But as the courteous reader may be a young lady, who neither cares, nor has occasion for a knowledge of banks, it behoves me to make an end of this digression.

CHAPTER VII.

—"Let us go in
And charge us there upon interrogatories."

It will be recollected, when I last had occasion to speak of Mr. Oliver Cockspur, he was on horseback, and off at a Canterbury-trot to see Mr. Herbert: what passed between them I have now to describe, for Mr. Herbert told me all the particulars; and I will endeavour to do so with as much brevity as is consistent with perspicuity.

Mr. Oliver found the old gentleman in the midst of his school, patiently enduring the yells in which an ignoble abcedarian, of six years, was endeavouring to express the alphabet. The young gentlemen halted as he entered, and hastily threw his eyes around. He seemed a good deal affected by the scene before him; and when he went up to address the master, his emotion rendered his voice broken and indistinct.

"Although I ought to have been prepared for this," said he, "yet the place is much meaner than I expected; and, my God! Mr. Herbert, you reduced to the necessity of stooping to sow the sand, and wash the Ethiopians of beggary; for these poor creatures seem of no better parentage."

"I thank you, Mr. Oliver, for this kind visit," was the reply; "one must not examine too curiously the gifts of fortune. Their value can only be ascertained by comparison; and I should account myself ungrateful, if, in my present condition, humble as it is, I did not feel I had received promotion. Four years ago, I came here to construct a cabin for my old age; but my arms could ill perform the toil of the axeman, and my hands, by their blisters, taught me that I was too late for the task. My heart was sinking, when, in a fortunate moment, Mr. Todd proposed to me this business. Unmeet as it may seem to my past habits, I have never repined that my lot should have been cast so lowly; for it better suits my age and my

infirmities, than the ineffectual endeavour to earn a morsel by hard labour. To be enabled to become what you see I am, was a golden redemption. It is true, that the cloud which hung so darkly on my setting, has somewhat thinned in its gloom, and that I am soon to be employed in a trust more in accordance with my former pursuits; but still, had it been otherwise, I was content. The spirit of adventure is dead, or ought to be, at my age."

After some farther conversation, Mr. Oliver invited him to dine with his mother on the following day; but the invitation was declined, in no manner, however, to give the young man any cause for dissatisfaction; on the contrary, to him it must have been highly agreeable.

"I should rejoice, Mr. Oliver, to accept your invitation," said Mr. Herbert; "but after the situation in which your mother and I have stood with respect to each other, and the long interval that has since elapsed, as well as the changes which have befallen me, it is necessary that I should see herself before I can have the pleasure of renewing my intercourse with your family. In the mean time, I beg to assure you that I receive with great pleasure this testimony of your friendship."

They soon after separated, and in the twilight Mr. Herbert paid me a visit, and remained for the night: his intention was to see Mrs. Cockspur in the morning.

As we were sitting by ourselves, he said, after some preliminary general remarks, "When I consider my own advanced life, and the strong objections which the young people have to their mother marrying again, I confess to you, Mr. Todd, that I think we should not proceed farther in this business; indeed, I am almost sorry we have proceeded so far."

I did not expect this: having all but accomplished the purpose I had taken in hand, it was mortifying to find an obstacle rising in a quarter where none could possibly have been anticipated. And I reasoned with Mr. Herbert against the weakness of sacrificing his prospects of happiness, either to the prejudices of the world, or of the young men.

He smiled at my earnestness, and said,—

"I suspect, Mr. Todd, some of this zeal to see the marriage completed, is partly owing to your wish to fulfil your own undertaking; and certainly I ought earlier to have apprized you of the doubts which I now entertain of the propriety of going on with it: still it is due to Mrs. Cockspur that she should be consulted. That shall be done in the morning.

I would have persevered longer in my argument, but Mr. Herbert had a calm and firm way of putting an end to a topic I could never overcome. He employed it on this occasion, by changing the conversation to Mr. Bell, and the ecclesiastical business of the settlement; for, among other matters that we had talked of, before entering upon his own affair, was the wrath of the minister at being disappointed of the church, and that gradual hardening of character in him, which we had all for some time previously observed.

"I have an opinion," said Mr. Herbert, "that the poor man is not happy at home. His children appear to suffer from neglect, and there is an uncouth slovenliness about Mrs. Bell, that assorts ill with the precision and neatness of his appearance."

Having often made the same remark, I mentioned that twice or thrice, in passing their house, I had seen her looking foolishly through the window, pressing her tongue on the glass, with a red face and bleezy eyes; indeed, it was pretty generally thought in the town, that she took more than did her good. We both therefore agreed, that, in compassion for the poor man's domestic misery, many of his little frisks and freaks of temper ought to be overlooked. Nobody, I am sure, could be more indulgent towards him than I was, for few were obliged to endure more of his spurts and taunts. It may be said, I brought them on myself, by taking more upon me with him than any other body; but it was for his good: and a sarcasm was an ill return for a kind intent.

While we were thus quietly conversing, a noise arose in the street; we both went to the window, and looked out to see the cause of the hobbleshaw. Alas! what did we see? — Mrs. Bell rampaging before her own door in a state of

vehement intoxication, shouting, and clapping her hands like a tinkler wife broke out of bedlam. Three of her little children were pulling her into the house by the gown tail; and the eldest, a fine laddie, then about twelve years old, was also drawing her in by the arm. A crowd was assembled; but no sooner did they see the minister, who had been taking his evening walk, coming hastily homeward, than in tender pity they dispersed themselves, as if to spare him from the grief of seeing that his misfortune was so public. We also drew in our heads, and resumed our seats, but it was some time before either of us could speak, so much were we both shocked by the humiliating spectacle. At that juncture the room door was half opened, and Bailie Waft thrust in his head, and said, —

"Heh, sirs! is na' yon, a yon? Poor man! if he can keep hands off her, he's surely a saint o' the first election."

"Come in, Mr. Waft," said I. "How long have matters been so awful with Mr. Bell?"

"It never kithed in such colours before," replied the bailie; "but when they were in Babelmandel, I saw her once keeking from behind the door with a queer eye — it was very mysterious — sore has the minister suffered. Oh! what a stang his proud heart has met with this night. Deevil's in the woman! if she were mine as she is his, I would take her by the neck and lay her head on a stone, and beat it with a beetle, till it was as flat as a pancake."

Harassed as all our feelings had been, this brave bounce of the bodie was so well set out with look and gesture, that it compelled both Mr. Herbert and me into a fit of loud laughter. At that moment, the minister himself came into the room, with an aspect like a corpse, and his hands bloody. We started from our stools, and John Waft, giving a sudden, close, peering gaze at the dreadful hands, shook his head, and rushed out of the room.

"No, gentlemen, I have not committed murder," were the first words which the poor man could utter; "but I have been fearfully tempted. Avenging Heaven! I am tried beyond my strength."

"Mr. Bell," said Mr. Herbert, calmly, "how came that blood upon your hands?"

"The wretched woman fell upon the hearth, and wounded her forehead on one of the fire-dogs. In lifting her, I besmeared myself — she is not much hurt."

"Sit down and compose yourself," I was at last enabled to say; but he turned fiercely upon me, and with a deep, hoarse voice, cried, —

"What were you laughing at? — Did you dare to laugh at my punishment — at my misery, at the shame of my babies, at the visible manifestation of the curse of God?" And with other more vehement exclamations, he burst into a laugh so horrible, so loud and wild, mingled with howls, and, as it were, the rattle in the throat, that we were electrified with dread, and obliged to lay hold of him until he was relieved by getting vent given to tears.

When some time had elapsed, and he had moderated his violence, he began to tell us, that he found his situation so uncomfortable at Judiville, that he was determined to remove.

"I hope," said I, "it is not your intention to abandon your family?"

I do not think that there was in this any great cause for offence, and it was a natural question, seeing how truly uncomfortable the poor man was at home: for where was he to find comfort, while he had yon obstreperous randy at his side? It, however, had the effect of changing his pale countenance to fierce scarlet, and his eyes to fire; while Mr. Herbert, with an admonitory backward touch, warned me that I was going too far, at the same time addressing him to the following effect: —

"We have seen your misfortune with painful sympathy; but, Mr. Bell, can you hope that any change of scene will change it?"

"Go where I may, that must be borne; but there is no obligation upon me to bear the purse-proud contumely of this place?"

"Nay," interposed Mr. Herbert; "I do not think that any thing of the kind has ever been shown to you, at least to justify language so unmeasured. Mr. Todd has told me, that you have been disappointed in not getting the church, and, in common with all your other friends, he

laments it; but you should consider, that he could not prevent the Methodists from being the more powerful sect in the town."

"It was inflicting a public dishonour upon me," was the ungracious reply. "I can submit with resignation to the public humiliation which you have witnessed; but I will not allow my sacred vesture to be trodden by the vulgar like a base secularity."

Mr. Herbert was plainly discomposed by this weak sally of priestly conceit, and looked at me as much as to say, "The poor man is not in a state to be reasoned with;" but though I pitied him and his family from the bottom of my heart, I could not refrain from remarking that he did not rightly consider the case. That the church having, unfortunately, been made a matter of money speculation, the trustees, of whom I was one, were bound to procure the best rent for it we could, and the Methodists had, by giving the most, obtained the preference.

But it was of no use to reason with him. The world was out of joint with him; Providence had poured sand between the coat of mail and the galled skin; this irritation could not be appeased. Though he affected to make little of his calamity, as compared with the mortification he had met with in being disappointed of the church, it was yet manifest, that the former was the iron that had entered his soul, and which made him an object of compassion, wincing under the consciousness of being so. Truly, he was that night a man to be regarded with an eye of pity; so grievously did he struggle to put the world in the wrong, while his conscience was ever and anon pricking him with a sharp goad for having married that woman; knowing, as he ought to have done, that it was then too late to redeem his sacerdotal character from the blemish of their folly.

We talked much and long of his situation, but he appeared riveted in resolution to leave the town, and all we could that night bring him to, was a reluctant consent to complete the year with us, of which upwards of four months remained unexpired. It may be thought, considering his troublesome temper, and the small credit we had by his wife's conduct, that I need not have been so

anxious to keep him; but, with all his faults, he had many good points; he was an excellent teacher, though his scholars never had the pleasant breeding of those who were taught by Mr. Herbert. In the pulpit he had but few equals, either for pith or marrow; moreover, when the memory of his early indiscretion was absent, no man could be a more conversable companion: but this is not the place to expatiate on his worth, or to show forth the more than brazen doors, and bolts and bars of adamant, wherewith he held his desperate passions in captivity.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The troubles that afflict the just
In number many be."

THERE are no fools like old ones; and so I found to my cost in the affair of Mrs. Cockspur and Mr. Herbert: after they had next day been more than two hours cooing and laying their nebs together like two young lily-white doves, he came back to me, without having done any thing to the purpose; — no doubt, he had partly warned me that such was likely to be the result of the visit; but I expected, when they met, it would have proved different. It was really provoking, after the trouble I had taken, and the clever manœuvres which, with the help of Charles, I had so well performed, to see the swine driven through the marriage without rhyme or reason.

"I have had," said he, when he returned — "I have had a satisfactory explanation with Mrs. Cockspur."

"I'm rejoiced to hear it," was my answer: "and have you fixed the day? and when is it to be?"

"Not so fast, Mr. Todd: to speak in your own style, aged persons must walk slowly; we both agreed, considering the objections of her family ——"

"Dear me, Mr. Herbert," cried I, almost in a pet with

him, "what for did ye consider them at all? Ye ought to have done no such thing; but just after a couthy-crack about auld lang syne, and the well and the woe ye have met with, come to a catastrophe, and settled the day. But what have ye done?"

"And considering that we are ourselves both old ——"

"Old! that's the very reason why the wedding should be soon; you have no time to lose."

"Yes, Mr. Todd; and it is also the reason why it ought not to be at all. Since Heaven has been pleased to bring us together at a period when all pretence to passion on either side would be ridiculous, we can pass the brief remainder of our days in the reciprocities of friendship."

"Snuffies of friendship! — ye'll be taking a pinch out of her box, saying, 'That's excellent rappee!' and then she'll praise yours much, and say, 'Heh! what a fine Maccaba!'—reciprocities, indeed! Mr. Herbert, you have disappointed me; I thought ye had more spunk—I have a great mind to cut you out."

Although all this on my part was said half in jest, I was yet seriously disturbed; but a moment's reflection instructed me that I ought to leave the tender pair—the innocent threescorelings — now that their intercourse was renewed, to the effects of time and opportunity. Accordingly, after some farther light conversation, we gradually slided from the purpose of marriage to talk of my intention of revisiting my father, which we agreed might be easily carried into effect in the course of the following spring; and, therefore, it was determined that night that Mr. Herbert should finally come to Judiville without farther delay.

In the mean time, the wing which was adding to the premises of Hoskins and Todd, for the accommodation of the bank, had been nearly finished, and notice given to the inhabitants of Babelmandel when the school would be closed there, in order that they might provide themselves in time with another master. This took place when the final arrangements for opening the bank were made, but no master had yet offered; which vexed me a good deal, for it is pitiable to see how soon the seeds of original sin sprout up in the dispositions of the young, if they are not early

placed under the pruning care of a teacher. I felt the more, too, for the Balmandels, as we called them, from Mr. Hoskins, because I had been myself instrumental in drawing Mr. Herbert from amongst them. This induced me to put a notice in "THE JUPITER," our newspaper, offering the sum of twenty dollars to any capable man, with an unblemished character, who would undertake the management of the school, in order to lessen in some measure the loss which my old neighbours were about to sustain. Several candidates made their appearance; and among others Dr. Murdoch, the editor of the paper.

I was a good deal surprised when he proposed himself, for the printing concern and the book store were both thriving; besides, he was not the kind of man I was inclined to encourage, for, like the poor minister's wife, he had fallen into a way of drinking, and I had seen him myself standing in a hovering state, with unsettled eyes, behind the half door of the store, and with an extraordinary waistrie of snuff on his starchless and dangling bosom frill. Rather, however, than the school should remain void, I had half made up my mind to arrange with him for a quarter of a year, and to give him the twenty dollars, when Bailie Waft, who had heard something of what was intended, came to me.

"Magsty me," quoth the bailie, "there can be no veracity in yon story, that every body's talking about."

"What story?" said I.

"That convinces me," replied he; "I knew it could not be true that you would give a sum of money to the like of yon bamboozled gill stoup, Dr. Murdoch, to take up the school at Babelmandel. It would be a great weakness, Mr. Todd, and a blemish in the side of your clear and bright character—so I said when I heard it, and so I tell to yoursel', for ye'll never find me making a fool of a gentleman behind his back."

"Really, Mr. Waft, I fear there is more truth in it than I could wish there had been; but no agreement yet has been made; it's as yet but a talk," was all the answer I could make him.

"Well, I'm blithe to hear that," was his sage-like re-

sponse; "but, Mr. Todd, surely there is no such instance in the business that ye could no' wait and look about you. For although ye may not be able to find such a sensible and composed orderly man as Mr. Herbert; and I'll no dispute that Dr. Murdoch may not have a sediment of philosophy and other dead languages; still, it's no' an impossibility, I should think, in my weak judgment, to find somebody that could do better than him. Babelmandel, as every body may tell, with half an eye, has not been ordained to be a metropolitan capital city, and of course can have but little occasion for the mathematical branches of learning; plain cleading does very weel for plain folk, and less must serve my neighbours for their dominies than gentlemen and colleginers, though the latter should be divors."

I had seldom heard the bailie speak more to the purpose, and I told him that his remarks were judicious, and deserving of consideration.

"I wish to goodness, bailie," said I, "that ye had been qualified to take up the school; but you probably would not like the business, which, I can well understand, is most troublesome."

"No doubt it is a very fashious trade that of schoolmaistering either hardy lasses or birkey boys; and it would take something to bribe me to undertake it; but rather than see our school defiled with yon firikin of foul stuff, I dinna know what I would not do. 'Deed, Mr. Todd, we're in a critical jeopardy."

"It, however, concerns you less than many others, Mr. Waft; you who have no bairns," said I: "but it's natural to have some anxiety on a matter of such importance, for education comes home to every man's business and bosom."

"You may well say business," replied he; "how could it be managed without education? was it not owing to the want of it, that our ancestors and forbears, instead of keeping shops, and dealing with shears and ell-wands, rummaged the country in broad daylight, lifting the blackmail, and herrying the webs and yarn of the country wives, paying for all with bills on Rob Roy? Truly, Mr. Todd, it's

a pestilent thing to think that the bairns of Babelmandel should be so neglected. I'm sure, if I could afford it—but I cannot afford to give my time gratis — I would take up the school at once, until ye provide a better; I can learn the poor things reading, writing, and 'rithmetic, and counting as far as the rule of three, which is just as much as the likes of them require; but it would be a black burning shame to hear of yon daizt Doctor, flagellating them without clemency in his fits of bottle-bravery. Surely, Mr. Todd, ye'll never be so far left to yoursel' as to engage him."

In this way did the crafty bodie work upon me, who did not discern his intent for a long time, until he seduced me to propose to him to engage for a quarter, and to allow him, in addition to the wages, no less than thirty dollars cash down.

No sooner had I completed the bargain and signed the minute, than I was quite sure he would contrive some way of getting free of the obligation before the quarter was ended — however, he set out very industriously.

One day, I thought it my duty to take a sail in our wagon with Mr. Herbert to see how the school was coming on. The bailie was proud of our visit, and told us, among his methods, that he taught his pupils to understand what they read; and to show us in what manner this was done, he caused the boys to read different verses of Scripture, and then to expound what they had read.

The first examined was a laddie, the son of Scotch parents; and there being something in the verse about meat, —

"Noo, Jemmie," said the professor, "tell the gentlemen what's meat."

"It's porridge," replied the boy,

"Very well, Jemmie, you may sit down;" and then Willy Marshall, another of the like parentage, was called up. In his task he read of the miry clay.

"Noo, Willy, that's very well read; but expound to the gentlemen what the psalmist, King Davit, ye ken, means by the miry clay."

"Glaur," said the boy.

"Very intelligible indeed," observed Mr. Herbert to the smirking instructor; "but it would be equally advantageous to the boys, if they were taught orthography — spelling, I should say — rather than such abstruse learning."

"Especially," added I, "as they may have more occasion for it."

"If ye're no pleased with my ways and methods," exclaimed the offended dominie, "ye may just take the school off my hands. I'm ready to give it up at a moment's warning, and I do give it up. It's a most fashious business; I rue the day I ever had any thing to do with it; I wash my hands of the concern: I leave you in possession, Mr. Todd, — good morning!" With these words he made his exit in a huff, leaving Mr. Herbert and me standing in a state of consternation, looking at each other as if we had been two effigies on a tomb. I ought, however, not to have been so surprised, for it was what I expected, though it came rather sooner to pass than I reckoned; he had not then been quite a month installed, and, in addition to my thirty dollars, he had received a quarter's payment from the children: — Was he not really a pest?

CHAPTER IX.

"— Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ."

Among other judicious measures which Mr. Hoskins early adopted to promote the prosperity of his town, was the erection of a tavern on a handsome scale, nigh to our own premises. Between this building, and the house where Mr. Bell resided, a considerable space was reserved, in case the tavern should require to be enlarged. In the mean time, the increase of the town had been unexampled; and a number of the carpenters and other mechanics, encouraged by that circumstance, had united to build the Eagle Hotel, on the other side of our store, for the site of which they

paid the old man a liberal price. This rendered it improbable that the vacant ground adjoining to *the Mansion-house*, as his tavern was called, would ever be wanted; and, in consequence, he sold it for three steadings, on which brick buildings were to be erected.

It happened, as an accommodation to Mr. Bell, that he had been allowed to take a part of this vacant ground into his garden, without, however, any formal arrangement having been made with him respecting it; and it also happened, on the sale, that by one of those inadvertencies not so rare as to become remarkable, Mr. Hoskins omitted to tell him of the change in the property. Thus it fell out, as the minister lived in a very abstracted way from hearing news, that the purchasers began their preparations for building, before he was aware the ground had been sold. It was also unlucky, that, on the day immediately preceding, his garden had been dressed, and a few rose-bushes and flowering shrubs, which he had procured, had been trimmed and newly fastened to the fence. This was not all; the day fixed for the commencement of the operations was that on which I had accompanied Mr. Herbert to inspect the school at Babelmandel; Mr. Hoskins was also absent on business at Napoleon.

It is unnecessary to inform the courteous reader, that workmen have but little respect to obstacles in their way. The men employed to dig the foundation of the houses had none for Mr. Bell's garden-fence; and accordingly, the first thing they betook themselves to in the morning, was to pull it down, without even saying to him, "By your leave." The consequence was, that when he beheld the havoc, he set it down in the book of his mind as a premeditated insult, and came straight to the store to complain of the wanton waste, and the contempt with which he had been treated. But I was absent, and Mr. Hoskins was absent; he therefore concluded we had both gone out of the way to avoid him. Considering the general irritated state of his feelings, and the recent exasperation he had suffered from the cup-capers of his wife in the public street, this affair, in which no man could be said to have been blameable, at

least intentionally, was felt as grievous wrong — contumely embittered with misfortune.

Two or three days after the visit to Babelmandel, as Mr. Herbert and I were sitting in the evening by ourselves, having partaken of some refreshment, Mrs. Hoskins and the girls being that evening with Mrs. Cockspur, learning manners and drinking tea, Mr. Bell came in. The first glimpse I had of his countenance convinced me that something had gone awry with him; and as he was unreasonable when excited, I resolved to say but little, and to let Mr. Herbert manage the conversation. It was well I did so, for he at once so addressed himself to me in the imperative mood, that my determined forbearance was almost flung to the wind.

"Where is this, Mr. Todd, to end?" said he, without sitting down. "My misfortunes furnish you with merriment; the disgrace of my helpless family is the subject of your laughter; my own errors, which, if penitence could atone for error, ought to be forgotten, barb your envenomed taunts: you bestow favours upon me, in order that by publicly tearing them back you may expose me to the derision of the world. Sir, you are ingenious in your oppression; but though you evaded my just reproaches this morning, I have come to make you know that I shall not be injured with impunity."

This frantic accusation seemed so like the rave of actual insanity, that the indignation it at first provoked was changed into compassion; and I replied, with solicitation in my voice, —

"Sit down, Mr. Bell, and let us understand in what you have been wronged, and how I have incurred reproaches that would make me base indeed, if any truth were in them. That you are very unhappy has long been evident to all your friends, but ——"

"I trouble no one with my unhappiness," exclaimed the unfortunate man, his rage almost mastering his faculty of speech. "I bear in silence and solitude the anguish of the curse that clings to me; but I will not submit to wrong."

Here Mr. Herbert interposed, and said, in his mild and

gracious manner, — "It is evident, Mr. Bell, that there is some misconception on your part. You are angry upon supposition: it is not creditable to give way to such violence, when you may be so easily satisfied. Explain in what you conceive yourself aggrieved, and I am sure, if wrong has been done, it will be speedily redressed."

The firm, sedate quietude of Mr. Herbert could never be resisted; and Mr. Bell acknowledged its influence by immediately taking a seat, and looking earnestly first at me and then at Mr. Herbert, awed, but more in seeming stupor than in deference. He then rubbed his forehead with his hand, and after a long pause, said with emotion, —

"I sometimes doubt, gentlemen, if I am what I was; all day an inexplicable impetus has been upon me. — Merciful Heaven! what if I be indeed mad?"

"Endeavour, my good friend," rejoined Mr. Herbert, "to state calmly what has befallen you. We feel for you, Mr. Bell, but there must be fault or error in the cause of your present irritation; for, while we are grieved to see you so agitated, we cannot sympathise with the vehemence into which you have been betrayed."

While Mr. Herbert was speaking, I perceived a great change upon the countenance of the poor man: the maniac wanness of his complexion became slightly tinged with red; his flashing eyes filled with tears, and his livid and quivering lips became of their wonted colour. He then attempted to recapitulate his supposed injuries; but, as he proceeded, the story appeared so inconclusive, and to hang so loosely together, that he evidently felt he had magnified its incidents to himself, and paused in embarrassment. It was, however, but for a moment, for he immediately said, with a pathetic simplicity that penetrated the heart, "Surely this is not all?" and he wept like a sorrowful child.

I rose and took his hand, and assured him of my respect and kind regard. I beseeched him to drive from him every idea of his humiliation being treated with levity by me or any of his friends, and concluded by saying, that I trusted Heaven would mitigate his afflictions.

"In what way can it?" cried he, wildly, "unless I do what your alarm at my bloody hands has put into my head.

I am haunted by a fiend, urging me to choke her by the throat."

Mr. Herbert lifted his shuddering hands at this sad confession. I was so stunned, that I reeled from the spot, and had almost fallen on the floor, when a frightful scream, instantly succeeded by shouts and howls, rose in the street, and recalled me to myself. A momentary glance at the minister told me that the turbulence was caused by his wife, for, at the sound, he had instantaneously crossed his legs, bent his head, and, covering his face with his hands, cramped himself up with a terrific energy into a knot.

The noise out of doors spread louder and wilder; it became tumultuous; and then there was a long yelling howl, as if the multitude were running in pursuit of something: it suddenly ceased, and cries and piercing shrieks of terror and alarm arose.

Mr. Herbert at once guessed the cause, and immediately went out; I would have followed, but could not leave Mr. Bell in the fearful state he was in.

"I fear, sir," said I, "this uproar has something to do with your sorrow."

He took no notice, but crouched himself, if it were possible, into closer concentration, while he trembled all over like the aspen tree.

"Shall I leave you, Mr. Bell, to ascertain what is going on?"

"There's no need, no need, no need," was his hurried and painful answer, without slackening his constraint, or changing his position.

After a considerable pause, I said diffidently, "Perhaps, sir, you might get her home?"

"Ha, fiend!" cried he, starting with the fury and looks of a demon, "tempt me no farther! God, snatch me from this burning;" and he cast himself violently down, and lay for some time on the floor, panting as if he had escaped from some terrible struggle.

I could give him no assistance, but I stood over him, hoping, as the noise was subsiding, he would gradually also become calmer, when the shrill cries were heard of two children in distress, passing under the window. He was

startled — he listened — his vehement breathing was suspended, and he attempted to rise.

"They are mine! they are mine!" he exclaimed, with accents of inexpressible anguish, and fell back insensible. In that condition he remained for some time: as he began to recover, the uproar took a new turn; the sound of many feet was heard hurrying in the street, and sudden, short, low, deep mutterings, as of people in horror and great haste.

"What is that?" cried he; "in the name of Heaven, what has happened?"

"Oh, my mother!" at the same instant cried his eldest boy, thundering on the door. "My mother has thrown herself into the ferry-boat, and pushed off into the middle of the stream — she will be over the falls — nobody can help her."

The miserable husband leaped up, and was instantly out of the house, followed by his son; I too ran to the river's brink.

CHAPTER X.

—"If you e'er marry,
May you meet a good wife."

THE stream ran so strong at the ferry that the boat was taken across by the force of the current acting on the helm, counteracted by a rope, on which she swung like a pendulum. Close below the ferry, the old bridge was then being constructed from the opposite bank of the river; but the rope was not long enough to allow the boat to reach it, which the infatuated woman had, in her madness, embarked to do. Jumping on board, she pushed into the stream, and not being acquainted with the use of the rudder, was presently in the middle of it, where the boat hung at the end of the rope, a few feet above the bridge.

When we reached the bank of the river, the devoted creature, incapable of returning as of proceeding, and equally

so of reaching that portion of the bridge by which she might have attained the opposite shore, was standing triumphing and clapping her hands in the odious foolery of boastful drunkenness. A great crowd of alarmed and disgusted spectators stood in silence on the shore. The peril of her situation had hushed their ribaldry, and they awaited her fate, many expressing their indignant wishes that it might be speedily consummated.

In the mean time, several young men had gone up the river to the Napoleon Ferry, with ropes, to cross to the opposite side, in order to assist her from the bridge; and they reached the bridge just as we came in sight. They were not long in flinging an end of the rope to her, which they called to her to fasten to the boat-ring; Mr. Herbert entreating them not to be in such haste, for she was in no condition to fasten it properly, and begged and prayed, though the evening was closing, to let her remain as she was, until her reason was in some degree recovered. This advice they heeded not, but took their own way.

After some three or four attempts, she succeeded in catching the rope, but refused to fasten it at all. She then cast the boat's rope loose, and instantly was swung round beyond the end of the finished part of the bridge. The young men called aloud "Hold fast!" the spectators echoed the cry, but, regardless of them, the wretch shouted "Who's afraid?" and dropping the rope, was hurled down the stream. Instantly the crowd was wildly in motion. The great falls were little more than a mile below; the banks, ragged and tusky with fallen trees, were in few places accessible; but, insensible to her danger, she stood erect in the boat, hallooing and rejoicing, while every witness was overwhelmed with horror.

The young men who were on the opposite side of the river, as well as those who were in the crowd on ours, kept pace with the boat, and by a bold effort, one of them flung an end of their rope on board, and it was seized, but only for an instant; for the jerk, in catching, tugged it out of her grasp. At that moment she seemed to be awakened to her fate, for she uttered a wild cry, and sat down coweringly in the boat.

All this time her miserable husband, with his hands clasped, and followed by their wailing children, was endeavouring to keep up with the increasing speed of the devoted boat: at last we came in sight of the spray of the falls, and the verge of the cataract. The crowd stood still; the boat shot down the rapids above the falls like an arrow from the bow — between the rapids and the falls was the level part of the stream, the same where we, in our excursion, laid hold of the sunken tree. There was nothing in it then.

For a moment, at the foot of the rapid, the boat seemed to make a pause, and the victim started up, evidently sobered, and, by her gestures, sensible of her inevitable doom: so we all concluded, for the noise of the cataract drowned her voice. But in that pause there was no hope; a vortex in the eddy swept the boat back into the stream. Mr. Bell grasped my arm — and in an instant she was launched into the cloud of spray, and disappeared for ever.

Before I had half recovered from the shock of this woeful spectacle, some one plucked me by the coat tail. I turned quickly round. It was Bailie Waft. "What do you think of that?" said he; "is not that a judgment?" I pushed him indignantly from me, and returned with Mr. Bell into the town.

It would have been a vain parade to have said one word of condolence to the afflicted minister, whose agitated and warring feelings were abundantly obvious. But though it was a most tragical catastrophe, no sincere human being could deny it was a gentle, nay, a desirable dispensation.

Between that accident and the period of my departure for Scotland, which was fixed to take place in the February of the following spring, nothing of particular note occurred either to me or to the town, which continued to progress in a most surprising manner.

I made with Mr. Herbert satisfactory arrangements for my absence, which, though I intended it should not exceed six months, I provided, in case of accidents, for a year. For who knows, said I to him, but I may find some buxom widow, or well-hained spinster, willing to come out with me to America? and for that chance it behoved me to have a few spare weeks to come and go upon. Many a true

prophecy is uttered in light words: at that time, every idea of marrying again was far from my imagination; indeed, I was, early after my arrival in America, made sensible that a man in a foreign country should choose his wife from among the daughters thereof.

When the time appointed for my departure arrived, I set out in a wagon, as concerted, to take my passage from New York, attended by the good wishes of all my acquaintance. This was an occasion which Bailie Waft could not miss; he was there in the assembled crowd, and as the wagon drove off, he came shouting after it, crying,—

"Mr. Todd, Mr. Todd, mind you dinna forget yon."

"What?" cried I, stopping the vehicle.

"To bring a wife with you."

PART VII.

CHAPTER I.

"From the dark blue sea returning—
From far, far lands I come;
Ah, wherefore swells my bosom—
All silent is my home."

I FOUND, on my arrival at New York, the good ship Fanny, commanded by Capt. Daniel H. Braine, on the eve of sailing for Greenock on the river Clyde. I took my passage in her—a cabin-passage: what a difference in the equipage of my return home to Scotland, and the caravan of human cattle in which I bade adieu to my native land!

The period of the ship's departure allowed me only two days to spend in the city among my old friends and acquaintances, but I made it a brisk time, for I did not omit to call on a single one: had I been a lord or prince, I could not have been received by them with kinder welcomes. It afforded great pleasure to Mr. Primly to hear that my son Robin was conducting himself so creditably well; and Mr. Ferret likewise expressed himself with a warm regard for the lad, who wanted, as he said, but a steady hand to guide him. I have spent few such days of blithe hospitality as those two in New York.

But the time was not altogether given to recreation and pleasure: I had an eye to business and profit also. The fame of our settlements by this time, like that of Childe Moris's father, had waxen wide, and many adventurous mechanics and other sponsible persons, hearing that I, the celebrated Mr. Lawrie Todd, of Judiville, was in town, called to learn the particulars of the encouragement we gave to settlers; and many, in consequence of what I told them—and I made it a point to tell nothing but the dry truth—set out for the land of promise. These, as I

afterwards heard, drew numbers of their companions after them, insomuch that Mr. Herbert informed me in a letter, which I received while in Scotland, that my visit to New York had not been worth less than a hundred families to the population of our town.

On the morning of the day appointed for the ship's departure, I went on board with the other passengers; and the wind, though light, being favourable, we got beyond the Hook before dark — all in high spirits. Early in the night the wind began to freshen, and the ship to drive aside the foaming waters at a brave rate. But though this was sailing cheerily to the seamen, it was a sore thing to the passengers: we were all laid up in our berths, and a fish that has swallowed a hook, and is pulled by the fisherman, cannot have a more disordered stomach than was mine. But, in the end, we had no great cause to complain. In the course of two and twenty days from the date of our departure from New York, we found ourselves entering the Firth of Clyde. Surely, navigation has been greatly improved since I sailed from Leith in the year 1794, for we were then no less than eight weeks in coming across the Atlantic.

On entering the Firth of Clyde, scenting the pleasant smell of the peat reek from the Island of Arran, and seeing the Craig of Ailsa rising blue before us, the thought of my father's home, and the sunny days of my green years, invested my spirit as with a mantle of remembrances. Though there was nothing in the scene that much resembled the lands on the coasts of the Forth, save only Ailsa, which is not unlike the Bass, but to my eyes then it seemed smaller; I yet saw many objects that recalled the incidents of the day that I sailed from Leith, and my breast was filled with an overflowing of sweet thankfulness to Providence, for having brought me back in prosperity.

Off a headland they call the Clough, a pilot came on board — poor man, he was very hoarse — and conducted the ship up to the quays of Greenock, where we landed. I was advised to go to a tavern they call the Tontine, a handsome house, but nothing in comparison with some of the hotels of New York. There I was obliged to stay all

night, owing to some fasherie with the custom-house about getting our trunks landed; and next morning I embarked in one of the steam-boats for Glasgow. But, dear me! what a small commodity she was to the floating-palaces on the North River — and then the polluting coal smoke! I began to think for the first time, like the Yankees, that surely, indeed, Europe was far behind America in improvements; and I was grieved to think so; — but my spirits were a little cheered, when I heard that the credit of making the first practicable steam-boat was due to a Scotchman, then residing at Helensburgh, a village opposite to Greenock, but who had not at that time received any boon for his ingenuity. The princely merchants of Glasgow have, however, I understand, since made him comfortable for life. It is not so, I am sorry to say, with the family of Mr. Fulton, who did so much for the river trade and travelling of the United States.

The sail from Greenock towards Glasgow, though the river is smaller, opens many more romantical prospects than the Hudson; and for steeples, all built of stone, Glasgow, it must be allowed, holds a prouder head than New York. But her steeples are often in the clouds, saving on Sunday: such a town for smoke and lofty lums is scarcely to be paralleled; Glasgow being a great place of manufactories, where kettles do the work of men, and iron wheels make cotton cloth better than malcontent weavers.

I stayed in Glasgow the remainder of the day I left Greenock, in a tavern they called the Star Inn, which in a sense might compare with the new hotel which the associated mechanics were building at Judiville, and which was nearly finished when I came away; but it had neither balconies nor piazzas, and in other respects was a house of a meaner grade. Indeed, I was rather hurt to see the accommodation of taverns and hotels generally in Scotland so far behind those in America, even though the reason given was undeniable. The taverns in Scotland are but places for travellers and wayfaring people to put up at; whereas in America they are the homes of unmarried men, and those who have not taken to housekeeping.

But if for steam-boats and taverns I can make no brag

for Scotland, I was perfectly amazed when I came to walk round Glasgow, with one of my fellow-travellers, who had been long absent, and who pointed out to me the landmarks of the improvements which had taken place within his remembrance. Upon my word, Leddy New York, you must mount upon pattens before ye stand as high as Lucky Glasgow, either for improvements or increase of population within the same space of time.

The next morning I went on to Edinburgh in a stage-coach — most comfortable it was, as compared with those leather whirlwinds that brought me from Utica to Albany. Here, indeed, the superiority of the old country was manifest, both by the vehicles and the roads being of the first grade: I would have given a cent had Mr. Hoskins been with me, both on account of the smooth felicity of the travelling, and to see the fine, open, and cleared country through which we passed, with stone walls, and not a tree to be seen, compared with the American regions of stumps and stones, log-houses and snake-fences.

On my reaching Edinburgh, I resolved to stop as short as possible, being anxious to get on to Bonnytown that night; so I took a hasty snack at the Black Bull inn at the head of Leith Walk, where the coach put up, and got into the Dalkeith coach in good time to have been at my father's before dark. But it was a paralytical conveyancer, as dislocated as a Utica stage, and drawn by cripple cattle, so that our progress was almost as slow as it would have been in America, when the frost is coming out of the ground; nor was it helpen by the beggarly bachle breaking down.

The accident brought the night upon us before we reached Dalkeith; nevertheless, I resolved to walk to Bonnytown, for I knew the road well. Accordingly, leaving my baggage at the inn, I made no halt, but set forward with the light of the rising moon, recognising, as I retraced the race-course of my youth — if one may so speak, whose gallop was never better than a hirple — many an old familiar thing.

Drawing near to the village, I slackened my pace, and indulged my fancy in anticipating the pleasures I expected to enjoy among my earliest and oldest friends; the satisfaction it would give my father to hear of my success, and

the gratification with which I would embrace my prodigal boy. My heart had, as it were, wings, and could fly, and my spirit was as gay as the cock when he rouses the morning.

Twenty years had wrought but few changes in the appearance of the village. The old church was a little altered in effect, by two of the churchyard elms being cut down. I forgave the parish for that sacrilege, but not for having enclosed the churchyard with a high wall, which hid the grave-stones from the glimpses of the moon, though it was done to protect the dead from violation. As I advanced, it disconcerted me to see, instead of the snug thatched cottage, with brightly whitewashed window-cheeks, the cosy inns of other days, Lucky Clatterstoup's public, a gawky, raw-looking, two-story new house, with a great glaring sign of a soldier-officer on horseback, daring the moon, and telling the world, in golden letters, that could not be big enough, "Waterloo Inn, James Gallons, Vintner." But I did not tarry long looking at the audacious usurpation, for my father's humble dwelling was only a few doors higher up the street, and I hastened towards it.

But I had not proceeded many steps, when I was startled by the appearance of a number of women coming out of the house. Can I have been expected, have they been assembled to welcome me? — and I was on the point of rushing forward, when a chill fell upon my spirit. Why have they been all assembled there? said I, in some degree awe-struck, and hesitating to go on.

Two of the matrons, for they were all elderly, came down the street, and passed near me, but I had not power to ask them a question; for the hollow and under voice in which they spoke to each other sounded ominous. One of them happened to say, loud enough to be heard, "I am too late." The words made me shudder, and I involuntarily repeated them as I hastened forward to the door. "What's the matter?" cried I, softly but eagerly, to a young gentleman, who, at the moment I reached it, was coming out. I did not recognise him; but he replied in the voice of my son, "The old man is no more!"

CHAPTER II.

"Oh scenes beloved in vain,
Where oft my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain."

Such is the life of man — toil and disappointment. The day is too short; our strength insufficient to satisfy the greed of avarice. Our doom is labour, our earnings dust; the fruit cultivated with so much care contains but ashes. All is vanity!

Such was the substance of the cloud of sad thoughts which rose upon me as I stood by the corpse of my father. Rich and prosperous, and untarnished in my integrity, I had come to receive his last blessing. Gladness and generosity glowed in my bosom. With more than the hopes of my youth realised, I had returned to the scenes of my childhood; the anticipations of ambition were in blossom, and the fruit of many was set. There was but one in all the earth whom the munificent tale of Providence could have awakened to disinterested thankfulness, and there he lay, apparelled for the tomb. It was then that I first felt the truth of Mr. Herbert's opinions on old age; and I trembled to think that, by the course of nature, I now myself stood next to the grave.

To meet contemptuous Death instead of my father, who had so kindly loved me, was truly a stunning blow. It shattered, as it were, my whole mind, and my thoughts were as fragments. I could determine nothing; I scarcely even recollected that I had seen my contrite son at the door. Poor lad! he ascribed to resentment that absence with which I was visited, and my seeming indifference to him, and he retired to the garden to deplore my displeasure. I saw him not again that night, for I spent it alone with the dead.

Early in the morning, before sunrise, the afflicted youth, unable longer to endure the thought of being cast off from my affection, came into the room. At the sight of him, I reproached myself for having so slightly heeded him; but before I could speak, he took my hand, and looking for a

moment on the still remains on the bed, he said, with an intreating voice, "Oh, my father!" I fell upon his neck and wept; and since that time I have never spoken to him of his imprudence, nor breathed reproach for the anguish he had caused. It was a reconciliation hallowed and ratified in the mysterious presence of unretracting Death.

Mrs. Cradler, whom, from the first illness, my father engaged to attend him, being by this time astir, I went to her, and learnt, with a pang not to be expressed, that his departure had not taken place much more than an hour before my arrival. Had I not stopped in Glasgow, but come straight on, I had seen him alive, and in the full enjoyment of his faculties.

I then arranged with her respecting how the funeral should be conducted; and with seeming reluctance she acquiesced in my opinion, that it should in all things be plain, and suitable to his humble station. It did not appear to me, though I could afford it, that it would be discreet to show a solemn pageant moving from the door of a lowly thatched cottage; and therefore my directions to James Drawers, the cabinet-maker, one of my father's oldest friends, were, "Let all things be done in order, and nothing done that the deceased would himself have disapproved." But what I spared from the funeral was given to all the needful in the parish, and it made them comfortable through the course of the next winter.

The day after the interment I went back with my son to Edinburgh, in a postchaise which I hired for that purpose; and I was gratified to hear from the professors, whose classes he had attended, that he was considered a youth of good talent and fair promise. One in particular spoke of him in a warm strain, and did not think that either his New York pranks, or the duel, would be a mot in his marriage.

Having thus, in some measure, pacified my anxieties concerning the lad, I placed him a boarder with a respectable motherly matron, one Mrs. Thrifty, the widow of a burgher minister, without offspring, that lived in the sixth flat up five stairs of a land of houses, No. 159. Drummond Street. This being done, I returned the same night in the

chaise to Bonnytown, and took up my abode in my ancient home, until I should have time to reflect on what was meet to be done; for the death of the venerable man had discomposed all my plans.

Sometimes I thought of returning straight back to America; at others, I was inclined to visit some of the marvels of the country, having seen but few of them before I left it. Then I proposed a jaunt to behold the famous city of London, in order to see the King, and the other objects of curiosity there; but, upon the whole, my mind lay more to resting among the pleasant places of my youthful days, for the time I intended to stay in Scotland, which was originally meted to be six months, and might be prolonged to a year. The result, however, was a mixture of all these projects, and what happened in carrying them into effect will be duly related as the events come to pass. In the mean time I retained the worthy Mrs. Cradler to be my housekeeper, and got the house put into a state of repair, of which it stood in some need. In that job I employed, of course, old Mr. Drawers, with strict injunctions that he was only to renew, but not to alter the fashion of any thing; no, not so much as a nail. He was not, however, overly pleased with my particularity, and more than once, when he came in of an evening to crack with me about the Americans, he hinted that my fashious vineerings would cost as much as would go a great way towards an entire refatchiamento, which he explained was the craft term for building a new one.

I have already said that the village seemed but little changed as I approached it by moonlight; but when I had leisure to examine it in the broad day, I soon saw that time had not dealt with it more tenderly than with the looks of the inhabitants. The houses were shrunken with old age and decay; they all appeared meaner, and of ruder fabrication than I thought they were in former days, but the neater hand-marks of a trimmer generation could be traced in many places. The kail-yards showed a brighter assortment of flowers: the increase was most visible; and the big stones had been rolled out of the middle of the streets, and were gathered here and there into heaps to be Mac-

adamized. In one of the heaps was a large black one, which I recognised as the door-seat of Mrs. Musket, the spaewife, where, in her campings, she used to sit and tell the children of the battles she had seen, and the fat frows and fums of Flanders. I caused the stone to be removed and placed at the door-cheek of my home, a testimony and memorial of Lang syne.

It was chiefly, however, among the inhabitants that the change was most remarkable. That excellent disciple of John Calvin, Mr. Hyssop, the minister, was no more, and his inquisitive lady had also gone to investigate the coffers and accommodations of Death. The schoolmaster was still alive, but superannuated and blind. I had him often brought to me, and he told me many a cheerful as well as sad tale of my old schoolfellows; we had a good laugh over a tumbler of toddy at the prank Alek Preston played me with the privateer. Venturesome Pate, that had come from Indy an officer with a fortune, and taken the fine house of Hollycot, at Lasswade, had never been to see Bonnytown since his return, because it was a low place. But as the courteous reader is not probably much acquainted with the inhabitants of our village, I need not bestow my tediousness upon this subject at greater length.

If the hand of time was seen working detriment on the town, it had been far otherwise exercised in the country. The hills that I had left broomy and pastoral were ploughed to the top, and many of them bonneted with fir-trees, and belted with plantings. It was impossible to view the improvements without satisfaction; but I wondered where the schoolboys would find nests; and allowed myself to fancy that for lack of the brave sports of their fathers, the next generation would, maybe, show themselves, in the dangers of other wars, a less venturesome race.

But though there was a pensive satisfaction in noting the alterations which time and man had wrought on all sides, I yet occasionally felt fits of languor. My hours for so many years had been so full of business, that I began to be sensible idlesest was to me a poor trade, and the hammering in the repairs of the house often obliged me to

stretch my walks; nor was there many conversible people in the village, though it was not, in my opinion, a low place. These things led me to seek acquaintances afield; and being always of an introductory disposition, I soon made several. Among others was Doctor Delta, of Musselburgh, a pleasant, mild, and sensible young man, somewhat overly addicted to poetry of the pale sort. I have met with few like him, for he was not only a man of letters and knowledge, but reciprocal and true hearted.

Still, I was longing more and more for something to make me again in earnest; when one day, being in Edinburgh seeing the sights I had not seen before, with Robin for my guide, I happened, while waiting in the Commercial Inn for dinner, and to be taken up by that clattering commodity the Dalkeith coach, to lift a newspaper, and to observe in it a house and garden to be let furnished by the month, near the royal borough of Chucky Stanes, where the advertiser assured intending tenants there was society of the best sort, excellent fishing in the river, and many alluring et-ceteras. By the description, it was in many things just such a place as would satisfy me; and the garden being fully cropped, it held out a retaste at no cost of my seed-time. I mean the time of the "tarnation farm in Jersey state;" for now that my circumstances were sleek, and the bones well covered, I began to think even of that spec with pleasant ideas. Accordingly, I resolved to take the house for a month, and to carry Robin with me, that he might be able, in after life, to brag, in America, of having fished in the Tweed.

CHAPTER III.

'Jenny with the white petticoat,
And the red nose,
The longer she lives,
The shorter she grows."

THE royal borough of Chucky Stanes, like every other town of the kind, enjoys an undue proportion of ladies in a state of single blessedness. The house I rented there belonged to Miss Beeny Needles, a venerable damsel of that description. Her father, far back in the last century, had held the dignity of Provost. In the plenitude of his magisterial pomp, he erected the edifice, where Miss Beeny, with her niece Mrs. Greenknowe, the widow of a much respected surgeon, held court, or, more properly, sat in expectation of being courted.

The husband of Mrs. Greenknowe had died, as Miss Beeny herself told me, much and justly regretted, about twelve months before; and having left his wife, though without incumbrance, in very narrow circumstances, Miss Beeny received her as an inmate and companion; the widow, luckily, at that time having let her own house furnished to an English family, who came for a few months, to enjoy the romantic scenery of the Tweed. It happened, however, that this family, not meeting with society quite so elegant in Chucky Stanes as they had been led to expect, soon after their arrival gave up the house, and moved to another part of the country. Thus it came to pass, that the two ladies agreed to move for the summer into the house of Mrs. Greenknowe, which was in the borough, and that Miss Beeny's house—the Hillocks on the skirts of the town—invited tenants for the season, and was rented by me.

Of the house, I need say but little; it was a plain, comfortable, manselike dwelling, standing on the top of a bank which sloped steeply to the river. The garden did not altogether equal the description; but, upon the whole, I was content with my bargain, especially as the maiden ser-

vant left in charge was an obliging, thorough-going quean, and needed but few directions in her duty. She was neat and economical in her management. It would have terrified an American appetite to have seen our dinners: I was led, in consequence, to think, that young married persons, who require to learn method and frugality in housekeeping, should hire their servants from the houses of elderly single ladies; it is only in the households of such, that neatness is found combined with enough.

Of Miss Beeny herself, it behoves me to be more particular: she had certainly passed to the most experienced side of fifty; but, in the style of her dress she evidently attempted to jilt Time: not that she affected either girlish airs or graces; she was above that folly; but she was at least twenty years behind the fashion appropriate to her real age.

She was a tall atomy. Her acquaintance, on account of her meagre length, and for being still unmarried, called her the Spare-rib. She dressed in white muslin of the nicest purity; indeed, nothing could be objected to her dress, if we except the short sleeves, which exposed her lean arms and knotty, gnarled elbows, more than became delicacy in the appearance of a lady, who did not despair of softening hearts. She had a wonderful long neck; it was like a bundle of wangee bamboos tied together with a string of red coral beads. Her complexion was of the same dingy yellow, save that the point of her beaky nose was tipped, as it were, with a ruby stone, that in frosty weather, when the wind was easterly, deepened into purple. Her little grey eyes were quick with vigilance; and, as she seldom wore a cap, her head was always covered with a light chestnut-coloured wig, curled into clusters like filberts. On occasions of high tea-drinking, she wore lofty heeled shoes; when mounted upon them, she was really a tottering structure.

Miss Beeny had some pretensions to superior accomplishments: she was learned in the dictionary, and spoke in a fine style of language. Among other things, she prided herself on being one of the best interpreters of the Scotch novels; and accordingly, whenever an English traveller

came to visit what she politely called "our clissic stream," with letters to the minister, or to any of the magistrates, she was always invited to assist in entertaining him.

Mrs. Greenknowe, her niece, was of another element and generation; a sedate, comely woman, of thirty, or thereby, with nothing particular in her appearance; but it made me sorry to see one so young in the weeds of a widow. In discourse, she was staid and calm, very sensible, and took but a small part in conversation, except when the topics were judicious, and within the sphere of feminine knowledge. Her language was simple, very unlike the words of pedigree which her aunt flourished away with. The second time I saw her, she seemed to be just the kind of lady that my daughters stood in need of.

I have been more exact in my account of these two ladies, than the courteous reader may think was necessary; but he will be of a different opinion before he reads to the end of my story; for, owing to the promise of superior society held out in the advertisement, Miss Beeny considered herself under an obligation to open to us, as she said, the best portals in the town; and in consequence, she was not only a frequent visiter with strangers, to whom I was represented as a most clever man, who had made his fortune abroad; but she never had a set tea-drinking, without inviting me and my son. Her banquets were tea and turn-out.

This conscientiousness of Miss Beeny brought me into a friendly footing with her and Mrs. Greenknowe, affording me ample opportunities of discerning their respective worth and qualities.

Unfortunately, however, the intercourse had not been opened in freedom above eight or ten days, when I became in some degree alarmed. It would be difficult to depict the circumstances which alarmed me; but, to a certainty, before the end of a fortnight, I had reason to fear Miss Beeny Needles had fallen in love with me, over head and ears.

"Ah! it was a hopeless passion."

The first symptom or indication which I received of the terrible havoc my small stature was making among what she called "the sweet sensibilities of a susceptible heart," was

on the first Sunday after I had taken possession of the house. I had, with my son, accompanied her and Mrs. Greenknowe to the parish church, in order that they might show us the pew attached to the house; and it happened, just as we had taken our seats in it, that the banns were proclaimed of three couple, who were to be married in the course of the following week. I was sitting next to the perpendicular spinster, who, when the first purpose of marriage was read, slightly, and, as it were, with gentle diffidence, knudged my elbow. I received it respectfully, as an admonition to take notice. At the second, she touched me more impressively on the arm with her hand; and, at the third, she looked in my face with a smile, at the same time treading on my foot. Her smile was like a frosty day in February, when nebs are purple and drops hang at them.

Out of civility, I conducted the ladies home. We were all walking apart, for the pavement of Chucky Stanes, like that of other royal boroughs, is not favourable to social linking; but scarcely had we proceeded as far as the churchyard gate, when Miss Beeny requested me to allow her to take my arm, the street being so rough that she could hardly keep her feet. I could do no less than readily proffer the solicited accommodation, and made no doubt of hearing from her some remarks on the sermon; at the same time I thought, since there was to be cleeking, I would rather have taken Mrs. Greenknowe.

"Well," said Miss Beeny, after we had stepped out together some three or four paces, "what do you think of those amatory rustics that the presinter preclaimed this morning?"

"I hope they are all in the way of well doing," was my answer; and soberly and in simplicity I added, "I am not one of those who can discern that the world is too small. I am a great favourer of marriages, Miss Beeny, and of early marriages."

"So am I, Mr. Todd," said she daintily; giving me at the same time a prim, sidelong glance, with a gentle alamode of her head.

"Ah!" said I, in jocularity, "why, then, is Miss Beeny Needles, still Miss Beeny Needles? Ah, Miss Beeny, Miss Beeny!"

She looked again askance at me, and heaved a sigh from the bottom of her breast. And then she said, squeezing my linked arm, "There is a time and a place, Mr. Todd, where such questions may be answered; but the street, and in the midst of the congregation — it would dishevel propriety."

In saying these words, her foot plunged deeper than her shoe into a pool in the pavement, and splashed my white stockings to the knee-buckle.

"My foot is saturated!" was Miss Beeny's interjection on the occasion; and pulling her arm hastily from within mine, she hurried homeward, calling to me as she fled,—

"I beg pardon for leaving you so incontinently."

I then dropped back and joined Mrs. Greenknowe, who was coming leisurely along with my son, picking her steps with care and decorum; but she, instead of talking of the amatory rustics, knew better what belonged to the time and the feast of worship, in which we had been partakers; for there had been in the sermon tender touches on departed days, and deceased friends, the two topics with which, at that period, we were both most easily affected. So we proceeded towards her house, communing respecting them, and the short coming of happiness that was ever in the gratification of our wishes. She was, indeed, a refined young woman; nor was she lessened in my esteem, because, in her own person, she had tasted the bitterness of adversity, and felt the callosity of the worldly heart.

The only drawback that I suffered in this pious conversation, was on account of my son seeming to take an interest in it. He was yet too young to learn more of the contrarieties of nature than experience teaches, and I wished several times he had not been with us. It is not well that the youthful mind should hear what their seniors think of the ungracious spirit that haunts us in the vale of years.

Having conveyed Mrs. Greenknowe to the door, where her aunt had already entered, I returned homeward, meditating on the incidents of the day; and, to say the truth, reflecting with something like a sentiment of aversion on Miss Beeny Needles, for her weak and unsabbath demeanour. I could not but acknowledge that Mrs. Greenknowe

was of a far more estimable nature; that she was adorned with a more benignant aspect; and that, being still a handsome young woman, it was surprising she was allowed to remain single. Not that I had ever imagined the possibility of regarding her with more considerate eyes than became the temperate respect to which an amiable deportment is always entitled, and generally receives; but I regretted the perils of the wide Atlantic, and that my sweet daughters could not be made acquainted with one so rich both in worldly and religious graces.

During the afternoon a smur of rain came on, which prevented me from going to church again; but at the close of the afternoon service Miss Beeny sent her servant lass to inform me that the Rev. Mr. Brekenrig was to preach in the evening, and that she was sure I would like him. I did not choose, however, to go upon such an invitation. The heavy evening, and my own heavier thoughts, induced me to stay at home, almost repining that I had ever come to Chucky Stanes; and wishing, since it had pleased Providence to remove my father just as I reached the threshold, that I had not returned from America.

CHAPTER IV.

"Familiar matter of to-day —
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, or may be again."

True to her promise in the advertisement by which I had been enticed to become her tenant, Miss Beeny Needles lost no opportunity of procuring me hospitable attentions from the higher class of the inhabitants. On the Monday morning after the adventure of the amatory rustics, a card was brought from the Provost, inviting my son and me to dine with him on the Monday following. Before I had time to answer it, for I received it while at breakfast, Miss Beeny herself came to advise what should be done on the occasion. She did not tell me that such was the object of

her visit: the pretext was, that in consequence of not seeing me at church in the afternoon, she was apprehensive I had taken cold; but the end of the errand came out before she retired.

Observing the card of invitation on the table, she said, "So, you have at last received one: well, better late than never. But such procrastination! I told Mrs. Badge, as we were coming last night from the evening rites, that it was a duty in all men of authority to make themselves attentive to strangers; and that it was thought you had not been treated with the circumspection and solicitude due to the fortune you had imported, and with which you might be conciliated to enliven the town. She has taken the hint, and the Provost has made at last an honourable capitulation. I hope you will accept their condescension; for I do assure you, that it is not every new incomer who is deemed amenable to be a receptacle of Provost Badge's hospitable assiduities."

"Monday is far off," replied I hesitatingly; "and three o'clock is not an hour for me to dine at;" meaning that it was later than my custom.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Beeny, "it is not consistent either with their own station or the progress of knowledge, that you should be invited to dine at such a preternatural hour. I beg you just to be a little posthumous with your answer, and I shall procure an amotion of the period."

Before I had time to make an answer, she was up and off to the Provost's lady; but without waiting for her return, I sent my acceptance, not alluding to the hour, and it arrived whilst Miss Beeny was still discussing with Mrs. Badge what it should be. As soon as the point was settled, back she came.

"It is well seen," said Miss Beeny, as she resumed her seat, "that you have been within the purlieus of the best of company. Mrs. Badge has capitulated to make the hour half-past four o'clock, which is almost as fashionable as the Lord Provost's of Edinburgh: his Lordship's is five o'clock."

"There has been a mistake, Miss Beeny. My objec-

tion was to the lateness of the hour of three; we dine in America at one o'clock."

"Never mind; the equivoque of the time will be an augmentation to your gentility, Mr. Todd."

To this I replied, beginning to be a little troubled by the lady's officiousness, and wishing to change the conversation, —"I hope, Miss Beeny, you and Mrs. Greenknowe are to be of the party?"

"It's a gentleman's set excommunicatively," was the answer; "so that Mrs. Greenknowe has not been invited; but I am to be there in the capacity of a Mademoiselle. I assure you, Mr. Todd, that every thing about Provost Badge's entertainments is in a style of supremacy far above mediocrity."

My son, who had been early at the river fishing, came in just at this juncture, with his basket well filled with trout. Miss Beeny declared she had never seen finer, and examined them so particularly, that Robin, with more civility than discretion, begged permission to send them home to her, which, after a show of reluctance, was granted, on condition that we promised to come over together in the evening and eat an egg, when we should see one of them dressed as trouts of the Tweed should be.

Soon after this had been arranged, the lady retired; but I was half sorry at having accepted her invitation. Too much of the good society of the place was laid upon Miss Beeny's shoulders; a supper, moreover, was something in her economy more than common; but I had not then discovered the flames which were rising round her amorous heart.

When she had left me about half an hour, I went to take a stroll through the town in the most perfect innocency of mind, for my time was hanging already heavy on my hands, and I was not in a humour for reading.

The day was showery, and, in the course of my ramble, I was more than once obliged to take shelter in a shop, but without discovering any person of a conversable disposition. This led me to reflect on the business of the morning; and thinking of Miss Beeny, I thought of Mrs. Greenknowe. Just at the moment, I happened to be passing her house,

and being constrained by another shower to seek for shelter, I rapped at her door, and was shown by the servant into a neat parlour, where the composed widow was sitting by herself flowering muslin.

I was in luck, as I considered it, to find her alone, for hitherto I had never met her, save in the company of her prejinct aunt, who had so many attentive things to say, that Mrs. Greenknowe seldom found an opportunity to slide in a word edgeways. We talked of various matters, and I sounded her depths: really she was a woman of understanding, and I agreed with her that Chucky Stanes was not an exhilarating town to those who had recently lost near and dear relations. Then we became a little more jocose, and I drew my chair close to hers, and began to praise her embroidery, bespeaking her, in joke, to flower a frock for one of my daughters; when, at that interesting turn of the conversation, Miss Beeny came in upon us, and looked more startled at the sight of us together, than there was any need to have been.

The rain having again abated, I wished the ladies good morning, and promised with more satisfaction to join them at supper than I had accepted the invitation; for I saw by this time, that, although Miss Beeny was an endless woman with her dictionary phraseology, there was yet in Mrs. Greenknowe a solid substance of sense and conversation, sufficient to afford an adequate compensation for occasionally enduring her aunt's loquacity.

On my return home, much to my surprise, I heard Miss Beeny had been there again during my absence. It was strange she should have taken no notice of it, when I met her so lately at Mrs. Greenknowe's. Could she have anything to say she did not wish that lady to know? "Thrice a day," said I to myself, "Miss Beeny, is a symptom of perplexity; it must be looked to:" and with this soliloquy I walked into the parlour, on the table of which I found an old Edinburgh newspaper, carefully folded and pinned in a sheet of writing-paper: I opened it, and the first article which caught my eye, was a long account of a review of the Chucky Stanes volunteers, and a grand dinner given to the reviewing general by past Provost Needles at his Villa

of the Hillocks. This heirloom was, I had no doubt, brought by Miss Beeny herself, to apprise me of her hereditary claims to consideration. What other purpose it was to serve could not be divined, nor why she had abstained from mentioning the incident in presence of Mrs. Greenknowe. Her conduct was embarrassing; I had seen nothing as yet to justify my egoism in supposing that the genial influences of the tender passion had moved her to these interesting betrayals; — it had not yet, indeed, occurred to me to regard them otherwise than as indications of an anxiety to be civil without knowing well how to set about it. To that extent my cogitations resolved her conduct; and I began to think that, under all circumstances, it would probably be expedient to give up the house at the end of the month for which I had engaged it.

But what was then to be done? To return to Bonnytown seemed no longer desirable. The place to me had become empty; I had seen it after a long absence, and I was satisfied with the sight: my father was removed, and no living object was there to attract me back. The cottage, which I valued more than many do their great inheritances, I had repaired, but with no intention of ever making it my dwelling; nor could it have served: for, even when I thought, as I sometimes did, of remaining in Scotland, and sending for my family, I acknowledged it would have been no fit dwelling. The compulsion of my improved means would force me to choose something better: I was a fish out of the water in attempting to play the part of a gentleman who lives at home at ease, in the narrow society of Chucky Stanes. I never passed so many dull days, one after another, as the first fortnight of my sojourn in Hillocks: my happiness was in activity; I longed for something to do.

These weary reflections, with their yawns and wishes, particularly affected me, on the afternoon of that Monday on which Miss Beeny Needles showed so eager a desire to make the town agreeable to me; but I did not like the look she threw at Mrs. Greenknowe, when she broke in upon us so suddenly. We were doing nothing to call for any particularity of look. "I trust Mrs. Greenknowe is comfort-

able with her," said I to myself; "but it is more than I could be. Her long words, and her long knotty neck, are not enchanting: Mrs. Greenknowe is of another description; her words, though few, are well chosen, and her neck and all about her is of that sonsy comeliness which is most to the taste of a man of my age; nor is she too young; whereas, Miss Beeny is — nobody can tell how old. But what signifies the age of either to me? and yet I should be grieved to think such a mild and gentle person as Mrs. Greenknowe were exposed to penury as she advances in life: Miss Beeny has other means, and she has not the heart, or I read her character amiss, to make any distinction in favour of one so superior. There is no condition so touching as that of a young widow, of a lady-like nature, suffering from penury as well as grief. Poor Mrs. Greenknowe! I hope it is not the case with her; she has been ordained to solace others: I should like to know something of her circumstances."

So was I ruminating at my length on the sofa, when my son reminded me that it was time to pay our respects to Miss Beeny and the trouts, dressed as trouts of the Tweed should be.

CHAPTER V.

"Is it a party in a parlour,
Cramm'd, just as they on earth are cramm'd,
Some sipping punch, some drinking tea;
But as you by their faces see,
All silent, and all — damn'd?"

It is not necessary to inform the patient reader, who has proceeded so far with me, that up to the period of my visit to Scotland, I had but few opportunities of learning the etiquettes that make life genteel. He need not, therefore, be surprised to hear, that I felt myself often in an ill-fitted coat among the society to whom I had the honour of being introduced at Chucky Stanes by Miss Beeny Needles. In sooth to say, I was not fashioned, nor educated, nor connected for associating with fine folk; but my son being

graceful, spirited, and gallant in his bearing, I considered it my duty to submit to many fasheries on his account, especially as, in the course of nature, he would come to a creditable inheritance.

But although I had not the advantages of dancing-school breeding, I had yet an eye in my head both for remark and comparison; by which I was enabled to discern, that banqueting was not the element of the gentry of that royal borough. The first assurance I had of this, was on the occasion of supping with Miss Beeny on the trouts, dressed as trouts of the Tweed should be.

She had every thing most genteel; fine white paper roses round the two tall candles, a stiffly starched table-cloth, glittering like satin, and rustling like silk; — and she proved better than her promise; for, in addition to the trouts, she had received in the course of the afternoon a brace of grouse, which emboldened her to invite two strangers to be of the party. This was a touch of the superior indeed! Four gentlemen all at once at supper, was a handling, the like of which Miss Beeny had not been engaged in since the death of her father, past Provost Needles.

One of the strangers was a raw gentleman out of the west countrie, by name Mr. Gabarts, from what town or place I did not exactly hear; but he had a pragmatic sanction to all his opinions; could quote book and author, day and date; was moreover seasoned with the poeticals, and had a competency of the sentimental. He was a pedestrian tourist in quest of the minstrels of the Borders, and had been recommended to see Miss Beeny Needles, the very granny of antiquity. His talk was of keeps and castles, and hers of propinquities,—topics high in the clouds above my summit.

The other guest was a picturesque man, a drawing-master, one Mr. Crayon, on an excursion for the summer to take views for his Edinburgh winter classes; until supper was served, he delighted Mr. Gabarts and Miss Beeny with a sight of his portfolly, as she called it.

I looked and listened with them for some time, an endurance for good manners; but at last Mrs. Greenknowe,

who had not yet made her appearance, having finished her culinary inspection — for I could see what her business had been by her flushed visage — came into the room, and I planted myself in a chair by her side: this I saw, with the tail of my eye, Miss Beeny did not approve, for she made several endeavours to draw me off, by audibly commending the sketches, one after another, in such a way, as if she thought I could not, out of consideration for the artist, possibly keep my seat: but keep it I was resolved, both because I had a certain satisfaction in conversing with Mrs. Greenknowe, and because it disconcerted Miss Beeny's jealousy. She, however, got the better of me by a point-blank shot, exclaiming, "La! Mr. Todd, look at this beautiful etching of a baronial abode, with four supereminent towers!" It was impossible to resist such an appeal, so I rose; but Mr. Crayon suddenly, scarcely able to keep his decorum, snatched as it were the drawing somewhat too eagerly from the lady, and turning it upside-down, hastily presented it to me.

"Oh, ho, Miss Beeny!" cried I, without remorse, "look here, this is not a castle, but a cow."

It was even so; for she chanced to look at the sketch inverted, in which position, without any great disparagement to the talent of the picturesque man, the animal, owing to the faintness of the pencil outline, was not unlike a four-headed bastile. Fortunately at this moment, just as the laugh was swelling into a chorus, the help, or maiden servant, came in with the firstlings of the supper; but Miss Beeny was not satisfied with being in consequence spared from the rising laugh, she made it clear that the heifer turned upside-down really did make a very tolerable castle, with four supereminent towers.

In taking our seats at the supper-table, I was subjected to a new molestation. I had planned to plant myself next to Mrs. Greenknowe; but Miss Beeny, having taken the head of the table, summoned me to the place at her right hand; Mr. Gabarts, next in estimation, on account of his learning, was placed on her left; Mr. Crayon and my son occupied the two lower seats, while Mrs. Greenknowe seated herself afar off at the bottom of the table.

For some time Miss Beeny, to do her hospitality justice, dispensed her courtesies with commendable impartiality; and we had not only some of the trouts, dressed as those of the Tweed should be, but also a pair of them in paper winding sheets, after the manner in which the golden fishes, as Miss Beeny said, were served at the petty suppys of Madame the Countess of Pumpador, when the Grand Monarch was King of France. Mr. Gabarts declared they seemed so savoury that his mouth was liquorish to taste them, — that was not a word to be used in the best of society.

But I was more, in the mean time, interested by the discomforts of my situation, than with the delicacies of the season; for what with the learned interlocutors of Miss Beeny, and the way her knees and legs were somehow continually forgathering with mine, I had not obtained an enviable domicile. As soon, therefore, as the relics of the trout and grouse were removed, I watched an opportunity to escape. Accordingly, when Miss Beeny was leaning forward, and talking over her left shoulder to Mr. Gabarts about forays, moss-troopers, and other cockernony minstrelsy, and sprawling out her right foot among mine, I called to my son to exchange places, as the conversation was more in his way, and so I got snugly at last anchored in the lee of Mrs. Greenknowe, — a manœuvre of great relief; for, with all respect for years, there was no comparison between the plain, homely, unpretending conversation of the quiet, well-composed widow, and the ratiocination of Miss Beeny concerning the occultations of the similitudes of the olden and the modern.

At last Mr. Crayon remarked, it was time to think of separating. I was, however, in no haste to move, for I had brewed a new tumbler of most delicious toddy, of which Mrs. Greenknowe had promised to partake; but Miss Beeny, who had from time to time been darting a glimmering green glance towards the bottom of the table, suddenly rose, and looking at the watch which hung over the mantelpiece, cried, "Dear me, how swiftly time flies in pleasant company! — what a delightful party we have had!"

Not offering to resume her seat, the strangers were obliged

to move off. But I was now up to trap, for I invited the two strangers in the politest manner to dine with me next day, and pressed with great cordiality both Miss Beeny and Mrs. Greenknowe to join us. The latter made some scruple, which a little perplexed her aunt; but by dint of a touch of fun I overcame her diffidence: Miss Beeny stood in no need of exhortation; she was just glowing and gouping at the invitation.

Upon the whole, that night, so spent with one of the pleasantest parties Miss Beeny had recollected for many years among the good society of the town, was not without pastime, nor, when it was over, did it leave nothing for rumination. No sooner had I laid my head on the pillow, and began to recall to mind the tacit indications received from Miss Beeny since the affair of the amatory rustics, than I became convinced she was over head and ears in love with me, or my means and moveables.

How to act in such a dilemma was exceedingly perplexing; I could not but confess to myself that I thought Mrs. Greenknowe a most agreeable gentlewoman, and that I might travel far before meeting with her equal: not that I had the slightest idea of entering a third time into the silken harness of conjugality, though sometimes it came across my mind that it was so ordained; nor need I deny that before leaving Judiville, I once or twice said to myself, — What if this voyage to Scotland be a feedam to bring back a young wife for a companion to my daughters? A young one naturally ran in my head; because it was not to be expected that a woman advanced in life would be willing to leave her friends and native land, and I was not yet in a condition to wind up my concerns, and bid a final adieu to the land of refuge. Moreover, it was a doubtful thing if Mrs. Greenknowe, who, by all accounts, loved, and was much beloved, by her husband, would be inclined to change her state; and yet she could not love him more than I did my Rebecca.

CHAPTER VI.

"By the hedge-row way-side flowers are springing;
On the budded elms the birds are singing;
And up, up, up to the gates of heaven,
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture driven:
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud;—
Come hither! come hither! and join with me,
In the seasons' delightful jubilee."

THE next day opened with one of those bright, blithe, and breezy mornings, which are only to be met with, and not often, on the old world's side of the ocean sea. The lark, twinkling in the clear blue sky, was singing her sweet ditties at heaven's gate; and the children, as they ran gamboling to school, swung their book-pocks with a flourish, and shouted as they leaped along, prompted by the universal gaiety. In strolling on the bank of the river, I passed a troop of ducks, leisurely sauntering to their accustomed pool; the drake, a bold and gaudy beau, looked slyly up at me as he passed, and said, as pleasantly as ever eyes could speak, "Is not this a delightful morning?"

Sometimes in America I have seen mornings almost as beautiful; but the air was not so lively, nor the birds so melodious, not even by the glad sea-side — never do the new inland settlements enjoy such an effervescence of cool airs and sparkling sounds.

There the breeze, as it comes from the surrounding lofty woods, is wersh, compared with the brisk freshness of the Scottish summer's free westlin wind — it is as the river's vapid water, compared to the living draught that dances from the spring. The singing-birds, few and far between, were only beginning to come to the environs of Judiville before my departure.

Making these similitudes as I strayed heedlessly from field to field — for I was early abroad, and had no purpose in my walk — my fancy began to draw comparisons between many other things in the two countries; and I thought, if I could meet with a real sensible woman, to be a friend and companion in old age, I, perhaps, could not do better than

marry, and set myself down for enjoyment at home among old scenes. I had but few old friends remaining.

It is to me a never-failing source of wonderment, to recall the remarkable manner in which the different events of my life have been methodically brought about; while, separately considered, each seems as if it had been a solitary and unconnected chance. Walking without aim, when I heard the town-clock strike eight, I was reminded that breakfast-time was not far off, and turned down a narrow lane, with a high, thick, hawthorn hedge on each side, to shorten the way home to the Hillocks.

I was not aware to which part of the town the lane led, but I saw it could not lead me far wrong, and proceeded accordingly. About half way down I heard the voices of two females in earnest discourse, on the inner side of the hedge, and was hastening my steps that I might not listen, when I heard one of them pronounce my name. This gave me a right to listen; and, though at the risk of sharing the common fate of those who do so, I slackened my pace. A few sentences left me in no doubt that the fair controversialists, for they were discussing a point, were Miss Beeny Needles and Mrs. Greenknowe: the hedge inclosed the garden belonging to their residence.

"'Deed, Martha," said Miss Beeny to Mrs. Greenknowe, "you may take it ill, or take it well; but it is my imperial duty to tell you that your conciliations of Mr. Todd are much too predominantly evident."

Now it so had happened, that Mrs. Greenknowe, in no way or manner, either by look or gesture, had ever evinced towards me the slightest degree of partiality; whereas Miss Beeny took every opportunity to cast a sheep's-e'e at me, and annoy me with other tangible tokens of the tumult in her vestal veins.

"I cannot imagine," replied Mrs. Greenknowe, with a firm voice, "how such an idea can have entered your head; but it justifies me to remark in return, that, for a person of your years, your behaviour to Mr. Todd ——"

"My years!" exclaimed the indignant spinster; "what do you know of my years?"

"But little more of my own knowledge," said Mrs.

Greenknowe, " than that my mother was always reputed to be your younger sister by five years."

" Bravo, widow ! stand to her," thought I.

" Are you going off at the head, Martha, to speak to me with such derogatory imputations; and all because I felt myself constrained to give you a slight innuendo ?"

" Say no more," replied Mrs. Greenknowe; " I see the purpose of your admonition, and will not dine at the Hillocks: you shall have your little darling all to yourself."

" Little darling !" shrieked, or screamed Miss Beeny, and fled hastily towards the house.

" What 's to be done ?" said I to myself; " shall I reveal at once to Mrs. Greenknowe that I have overheard her ? Shall the malicious old cat deprive me of the pleasure I had anticipated ? What shall I do ? I must make openly up at once to Mrs. Greenknowe to end this. — When ? — how ? — I had never such a courtship as this. Is it within a possibility that I may be caught in the traps of yon Tabitha Bramble ? She 'll find I am not a Lismahago. My difficulties increase."

I then mended my pace, and walked home, where I arrived as undecided as ever. The bearing of my mind, however, was to give the subject four and twenty hours' consideration, and the question to be determined, — Shall I take no farther notice of the affair ? or shall I ascertain the dispositions of Mrs. Greenknowe ? As to vituperative Tabby, she may dight her neb and flee up.

After breakfast, none to my surprise, came the apology from Mrs. Greenknowe; and, though disappointed, I could not but still applaud her firmness. It only made me wroth against her aunt, and egged me almost to resolve, if the old cruet plagued me with any more of her tender innuendoes, to shatter her consternation, as Mr. Hoskins would have said, had he been in my place.

The dinner-time came round; the two strangers, with many *congés*, arrived at the appointed hour, and I found them in easy chat, persons not just so conglomerated with Adam and Eve knowledge, as they seemed to be the night before; verifying what I have often remarked in life, that men with affectations should be seen at two sittings, before

any one should undertake to draw their pictures. The first time they spread abroad what they believe to be the beauties of their merits, and generally play the fool to the best of their ability. The second, unless a new stranger is present, they kill in more rational colours. Thus it so chanced, that the preceding night they were full of romance and reverie, worshipping stocks, stones, old trees, crumbled houses, and sicklike, as if they had been real idolaters; but, on this, the second occasion, they had intellects for business. Mr. Crayon was intending in time to go to New York, to push his fortune by teaching drawing there, and we had some solid conversation on that head; and Mr. Gabarts was beginning to give me a very instructive account of how traffic moves in the West, when Miss Beeny, after having been waited for a full half hour, made her radiant appearance, having, in addition to the wonted purity of her muslin robes, large bows, knots, wreaths, and garlands of yellow ribands, "a host of golden daffodils," tricked out and stitched on different parts of her tucker and flounces, and a large orange lily stuck in her wig, and fastened in by a huge pebble brooch. There was not such a dressed lady that day, Miss Beeny herself thought, in all the royal borough.

Dissatisfied as I was with her, it was not fit to betray my sentiments to strangers; so I treated her with all manner of outward civility; and this was performed so well that I sometimes thought I was overdoing my part; for we giggled, and were so courtly, that not only Miss Beeny herself believed me to be her captivated swain, but even the strangers, I could see, thought there was something secret, sweet, and precious between us. The most curious thing in this play-actoring was, that, at the very time, I had a hatred of her, and was as angry at myself as a man could be for giving her encouragement, having a dread upon me that by some cantrip she would catch me in the web of her devices, as a spider makes piecemeal work of a simple fly.

The apprehension of being so entangled grew upon me, and I could not bear the idea of sitting near her; and yet, during dinner, I was enabled to thole her at my right hand. Indeed, I was so much on my guard, that she made no progress; it was only after I had taken a few glasses of wine

with the gentlemen (she having previously retired to what was called the drawing-room), that, on joining her with them, I ventured to shy a joke or two at her; I trow she she soon gave me cause to rue I had been so venturesome.

The gentlemen went away immediately after tea, and I was in hopes she would have gone with them; but she excused herself, saying, —

"I see, Mr. Todd, ye 're only breaking out; but as ye 're at last becoming resplendent, I 'll sit for half an hour or so, and ye 'll titilate me with a soliloquy."

The gentlemen being gone, and my son with them, to take a stroll in the cool of the evening, Miss Beeny arranged herself into an interesting attitude on the sofa, and invited me to draw my chair near her. I saw what she was after, and grew bold; at the same time I began to wonder with myself, whether the influence of the moon, or of the stars, or of the wine, could be uppermost.

As I drew my chair close to her shoulders, for she was in a recumbent position, I quietly took a pin from within the lapel of my coat, and with it fixed one of the riband-knots that adorned her wig to the cover of the sofa's arm, murmuring something that was like whispered love; then I said in distinct language, —

"We little know, Miss Beeny, what is ordained for us, nor what a world of sinners may say of our most innocent actions — we cannot be too circumspect. It is so far fortunate, that you and I have come to years of discretion. — How old are you, Miss Beeny?"

This question moved her; but not to the vehement degree I had reckoned; for after a slight cough, she replied in the most bland manner, —

"Were our virtues, Mr. Todd, equal to our years, felicitous would it be for both you and me;" and she sighed.

"You could not have made a more beautiful reflection, Miss Beeny," said I; "but I have a great curiosity to know, how it has come to pass that you have not been married. Have you never had an offer?"

Still she changed not her position, but turning her eyes with a pathetic leer, and stretching forth her hand, she laid it on the elbow of my chair, at which I lifted the chair

hastily a little way from her, and said, "I wonder if Mrs. Potiphar was a young woman?"

"Still she was no farther moved, than to let one of her feet fall, as it were by accident, from off the sofa; at which I drew my chair again close to her. She, however, said nothing; in[illegible]l, from her silence, and the trance-like cast of her eyes, [illegible]egan to fear her passion was not all feigned, so I determined to conclude my part of the business in the words of the old rhyme,

"If ye be a maiden,
As I trow ye be,
Ye'll never laugh a smile
At the kittling o' your knee."

"Oh, Miss Beeny!" cried I, and eagerly stretching forth my hand, I caught her by the knee, with such hearty goodwill, that she started up with a yell, leaving her wig where it was fastened.

Her shriek was so wild, that it instantly brought our servant, and her own servant, who was assisting, on account of the company, into the room, in the middle of which, with the tears hopping from her eyes, stood Miss Beeny, pretending to be crippled with the kittling, while I stood apart, looking to the wall, scarcely able to conceal my indecorum.

"I call you to witness," cried Miss Beeny, frantic with rage, to the girls, who both laughed outright. — "Before the Lords, ye shall exasperate justice against this false, wicked —— Oh! oh, I might have been undone."

"Oh, Miss Beeny, Miss Beeny," said I, "ye're no' a pin the worse of all the bit touzle. I'm sure, to a woman of your time of life, ye should take it as God-send."

"I am lamed for life," was her interjection, as she moved to lift her wig from the sofa; not being aware of the pin, she snatched it so suddenly, that it was rent asunder. The two girls, already laughing to the utmost pitch of their power, fell into each other's arms, completely overpowered; while Miss Beeny, in wigless dignity, crippled across the room, holding the relics aloft, and eyeing them askance, her naked head appearing as if it been covered with a bladder.

"Never fash your head, Miss Beeny, about such a trifle," said I, soothingly; at which she turned suddenly round, and gave a stamp that made the house shake; adding, "There is but one way of solacing this insult."

"Name it, Miss Beeny; name it," said I.

"Marriage, sir, marriage!"

"Oh, Miss Beeny, did ye think I was in earnest?"

At these words she forthwith ordered the lantern to be lighted, and, tying her pocket-handkerchief over the torn wig, which she replaced on her head, she walked out of the room. Looking back, before taking the door on her back, she exclaimed,

"To-morrow, sir; to-morrow, sir. — Oh, oh!"

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

When I awoke in the morning, I had a queer dread of having done something, I knew not what. "Surely I was far left to myself," said I, "to be so overcome by wine, as to treat a decent, elderly gentlewoman with so little ceremony." I was ready to sink through the floor.

"It was in fun: fun! a man of my years and prudence to do what my son would not have ventured; and if she makes a complaint? Shall I be carried before the magistrates? Who could have thought such would ever have happened to me? I, a man of the correctest of conduct— a moral neighbour, charitable, and all that." — I was in despair.

"She spoke of marriage as the only compensation she would accept. Marriage, alas! — I had a foreboding she would somehow ensnare me; she has done it, and I am for life a miserable man. Mrs. Bell, the minister's wife, had bodily beauty; but mine — my bride's an atomy from the tomb.

"She may, however, cool, and be content with a lesser

solacium, money — cannot I try her with money? any thing but marriage. A matter of money let it be, but no matrimony. No, no, of two evils let me choose the least: I would give half my fortune to squabash this joke. Oh! it is a black joke.

"Cannot I run away, abscond? the sun is but newly risen, a postchaise may soon be got ready. But whither can I fly? the shame will remain, or follow.

"Shame? there was no great shame in it, after all; it was just an after-dinner prank, a thing to be laughed at. I wonder what makes me so agitated; I must treat it lightly; I had a little wine in my head for the first time, and Miss Beeny had placed herself in a comical recumbency; I but just kittled her knee. It's a thing every body will laugh at.

"Laugh at! — but will they, will they laugh? will they not rather blazon the outrage, and deem it due to the offended laws? — Oh, impossible."

Then the mood of my molestation changed, and I said, —

"I wonder what Mrs. Greenknowe will think of it? Oh! therein is my safety; she can bear witness to Miss Beeny's blandishments. What excuse can Miss Beeny have made for going home in such a pickle? Oh, Miss Beeny! incontinent Miss Beeny! now shall you drink the cup you made so bitter to that thrice respectable lady — the sinnah you served to her in the morning.

"But still there has been familiarity! What will the widow say to that? If I can get her ear in quiet, and tell her the plain fact, she will laugh at it all. Ha! this is the highest wall-top I ever mounted; there's no returning — none — none — I must take the leap."

Such were my morning ruminations; solemn enough for the most part; but, at times, some odd and droll incidents of the farce — it was in truth a farce, both in motive and performance — would come upon me, and cause me to laugh in the midst of my fears.

Having taken a cup of tea for breakfast (I could not break bread), I proceeded straight to Mrs. Greenknowe's house, to take my chance of "the landing, however the

matter might fa'." I knocked with a trembling hand; the girl who opened the door laughed as she let me in: I enquired for Mrs. Greenknowe; she came into the room before there was time to apprise her of my visit; she too laughed when she saw me. "This looks well," said I, aside, and I made an endeavour to be also risible, entering at once into the marrow of the matter.

"I see, mem, that ye have heard of the comical prank I played your aunt last night? How is she, poor leddy? none the worse, I hope; though I fear her knee got a severer pinch than was quite consistent with true love: as for the wig, I doubt I shall have more cause to regret the damage it met with, than Miss Beeny, for it was manifestly in need of reparation, and she shall have a new one."

I then told Mrs. Greenknowe, sparing the maiden gentlewoman as much as I could, how, seeing her on the sofa, I was tempted to pin her wig to the pillow; and that the catching her by the knee was just a whim of the moment, far from all evil intent — an innocent prank, as sinless as any piece of schoolboy mischief on a holiday.

Mrs. Greenknowe was exceedingly diverted with the whole story, and informed me that Miss Beeny was none calmed. "All night she never went to bed, but walked from room to room wringing her hands, but finding no sympathy; for, as often as she came to my bedside, though she was as solemn as a troubled ghost," said the widow, "I could do nothing but laugh at her woful story; and as often as she sought Kate the servant for her sympathy, she met with the same reception. She vows to extort atonement."

"I hope," replied I. "she speaks no more of marriage: in truth, Mrs. Greenknowe, though it was but a joke, there would be folly in making it serious with the public; but marriage is out of the question, unless, Mrs. Greenknowe, she would be satisfied by my taking you off her hands?"

Thus was the ice hastily broken. Mrs. Greenknowe laughed loudly at first; but gradually her features settled into a calm smile, and she manifestly waited to hear what I had farther to say: I added, —

"In truth, Mrs. Greenknowe, I am in sincere earnest:

ever since I had the pleasure of knowing you, my mind has daily been growing more intent on making you a proposition."

Mrs. Greenknowe replied, smiling again, — "This will only make things worse,— to consent to take you after what my aunt says you have done to her."

"Where is she? — let me see her herself; better strike while the iron's hot." At that moment the street-door was shut with a thundering slam, and the giggling girl came into the room, crying — She's gone! she's gone; she's off, and she's gone to the Provost's! Oh, sir! ye'll be taken up, ye'll be tried, and the least they can do to you, is to hang you off-hand."

Mrs. Greenknowe's countenance changed colour, and she looked at me earnestly. I endeavoured to preserve my wonted composure, but I felt by the glowing of my face that I too was reddening.

"This," said she, "looks too serious: stop one minute, and I will go with you to Provost Badge. Surely my aunt has been out of her mind since Sunday!"

Mrs. Greenknowe was speedily ready to accompany me, and we set out to the Provost's together. As we passed along the streets, every body looked out at their doors and windows, and we heard guffaws and ridiculous laughter rising from the inner regions of the shops as we passed: by some unaccountable accident, the affair was already so public. To hear it a subject of such general merriment, lightened my anxieties; even Mrs. Greenknowe, as she quickened her speed to the Provost's, was more than once moved to audible laughter, by the recollection of some of the items of the story.

As we drew near to the Provost's door, a general movement appeared to be taking place in the streets. The servant maids, with loose hair and naked legs, were mustering; the shopkeepers were closing their doors, and a universal tendency was evident among the inhabitants to surround the Tolbooth. But one thing occurred which effectually extinguished my disposition to make light of it. I had a distant vista of my son Robin running up a lone street, that he might not witness the dishonour of his father.

On reaching the Provost's, we were immediately admitted; he had seen us approaching, and we were shown into a parlour, where, in the course of a few minutes, he joined us. The moment he entered, I could discern the remains of a laugh among his features, though he wore the magisterial mask of great solemnity.

I immediately enquired for Miss Beeny, and said that I was not only anxious to set the affair in its proper light, but to make every reasonable compensation for the wound she had received in her feelings; at the same time declaring that I could not have imagined it was possible, by all that was done, to have injured her delicacy so severely.

The Provost, who was really in his way a considerate man, said he hoped it was as I represented; but the utmost he could do was, before hearing any charge, to leave Miss Beeny with Mrs. Badge, a motherly person, who would sift the affair with more gentleness than it could be done by men.

"Miss Beeny," said he — "begging your pardon, Mrs. Greenknowe — is very well known amongst us all as having her own little oddities; and I am quite sure, if her case were one of the darkest dye, she would receive but little commiseration from the commonalty, not on account of any ill will they bear her, but for the comicality of such a thing happening to one of her years, and, above all, to her. I am persuaded, Mr. Todd, if you are tried here — that is, supposing there are grounds to send you to trial — there is not a jury of the burghers who will find the libel proven, though the case were as plain as my loofe.

My blood was curdling in every vein to hear him speak thus, when suddenly a loud, shrill, ungovernable burst, or rather shriek of laughter, rose in the adjoining room.

"It is Mrs. Badge," said the Provost; "and by that sign the evidence would seem to be going in your favour, Mr. Todd."

As he spoke the words, his lady came into the room overpowered with mirth. What ensued will be matter for the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these same pages
This marvel to you."

The Provost's lady had scarcely composed herself from her agitation of merriment, to tell us what Miss Beeny had said, when the minister of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Glasham, attended by one of his elders, was shown into the room. It was clear to be seen they came to examine into the fact; at the same time, I saw plainly by the Rev. Gentleman's countenance, that he, as well as the whole community, had no very solemn ideas on the subject.

Dr. Glasham, of Chucky Stanes, was, indeed, no ordinary member of the Church of Scotland, both by reputation, and by what, of my own knowledge, I came to understand of him. He was such, merely as a man, that we seldom meet with. Not only was he unaffectedly pious in his sentiments, kindly and Christian at all points, and learned beyond many of his cloth; but he was of a jocose humour, and would carry a joke as far as any man I ever met with. Truly, he was a facetious brother; while austere towards every kind of dissoluteness, he was yet lenient in his judgment of many transactions, that men of less practical virtue would have treated with inexorable severity.

When he was first informed of the unspeakable outrage which it was alleged had actually been perpetrated, he thought there must be some exaggeration in the story; and he had come in gentle charity to try, however the case might be, to get the blaspheming tongue of the public stopped, by procuring the owning of a fault between Miss Beeny and me. To own a fault where no harm had been done, I was not likely to do; and, moreover, marriage was tied to the tail of it, to which I was determined, for less than the halter, never to assent.

After some general discourse, not of a very deep tint, which convinced me that all present were little disposed to

countenance such a case as Miss Beeny pretended to set forth, Dr. Glasham proposed that she should be called in, and a precognition taken by him, before any charge should be laid before the magistrates. To this the provost at once consented; for he too was dubious of the fact. Miss Beeny accordingly was summoned.

When she appeared, it was difficult for any of all present to maintain a suitable decorum of countenance. Mrs. Badge, the provost's lady, laughed outright; and Mrs. Greenknowe would evidently have done the same, had not the complainer been her aunty, whom it was her duty to countenance.

Miss Beeny, not having been in bed all night, was in a most disjasket state. The disasters of her ravished wig were, it is true, concealed beneath her bonnet, but her dress was in a sad condition. "The host of golden daffodils" hung their heads like drooket hens, and her muslin robes were as the garments of those that are naught. Oh, the artifices of women!

"Sit down," said Dr. Glasham — "sit down, Miss Beeny; we are all here in the capacity of friends; we think, before you make any accusation to the magistrate, it should be seen how the matter really stands; for unless you can make good what I understand you allege, your own character will be ruined for ever; and Mr. Todd, though he may have been in a degree blameable, will be honourably acquitted. Therefore, Miss Beeny, I advise you to be circumspect in what you say — pray, do sit down and tell us the whole story."

Miss Beeny accordingly seated herself in one of the arm-chairs, and pulling out her handkerchief, and having wiped her eyes, thus began. My ears were on tiptoes.

"Preliminaries are not essentials — as I need not tell you, Dr. Glasham. After dinner, when we were in the drawing-room, having participated in tea, and the other guests had evacuated the apartment, I was reclining on the sofa ——"

"What was the cause of that?" enquired the provost, winking.

"That question is not relevant," said the Reverend Dr.

Glasham: "she might be fatigued. It is not possible, Miss Beeny, that you could have been affected by wine?"

"Oh, no, no!" replied the damsel of years; "I was on my guard throughout the dinner. I would never, in such a conjunction of circumstances, have exposed myself to the casualty."

"Did you suspect any thing, that you were so on your guard?" said the divine.

"I had my own apprehensions," was the reply: "having found the foot of that wicked individual—Oh, oh!—pray don't go too near the tender point—I was obliged to kick it away from mine, more than once, at supper the preceding evening."

"Provost, I think that looks black," said the minister; but I could perceive a small twinkling in the corner of his eye, that did not augur the consummation of my fate. My weather-glass began to rise. Miss Beeny went on.

"As I was incumbent on the sofa, he drew his chair close to my pillow with Tarquin's ravishing strides. He whispered to me the warmth of his amorosity: I replied with serene benignity, such things must not be talked of in such ways."

"That's not true," cried I.

"Silence, sir!" said the Doctor; and the provost, with a face evidently big with fun, added, "You must not interrupt the investigation."

Miss Beeny continued:—

"He then saw that I was vigilant—that I was not in a seducative temperament, and shifted his circumvallations; but he became so particular with his tangible taciturnity, I was obliged to push him and his chair with great violence to a distance. In this—yes—I must confess, that in this point, I was too weak, for then I ought to have risen, and withered him with an emaculate frown."

"And why did you not, Miss Beeny?" said the Reverend Doctor.

"You were in a ticklish situation, Miss Beeny," rejoined the elder.

"Was it then he forgot himself?" enquired the provost.

"Was it then he kittled you?" cried Mrs. Badge.

"What did I do to you then?" said I.

The Lucretia of Chucky Stanes made no direct response to either of these questions, but resumed:—

"Mr. Todd, seeing me alarmed, fell prostrate on his bended knees, and kissed my hand with adoration."

"That's a lie!" exclaimed I.

"Miss Beeny," exclaimed the Doctor, "you are showing a very grave case; it is highly necessary you should speak out—we must have it—there is no mincing the matter—the whole outrage, with all its outs and ins, fully before us."

The meagre lady drew herself up at this, and said, with emphasis, "I did not expect to be so cross-questioned."

"The minister cannot help it," interposed the provost, looking like a man that knew what's what; and adding, in a voice of authority, "Robina Needles, you must proceed. What did Mr. Todd do?—you must tell us."

"Yes," rejoined the venerable Doctor, "what did he do when he was prostrate on his bended knees?"

"He kittled her knee," exclaimed Mrs. Badge, the provost's lady, no longer able to restrain herself.

Here the provost interposed, and said to his wife, "My dear, you do not seem to know what is going on. Miss Beeny must state the particulars herself. Proceed, Miss Beeny."

Mrs. Greenknowe was beginning to look serious; she saw her aunt was in a critical predicament, and was grieved for the ridicule she was drawing down. But Dr. Glasham was a man that relished a joke; and, for a minister, he was surely inclined to go a great length: he added,—

"And kittling your knee, as Mrs. Badge has informed us:—what did the gentleman do next?"

Miss Beeny applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and began to weep bitterly.

"Robina Needles," said the minister, "you must proceed; nothing has yet been stated that can call for the interference of the session. What did he do?"

"Oh, Dr. Glasham, Dr. Glasham, I am undone!"

"But how?—in what way, Miss Beeny? it is absolutely necessary that you tell all about it: you are running the

risk of being prosecuted by Mr. Todd for defamation: the whole town is up, and afoot, to know the particulars; they all sympathise with you. But you have not shown to me, nor to these most respectable persons, that any fault had been committed. Go on, I say, Robina Needles, go on; the time of the inquest is not to be trifled with."

"I would tell you all my misfortune," exclaimed Miss Beeny, bursting into tears, "but——"

"But what?" cried the minister.

"Must I tell every thing?" responded the disconsolate lady.

"Yes; to the last particular."

"Well, then, he pinned my artificial ringlets to the sofa cover: was not that malice propense?"

"Go on, Miss Beeny,—what did he do next?"

"He kittled her knee," cried the provost's leddy.

"Well!" said the minister, "that's one fact; we admit that. Come, proceed, go on—speak out, Miss Beeny."

"Was not I in great danger?" sobbed the poor old lady, scarcely able to articulate.

"Provost Badge," said the Reverend Dr. Glasham, "it is very clear that the complainant, Robina Needles, has sustained no essential wrong; her case is really not deserving of any serious consideration;" and he winked slily to the provost, who, addressing himself to her a little more familiarly, said,—

"Miss Beeny, though I must adopt the opinion of our worthy minister, still I think Mr. Todd has not been blameless; so I would, without going into the forms of law, under which, Miss Beeny, you would have but a small chance for any solacium, advise that gentleman to make a handsome compensation for your wounded delicacy."

Mrs. Greenknowe, who had endured all with commendable patience, rose at these words, and said to her aunt,—"I beseech you, mem, to come away. This is mockery."

"'Deed it is, Miss Beeny," said I. "Let by-ganes be by-ganes, or I'll tell what the bird that was in the hedge yesterday morning heard about the little darling."

"Ha!" cried Miss Beeny, and bolted out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

'Thou troublest me."

After we had enjoyed our laugh, the minister proposed that he and I should take a turn in the provost's garden, whilst the provost apprised the town's folk that the affair was a matter of moonshine, and so procure a dispersion of the crowd, which, by this time, to the number of many hundreds, were assembled before the door.

"Mr. Todd," said he, "I hope you will pardon the freedom I am about to take. Both by duty and feeling, I am as little disposed as any man to overlook violations of propriety. The first report of this business was very bad; but, knowing the character of poor Miss Beeny, I did not put much faith in it. Still, with reference to the station she occupies, it must be considered, that you took a most unusual liberty. Unless, therefore, some means can be devised to produce a proper extenuation, I doubt it will affect your intercourse with the good society of the town, among whom delicacy of manners is particularly observed and cultivated."

The best answer I could give, was to acknowledge the plain truth, that perhaps I had used a freedom beyond propriety; but my mind was innocent of all intentional rudeness. "I was not, Doctor," said I, "fed with a silver spoon in my youth, nor have I since been much in the way of ceremonious company; besides I am naturally of a light familiar humour. These things should plead for me with 'the good society' of the place."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "they will do so, and will procure you pardon, I doubt not; but they will become reasons against taking you into fellowship, unless, as I have already hinted, you can devise some method of convincing them with whom you would desire to associate, that you possess redeeming qualities. Excuse my freedom; for although I confess this affair has been eminently absurd on the part of that fastastical old woman, I yet know it may

essentially impair your comfort amongst us; and were you hastily to leave the town, it might ever remain as a stain upon your character."

"Dear me, Doctor!" exclaimed I, a little vexed to hear this; "it's surely a terrible troublesome thing to be a gentleman, especially in Chucky Stanes: — what shall I do? Will a gift to the poor, and a mortification to the parish, help me?"

"I'm afraid not," said the Doctor slyly, for he began to see through me; "but if you were inclined to enter again into the matrimonial estate, now would be the time to show yourself."

"Who would take me?"

"Miss Beeny, I have no doubt," replied the Doctor, laughing. And he continued, — "But seriously, Mr. Todd, I am speaking as a friend, I know how gnats are made camels in small communities; and, out of regard to your own character, you ought to do something."

"Preserve me, Dr. Glasham! that is making a desperate case of it." However, I put on my gravity, and told him what I had been for some days thinking of, with respect to Mrs. Greenknowe.

"Nothing could be better," observed the reverend gentleman: "she is a most amiable person; and though, perhaps, considering your years, a little too young, — but that will be no objection on your side. Have you said any thing to herself?"

I recapitulated what had passed in the morning, when I called to make up matters about the fracas, and concluded by requesting him to see Mrs. Greenknowe, and ascertain how far she might be disposed to change her condition.

"There is no time to be lost," said the Reverend Doctor; I will go directly; perhaps she has not yet left the house;" and with these words he went in quest of the lady, while I remained alone in the garden, reflecting on the singular position in which I had placed myself. I was not, however, displeased that the affair would speedily be brought to a conclusion; and I could not but confess, while meditating among the flowers, that no event in the whole course of my remarkable life, was less owing to any wisdom or

forethought of mine, than the chance of being married to Mrs. Greenknowe.

But my meditations were, upon the whole, far from being pleasant: I felt somehow like a fish out of the water; indeed, that had been the case from the day I took possession of the house of Hillocks; and I would have given a plack and a bawbee, to say nothing of a dollar and a cent, had I never had any thing to do with it. I was too long accustomed to a life of business and care, to play the part of a gentleman at large with ease: in short, I questioned the discretion of my entire conduct, from the period of my father's funeral; and resolved, if Mrs. Greenknowe did not meet my proposal with some encouragement, to prepare for my immediate return to the bustle and business of Judiville.

If she manifested any symptom of compliance, and only stood out on some condition about going to America, I determined it should be no hindrance. By this time I had seen that my son was, for his years, a superior youth, and that the lesson he learned in the duel had pruned the wings of his young impetuosity: I, therefore, could feel no apprehension of committing to his and Mr. Herbert's joint care, the task of winding up my affairs, and of sending home my daughters, if Mrs. Greenknowe's objections to cross the Atlantic were of an obstinate kind.

The minister was absent at least an hour: when he returned, I perceived he had made up a face for the occasion, touching his complexion with a gloomier tint of solemnity than was needed; but he knew then little of my ways, and maybe thought I was one of those foolish birds that are frightened for bogles made of clouts.

"Well, Doctor," said I, advancing soberly towards him — "what luck?"

"More than I expected, and less than I hoped. Mrs. Greenknowe is very thankful for the good opinion you entertain of her, and is sensible of the advantages she would enjoy with a man in your easy circumstances; but——"

"Ah! that but," cried I.

"But she apprehends that there may be too great a disparity of ages," rejoined the minister.

"Not a day, not a day! it would not be so well were there less."

"So I said," continued the blackfoot: "then she made some observation about the shortness of your mutual acquaintance, and crossing the seas, and living in the woods; in short, she was too reasonable, which increases the difficulties."

Upon this I explained to the minister, that both as to crossing of seas and living in the woods, I should make no bones; and for the shortness of our acquaintance, that was a defect which every day would lessen. "At the same time, Doctor, if she is so reasonable, it's to be hoped she'll listen to reason even upon such objections. Don't you think I had better see her myself? I'm not of a grade, as we have had sufficient proof this morning, to woo by proxy."

The Reverend Doctor concurred in this opinion, so we returned into the house together, where we found all the party we had left, and Miss Beeny so far recovered from her hystericals, as to be laying down the law on a case of cookery to the provost's lady, preparatory to the grand banquet to which I had been invited. The provost himself and Mrs. Greenknowe were laying their heads together in a corner, and I conjecture that something concerning me was the burden of their discourse.

Whether to open the business in the presence of so many witnesses, or to ask Mrs. Greenknowe to take a turn with me in the garden, was a little perplexing, especially on Miss Beeny's account; for I saw her take out her handkerchief, and prepare herself for a scene. A moment's reflection, therefore, convinced me that neither alternative was the right one, so I chose a middle course.

I went up in a straight, off-hand, free, frank manner, to Miss Beeny, where she was sitting in her whites and yellows, like a broom-bush with a chemise thrown over it, and said, "Well, after all, so you and I, Miss Needles, are to open the ball together."

"What ball?" cried she eagerly.

"That grand ball and supper which I am to give to all the good society of the town, in order to show them that

you and I, Miss Beeny, know how to give and take a joke; you must be lady directress."

"Oh, Mr. Todd! that would be delightful; but not being yet a matron, I cannot undertake the office," was, to my surprise, the answer of the venerable spinster. I replied, —

"I forgot that; you can only be there as a mademoiselle. But Mrs. Greenknowe—she can be matron: what do you say, mem?" and I immediately went and seated myself beside the widow, in doing which I heard Miss Beeny say, in a half-whisper to the provost's lady, "Is not he a captivating little man?"

"Ay, ay," replied Mrs. Badge, "we now see what comes of kittling knees;" and that excellent woman was again seized with an immoderate fit of irrepressible laughter, during which I had an opportunity of touching Mrs. Greenknowe on the elbow, and of requesting her to take a turn with me in the garden before going home.

When I spoke of the ball, I had no sort of serious thought on the subject; it was said in what Miss Beeny herself called bandinage: but she did not take it as such; on the contrary, as soon as the provost's wife had laughed her laugh, Miss Beeny resumed her laud and approval of the undertaking, saying, —

"A ball, Mr. Todd, is just the punctilious atonement; it shows the true spirit of gallantry; and, if you give us a supper, it will be resplendent."

"It shall be all your own way, Miss Beeny, as it is a peace offering."

"Miss Beeny! Miss Beeny!" cried the provost's lady, "I doubt ye 'll be letting him kittle your knee again."

"Mrs. Badge," replied Miss Beeny, with as much dignity as the construction of her air and manner could express — "Mrs. Badge, I am not a woman of an inflexible soul; my feelings are not obstinate, they are peripatetic. If I am content to forgive Mr. Todd his amorous insinuations, no one has any privilege to vituperate;" and then she turned towards me, and said with great glee, "but the ball and supper has nothing to do with the juris-

prudence of the provost — mind, Mr. Todd, you stand adjudicated and convicted to solace me."

By this time I was beginning to fash at so much ado about nothing; so I took Mrs. Greenknowe by the hand, and led her into the garden; what we did there will be revealed in the sequel.

CHAPTER X.

"The heart, the woman's love,
Was bred and twined with his that 's silent there."

My conversation with Mrs. Greenknowe in the garden was to a certain extent satisfactory. She had no objection to change her life, nor was she altogether averse to crossing the Atlantic; but she did not think herself justified to give any answer on the main point, which concerned me, because we were as yet but in an ordinary measure acquainted, and it was necessary to consult her friends.

I could not but acknowledge the good sense and prudence of what she said; but when I recalled to mind the fond confidence in each other with which Rebecca and I, with only my daily earnings, committed ourselves into the hands of Providence, I could not but think that the gathering of gear makes the heart sordid. Even in my second marriage there was little of human foresight; though there was not that drawing of hallowed affection which made me defy property with Rebecca, yet a plain and sincere reliance between Judith and me saved all the cost and trouble of contracts and settlements; — we joined hands, in a low estate, for better and worse, and neither of us had ever cause to repent the patriarchal simplicity of that union, though it was founded more on convenience than on impassioned love. Indeed, after the death of Rebecca, it was not in the power of my nature to love again. My spirit had been mingled with hers; and when the Lord was pleased to remove her from this world, she carried away to heaven all that holy enthu-

siasm which the graces of her character had awakened in my bosom, and which blended in such congenial affinity with the fine thoughts of her own innocent and beautiful mind. While she lived, I had no care, neither anxiety nor any worldly fear: if at times a flake of vapour appeared in the clear blue welkin of my spirit, it was like the feathers which are shaken from the golden wings of the summer morning, or the glorious flakes in the track of the setting sun. When I laid her head in the grave I felt no sorrow, but rather a solemn delight, believing I had cause to think I was beloved by a gracious being. who was then brightening in the presence of the Light of Light. Yes; often when the stars are all in their splendour, I have a sublime persuasion that at some one of those windows and apertures of heaven, Rebecca looks down upon the earth with eyes of youthful kindness remembering me.

I did not, however, tell Mrs. Greenknowe all this, but only, that when a bare young man I had married a gentle and religious maiden, with whom I had been so blessed, that whilst she was on the earth, I thought neither of poverty nor of riches. I told her also that I afterwards married again — a woman of many household virtues, quiet and mild, placing all her happiness in seeing her family pleased with her solicitude to make them comfortable. And then I explained, that on proposing to put my neck a third time in the yoke, I indulged in no fond hopes like the dreams of my first love; and that Providence had so blessed my basket and my store, as to spare whoever might become my wife from the patient thrift and unwearied industry which was the lot of Judith Hoskins.

"In short, Mrs. Greenknowe," said I, "I want a friend and companion,— one who, content within herself, feels no trouble in promoting the satisfaction of others, and who is likely to know that the first duty of a wedded wife consists in smoothing the pillow of her husband. Women are wooed before marriage; but there never was a blithe hearth where the wife neglected to take her turn and be the wooer's after. Now, mem, I think you are likely to realise all my reasonable expectations and desires in every way; and though I cannot offer you a beau versed in the

rites and ceremonies of what your aunt calls 'good society,' I can pledge you a faithful and an honest heart, and will settle upon you a competency of God's blessings."

To be sure, this was rather a bargain-like declaration; but Mrs. Greenknowe was not one to be warmed by metaphorical flames, or pierced with figurative darts. She listened to what I said, and replied to every point with so much discretion, that I thought her more and more worthy of my best affections.

She told me very frankly, that she could, no more than myself, give an entire heart; that the better part of hers was cold in the grave with him who first won it; but that if she was ordained to become my wife, or that of any other man, it would be for the benefit of her own happiness to draw her pleasures from the same well.

This could not certainly be considered as an acceptance of my proposal, but it was encouraging: accordingly I resolved to persevere, and agreed she should take her own time to consult her friends; but as I might in the course of the autumn be under the necessity of going back to America, I hinted to her that it would be judicious not to be too long about it.

Such was the state of the understanding with which we returned into the house, where we found Miss Beeny and the provost's lady by themselves, seriously discussing — at least, Miss Beeny was — the ball and supper she expected me really to give. The provost had not returned, and the minister and elder were both gone; I therefore did not tarry long, but left Mrs. Greenknowe to tell, if she thought fit, what had passed between us.

It would have been well, however, had I not been so hasty in coming away; for the moment I put my head out of the door, a swarm of boys, who were assembled before it, gave three cheers; and a recruiting party at the cross changed their tune as I passed, and played "The brisk young lad;" which set all the spectators a-laughing, and many of them shouted and clapped their hands. It is not in the power of tongue or pen to tell what I felt — verily, Miss Beeny Needles, all thy wrongs were amply avenged.

CHAPTER XI.

"Lord! how my head aches!—what a head have I!"

Few days of my life have been fuller of vexation than the day of that hobbleshow in Chucky Stanes: I have ever since, in memory of what I suffered, called it the Black Wednesday.

On my return to the Hillocks, after the precognition at the provost's, I felt myself much out of spirits, fatigued, and an all-overishness about me, as if I had been unwell; so I went and threw myself down on the sofa, the scene of the outrage, incapable of guiding my own thoughts.

I would have sent for my son, and explained to him the much ado about nothing; but, upon reflection, I thought it a subject he had better hear of from another. Sometimes my mind was inclined to abandon Chucky Stanes and Mrs. Greenknowe at once; then I recollected my two forlorn daughters, and how well that lady was calculated to be of the greatest service to them; and that, though on the near side of thirty, as concerned me, she was still a handsome young woman. Thus, my thoughts rising and falling like the sea-waves chafing a sandy shore, I lay ruminating for some time; at last I fell asleep.

When I was roused for dinner, there was a note from my son on the table, telling me he had gone to Kelso races with another young man; and that he would not be back before Saturday, when he hoped to find me well and comfortable. I had but little appetite, and this letter did not sharpen it: at first I was vexed that he had not told me of his intended excursion; but when I considered what had happened, I was obliged to acknowledge he had certainly acted judiciously in getting out of the way, and I wished I could have done the same. It showed me, however, what I had not thought of before, that the time was drawing near when he would probably be quitting his father's house altogether. This led me on to think that my other children, one after another, would be doing the same;

and that the day was not very distant when I might find myself a lonely old man, in want of some such worthy companion as Mrs. Greenknowe, who, being younger, was the better able to take care of my old age.

During dinner, and all the afternoon, I ruminated in that manner, and was far from being easy; at last I plucked up courage, and resolved to consult the minister, Dr. Glasham, finally on the subject. Accordingly, in the cool of the evening, I walked to the manse, and had the good fortune to meet the reverend gentleman at his own door coming forth to take his customary walk.

After a few cordial reciprocities, not without laughter again at my exploit, I informed him of my intended visit and its purpose; but as the particulars would not be interesting to the courteous reader after what I have related of our conversation in the morning, I pass the record of them by, except insomuch as they touch the result.

Dr. Glasham spoke with much wisdom: he entered very fully into my feelings and apprehensions concerning the dejection which attends the solitariness of old age; and he coincided in opinion with me, that Mrs. Greenknowe would be a most desirable connection, and that she was not a day too young.

I then related to him what had passed between her and me in the provost's garden, and he thought that for the time I had made bold progress; so thought I myself; and, to confess the fact, I was somewhat vogie of the valour I had shown her so handsomely off-hand. He thought that I indeed stood in as fair a way of success as could reasonably, on so short a notice, be expected; and it was not until I had used some persuasion, that he consented to see Provost Badge on the business next morning: for the provost's wife being nearly related to Mrs. Greenknowe, made him in consequence a sort of doer both to her and Miss Beeny Needles.

The affair being so far arranged, we returned towards the manse: I have only briefly related the upshot of what passed. Our conversation, being both long and interesting, lasted from the door of the manse until we had walked as far as the Broom Hill at the head of the green, and come round by the tansy spring; for, since we had the job in

hand, I thought it as well to complete it, and accordingly gave him full powers to negotiate and covenant the settlements with Provost Badge. At the manse door I wished him a very good night; for, although he pressed me strongly to go in with him, I was yet not just in order for conviviality.

And well it was perhaps for me that I declined his invitation; for next morning, when the minister called to see if I was still of the same mind before going to the provost, he told me Miss Beeny was at the manse when he went in; and that he had some rare sport with her, not only concerning the outrage which she was beginning to make lightly of by the name of her comical hallucination, but a purpose of marriage that she would hear something of next morning, giving her to suppose it very nearly affected herself.

Though I could not be angry with Dr. Glasham for being jocose on such an occasion, liking as I do myself a bit of jocosity now and then, yet I was disconcerted by so much being said about it, and which, among other things, nourished my dislike to the orders and methods of the good society of Chucky Stanes. But, inasmuch as it troubled me, it made me the more eager to bring the matter speedily to close quarters with the widow. Accordingly, when Dr. Glasham went to the provost's, I went to her; but on reaching the house, I learned she was also gone to the provost's. The cutty of a servant lass said, however, with a smile, that Miss Beeny was at home, and she was sure would be glad to see me; so I spirited myself to go in. Scarcely, however, was I seated, and my bantering begun, — for I saw Miss Beeny was too ticklish a subject to deal with otherwise, — when a post-haste message came from Mr. Badge, requesting an immediate visit: I guessed she was summoned to the consultation.

At first, I was inclined to walk with her, and indeed went part of the way; but seeing the light in which we were regarded by the shopkeepers as we passed along, I changed my course and went home to await the coming of the minister; and I never was more glad of shelter than when I entered again my own door. But, alas! there was no place of refuge for me.

I had scarcely taken my seat on the celebrated sofa, when Mr. Selvege, the cloth-merchant, came in with his patterns. After many professional inflexions, he gave me to understand, that having observed I always wore black, he had come with his swatches, in consequence of hearing I was likely to require a coloured coat, and to beg the favour of my preference.

I was much disposed to bid him go to an ill place for custom; but I had been so worried by this time, that I could not act with my wonted decision; and in consequence, out of mere incapability to give a firm answer, I looked at his patterns, and was persuaded to take a dark purple cloth for a coat, the most thriftless of all the colours of the rainbow, and, I verily believe, an ancient shopkeeper: I likewise ordered a pair of decencies of the same colour. Thus was he tacitly accredited to all his customers to announce my intended marriage.

He was not well gone when Mr. Ribbans the haberdasher was shown in, come also to solicit my custom. I was really angry by this time at my own weakness in yielding so easily as I had done to the cunning persuasion of Mr. Selvege; and did not behave with common civility to Mr. Ribbans, whom I soon sent off with a flea in his ear. But he was hardly out of the door, when my reason rebelled against the rudeness of which I had been guilty: this was an addition to my felicity!—Oh, what would I have given to have been safe back in my log-hut, amidst all the discomforts even of Babelmandel! Mr. Waft was amiable, compared with the last of my present vexations.

Chagrined at myself, irked against the world, my torments were not yet ended. In came Provost Badge himself, with a complaisant and debonair countenance. The object of his visit was to ascertain, before an answer would be given on behalf of Mrs. Greenknowe, what really was the amount of jointure I would settle on her. Having made up my mind as to this—having, indeed, been as explicit on the subject as I could well be to Dr. Glasham—my answer was ready; but it was given a little tartly, for I was molested by the question.

"I hope you're not offended," said the provost, "but I would not be doing my duty to my wife's cousin, if I neglected her interests on an occasion so important."

Before I could answer him properly,—for I perceived that I had been betrayed by the natural quickness of my temper to answer him without a right respect for propriety,—Miss Beeny Needles put her head in at the door, and said, when the provost was done, she had "an interrogation to eject."

"Say it at once," exclaimed I, now no longer able to repress my irritation; upon which the spinster stepped forward, and seemingly begged to know what night would be convenient for me to have the ball, and how many couple I intended should be invited.

It was well for Miss Beeny that the question went so far beyond any thing that I expected: instead of exasperating my disturbed humour, it clean changed it, and tickled me with an immediate fit of laughter, which had the effect of making us good friends: and thus the black Wednesday, after all, ended pleasantly; for the provost went away well satisfied, and, in less than an hour after, returned with Dr. Glasham, bearing the consent of Mrs. Greenknowe, that I should be received at her house on the footing of a wooer. The courteous reader will guess, from my natural alert disposition, I was not long of following up the advantage to a consummation.

CHAPTER XII.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves."

Every day, and almost every hour of every day, convinced me that it was not amongst "the good society" of the royal borough I was to find a quiet evening. It might be, that my habits were not in unison with those of "the better class" of the inhabitants: but I now discovered there was a more primitive cause;—I had neither been born nor

bred a gentleman, as the laird of the house with the lonely lum remarked to his associates.

The worthy gentlefolks were very thankful for the dance-offering which I was worked upon to give, under the directions of Miss Beeny Needles, to appease their alleged indignant delicacy; and they would, with equal gratitude, have sung "Oh, be joyful!" had I done as much for them every month; but I could perceive there was some scruple amongst the gentlemen, especially those of the pedigree order, whether I ought to be admitted into their fraternities on an equal footing; so I buttoned my pocket, and began to urge a little more particularly, in the course of my courting with Mrs. Greenknowe, the advantage of returning to America, where my property and all my best interests lay. Her consent to this I had no great difficulty in gaining; but I made no revelation to her of the secret reasons by which I was then prompted.

After a considerable sacrifice of time on her account to decorum, and after having endured doublets of humiliation in giving and accepting invitations among the leading members of the good society, the day of our marriage and departure was finally fixed. The week previous I sent my son off with a young gentleman he had scraped some acquaintance with to London, where we proposed (that is, Mrs. Greenknowe and I) to join him, and when we had seen the curiosities, to proceed to Liverpool, and thence sail for New York together. Miss Beeny, her aunt, was most willing to accompany us to London, and gave many gentle hints to that effect; but I lent a deaf ear to them all: for by this time I had heard from Mrs. Greenknowe that the out-of-door folly and vanity of Miss Beeny were not her worst faults;—she had an in-door character.

As the day drew near, although I had before me a fair and rational prospect of conjugal comfort, I yet was sensible to a chilliness creeping, like an icy incrustation, on my spirit. I was again about to bid my native land adieu —perhaps for ever—and why? because it seemed to offer me no resting place. My early friends were all dead and gone; I had acquired notions and ways, both of thinking and of acting, not in harmony with those of the new ge-

neration, with whom, had I remained, I should have been obliged to associate. Of all the passages of my life, this visit to Scotland was the most unsatisfactory, notwithstanding I wooed and won an excellent wife in it; but, as she is still alive, I need not be in any haste in giving her a character, for she may yet change: I speak of her thus favourably, to encourage her in well-doing.

Besides certain legal preparations for the bridal, I had some little business on my son's account to transact in Edinburgh, which obliged me to be absent for several days. In returning, instead of taking the direct road, I came round by Bonnytown, to settle for the repairs of the old home habitation, which I allowed Mrs. Cradle for her attention to my father in his last illness to occupy, on condition that she would regularly let me know when it stood in need of repair; and make no alteration whatever upon any part of it, but preserve every thing strictly as it was. It seemed to me, while it so stood, that I had still a home: from the hour I first left it, and amidst all the new ties I had formed, I ever felt that I was far away.

This, I partly allow, was a weak fancy: — but does not much more of our happiness depend upon fancies and feelings, than upon the decisions of our judgment? Sometimes I think, if we gave better heed to them than to the elections of the understanding, our days would pass in a more even and easy tenour. Be this, however, as it may, I was far more affected in that last night at Bonnytown, than when I bade it in my youth farewell.

I spent the afternoon in revisiting every well-known object, and the few sad living relics of the olden time, who, though they were never my companions, were yet mixed up with recollections of those that were, and of harmless adventures, which it was a mournful happiness to remember. I shed the tear of a true-hearted child on the graves of my parents: over my father's, whose image was latest and brightest in my memory, I bent with the homage of contrition as well as of sorrow; for the lack in my heart was as a sore wound, when I thought of the way which made me too late to receive his blessing. Verily, had I been that night doomed to die; — to bid an everlasting fare-

well to this world, its sunny hills, and pleasant fields, and every jocund thing, — I could not have been laden with a heavier sadness; nor did I contend against it, for all the sluices of affection were then opened in my bosom, and every tender feeling was overflowing. Endearing Memory brought also her earliest tablets, and read me many a long-forgotten tale of the sufferings which my father had endured, and the tears he had wept, as he thought unseen, when his means failed, and his hands knew not where to find the wherewithal to support me, whom he implored Heaven to pity as his helpless one.

But why should I draw on the sympathy of the courteous reader? — why do I not rather dwell and expatiate on the moral shown forth in this story? Has not that poor, infirm, and pitied child been favoured in a most especial manner? His girnels have been heaped, and all his vessels filled to overflowing: — truly may I say, that the miracle of the widow's small and valueless cruse has been realised in my person; and that I have good cause to join the powerful and prosperous in their anthems of thankfulness; and to wonder what am I, that such great things should have been done for me!

PART VIII.

CHAPTER I.

"Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then."

From the day of my marriage with Mrs. Greenknowe, whose name was Martha, all things went on comfortably. We left Chucky Stanes as soon as the ceremony was over, without regret on my part, but my wife shed a few natural tears. We travelled at our ease to London, sometimes taking a post-chaise, and sometimes a stage-coach; stopping where aught curious was to be seen, making a very pleasant jaunt of it.

In London we abode upwards of a month, and were so tired of seeing grand sights and fine things, that we both were glad when we left it. We then, being joined by my son, went to Liverpool, where we took our places in a packet-ship to New York, which for elegance cannot be described; and our voyage was as agreeable as it is possible for a voyage to be, by persons who were sea-sick nearly the whole way. I wonder how it happened, that although this was my third passage across the Atlantic, I was yet much worse than when I went the first time.

On our arrival at New York, I judged it prudent, on my son's account, to make our sojourn there as short as possible. Accordingly, as soon as Mrs. Todd had rested herself, and seen the curiosities, among which I showed her all my old places of abode, and where her predecessor Rebecca and I first fell in, we proceeded by the steam-boat to Albany, and thence, in the usual manner, to Utica, where I hired an extra to Judiville, to which a regular stage-

coach, much to my delight, had been established during the summer.

Having written by post from New York on our arrival to Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Herbert, and my son Charles, when they might expect us; and having also sent forward Robin from Olympus, where we were obliged by fatigue to stop the last night; we found, next day, at Judiville, every thing had been prepared in good order for our reception; and greatly indeed was I surprised to see the progress which the town had made during the eight months of my absence.

The main streets, both to the right and left of the premises of Hoskins and Todd — that is, Hoskins Street, and Todd Street — were pretty well traced out by more than thirty respectable additional houses, of which seventeen were handsome brick fabrics; the bridge was completed, and the frame of a Presbyterian church for Mr. Bell was raised. In other parts of the town the improvement had been equally active; altogether, the additions within the eight months were, at least, two hundred and fifty houses, of which upwards of a hundred were handsome and substantial edifices. Politeness, with her shoe-brushes, had also become a settler. One of the first things I saw on the mason's shed at the corner of the Eagle tavern, not quite finished, was a large yellow printed bill, announcing the establishment of an agency for the sale of Day and Martin's blacking.

I may pass over the reception we received from our friends; it was warm and kind, such as I wished and expected it would be. My daughters, of whom alone I had any doubt, received their stepmother with respectful cordiality; insomuch, that she was highly pleased, and agreeably surprised to find them in every point of breeding and behaviour far above what I had led her to hope for. They had, indeed, profited largely by their intercourse with Mrs. Cockspur and Miss Volumnia.

The only drawback on the joy of my re-union with so many friends, was the condition in which I found my worthy benefactor Mr. Hoskins. He had met with an accident, by tumbling over a stump in the street — for

they were still numerous, by which he ruffled off the skin from his left shin-bone, and had been confined to bed upwards of ten days by the wound, which had indicated no disposition to heal.

Mr. Herbert and the bank were both thriving; but I was not long with him till I gave him a rough rattling, for still being on the shilly-shally with Mrs. Cockspur. The Cockspurs were just as I had left them: the young gentlemen, however, only occasionally lived with their mother, having constructed a handsome house, which they called the Grange, on the land they had purchased from me, and were proceeding with improvements around it, both of a costly and tasteful order; making, indeed, a place for pleasants, greatly above the cut of the country.

Mr. Bell allowed the crowd of congratulators to be dispersed, before he paid his visit. He was an altered man, and so much to the better, that he seemed more like a younger brother than the same person. He wore the same pale cast of resignation; but the storm and the cloud that so darkened his countenance were passed away. It was a pleasure to see a man, who had been so deeply agitated, appear so calm and apostolical. He still, however, was not without a remnant of tribulation.

"The new settlers," said he, "are, for the main part, persons of lax lives and light principles, and moreover they are in general Methodists. It was with the greatest difficulty I raised money enough to build the church, which you would observe erecting on the left hand as you come into the town; indeed, had it not been for the share Mr. Hoskins took in it with me, I must have abandoned the undertaking."

Glad as I was to see the improved looks of Mr. Bell, I could discern by this speech that he was something like the lady whose husband built and furnished a house complete at all points for her, so perfectly to her wishes, that she could not discover any one thing wanting, till she happened to observe there was no peacock about the doors; when she began to wonder how he could possibly forget such an ornamental thing as a peacock: and I thought to myself, that Mr. Bell is one of those sort of persons who, get what

they will, must have also a peacock. But, nevertheless, he was not a man to be lightly considered; for, he had great talents, both as a member of society and a preacher; and from the time his randy wife was hurled over the falls, he had proved himself well worthy of the best respect of the settlers, making due allowance for the infirmities of humanity.

The Judiville Jupiter was now a handsome newspaper; not only was there no lack of Roman letters and capitals, but the advertisements were adorned in a most sumptuous manner, the like of which is not to be seen even in the fashionable morning papers of London. The auction notices were headed with the effigy of an auctioneer, demonstrating amidst bales and boxes, with his hammer, to a crowd of bidders. The tailors were distinguished by a dandy in the position of being measured for a new coat, and others by devices equally elegant and appropriate. Dr. Murdoch, the original editor, was still the dominie of Babelmandel, but had not augmented his character for sobriety in my absence. In Judiville, however, the inhabitants were better provided: besides Mr. Bell's academy, which degree his school had taken, two other seminaries of a minor class had been established. One of them was kept by a Mr. Dinleloof, from the neighbourhood of Hawick. He was known to Miss Beeny Needles for his skill in rhyme-making; and she, knowing he was in America, had begged both my wife and me to pay him some attention. According to her account of him, he was what is called a sticket minister, or, as she more politely described it, a perforated clergyman; and was a great friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, by whom he was introduced to her when he was among the multitude of her jos.

But gratified as I was by all I saw and heard, I yet had a missing of Bailie Waft. In the evening, while wondering what had become of him, and thinking I could have better spared a better man, my son Charles told me he was still the old pest; and that it was supposed he was busy hunting for silver mines, for he was seldom met with; and it was understood he often absented himself for days together alone in the woods.

Speak of the Devil, and he'll appear. Just at this turn of the conversation, the door was opened, and the bailie looking in, said,—

"May I come for 'art?"

After the first shouts of our mutual salutations and congratulations had subsided, he took an opportunity of whispering to me, that he had been long wearying for my return.

"Ye're overly taken up the night," said he, "but I'll come to you in the morning. I have something to say that's no' fit for street clatter;" and he gave his head a wag of wisdom, and looking warily out from the corner of his eye, patted the side of his nose with his forefinger, thereby giving me to understand that he was possessed of a secret worth knowing.

CHAPTER II.

"There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold."

As I did not propose to enter upon business until I had looked a little about me—seen what had been doing and what was to be done—I happened to be in a humour to meet the bailie in his own way when he came next morning.

"Ye'el be weel pleased, Mr. Todd," said he, "to see what a grand prospering place this is. It's coining money for ye when ye sleep: ye have nothing to do but to gallant away to London town, and court blithe young widows, and come home and find thousands of dollars, begetting swarms of others, in the bank for you. But although it's no' my fortune to lead captive captivity, I have yet not been without a share of luck—that I must acknowledge with thankfulness—but I stand in need of a hand with a weighty purse, like yours, to bring it to a bearing."

"Then it's true," cried I, a good deal amazed to hear

this, "that you have discovered a silver mine in the wood?"

"What would ye think," replied he, with a satisfied smile, "if it were a gold one? But whether mines be of silver or of gold, money is wanted to work them; and after all, they are precarious commodities, as some folks in London begin to find, to their impoverishment. No, Mr. Todd; to speak without delusion, what I have found is better than a mine. Silver and gold have I none, but I have much better."

The bailie alarmed me a little by this, and I placed myself instantly on my guard, dreading he was at his hooky-crookies again. However, he continued, allowing for his oddity, seemingly to speak to the purpose.

"You know this is an unknown country; and therefore, as we are as ignorant of the treasures in the bowels of the earth as of the riches in the bottom of the sea, it requires no great skill to make a discovery by an accident. We have all heard of a cock that found a precious stone on a midden; well, I'm a cock, and just with as little sagacity as any other cock, maybe I have found a precious stone too?"

"Maybe, bailie, it's a bit of glass—the stopper of a cruet, or the neck of a broken bottle?"

"Nay, Mr. Todd, if ye're at your pranks, I'll no' proceed farther: but I have made a discovery, that's something sure."

"Then, Mr. Waft, if it be of any value, the money shall not be wanting to a reasonable amount: but how is it to be employed?"

I have thought well, and with weighty consideration on that; and as the sum will be heavy, I think we should make a share concern o't. The first building ought to be of a handsome, a very handsome description. I would not reckon for it less than ten thousand pounds sterling. If you have never been at Bath, in England, I have been——"

"But what is this costly building intended for?"

"An hotel, to be sure."

"An hotel! What is your discovery, Mr. Waft?"

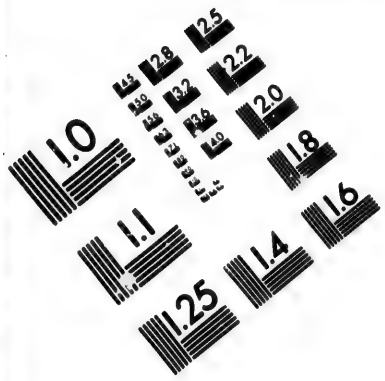
The bailie looked round to see that he might not be

overheard, and pronounced in my ear, with a triumphant whisper — "A physic well! — a prime doser! — when I tasted it first, I drank too much — Oh, Heavens, what I suffered!"

It thus appeared that he had discovered a salt spring on the bank of a lake about ten miles off in the woods, and that he proposed to raise another Bath, Cheltenham, or Saratoga around it. His scheme was to buy land from the Albany Land Company, to whom it belonged, and build in the first instance a grand hotel. Nor was the notion without feasibility, considering how much for years it has been the practice of the inhabitants of the southern states to come in droves during the sickly season northward, to the mineral springs, and that a new place was perhaps wanted: when, however, upon cross-questioning, I found the spring was a strong salt one, another thought came into my head, but I did not explain it to the bailie; on the contrary, seeming to fall in with his project, I impressed upon him the necessity of still keeping the discovery secret; and lest some other person should also find the spring, that we should ourselves go together the first fine day to examine the place, and bring away a bottle or two of the water, in order to have it tested by a doctor.

To all this he readily assented, saying — "But what are you to give me in the first instance for telling you? I ought to have a luck penny down in hand, as the price of letting you know the place."

There was something like reason in his stipulation, and after a discussion, it was covenanted, that if the water proved likely to be turned to a profitable account, he should have a hundred dollars for his discovery, provided a purchase was made of the spot from the Land Company. The bargain we implemented in writing the same day, by a minute of agreement which Mr. Herbert drew up, to whom I confided my secret intention. The day after the next to that was fixed for the inspection of the place; the nature of the business requiring the utmost despatch; for, by this time, it was far in the year, the middle of November, and the young men of the settlement were often out a-gunning



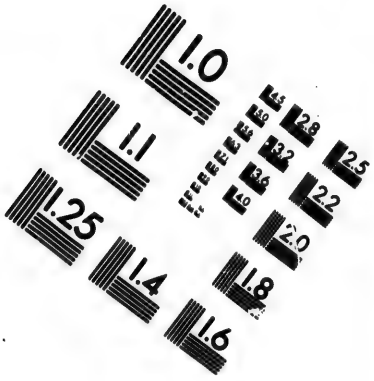
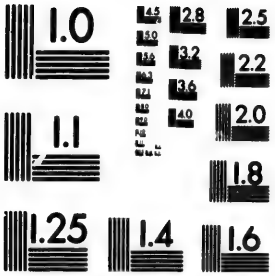
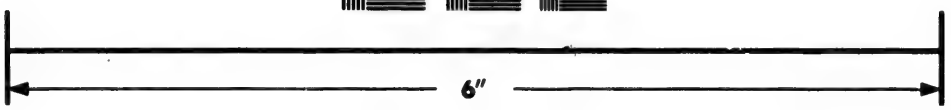
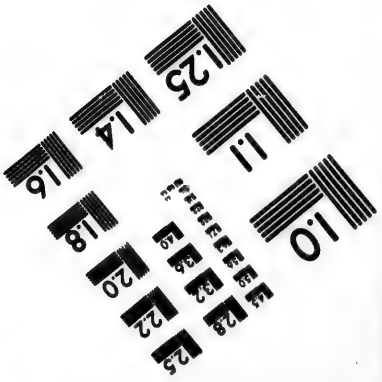


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.0
2.8
3.2
3.6
2.5
2.2
2.0
1.8
1.6

1.0
1.1
1.25

in the wilderness, and there was a chance of some of them falling in with the spring.

It may be thought that it showed a hasty predilection for specs, to begin, so soon after my arrival with a young wife, to meditate the establishment of salt-works, for it was to do that my mind secretly inclined whenever I heard the water was saline; but I had my eldest son to provide for, and I thought it would be as well, all things serving, to take the matter up for him at once: upon consulting Mr. Hoskins, he thought so too, and much regretted that the condition of his shin prevented him from going with us to the inspection.

The courteous reader, who sends to the shop or store, and gets his salt-box filled for a few cents, has no right idea of the importance which it was possible the bailie's discovery might prove to a new community, and therefore cannot properly sympathise with the anxiety I felt from the moment he divulged it, lest my scheme should be anticipated. He may, indeed, think there was little discretion in undertaking a ten miles' journey into the wilderness, considering how ill qualified I am to endure fatigue; and so I thought myself before it was ended: but it is the infirmity of my nature, to imagine that nothing can be properly done (especially of a speculative kind), in which I happen to engage, unless I have myself a finger in the pie. However, we made all befitting preparations; three trusty men were hired to carry our provisions and blankets; and, on account of the uncertainty of November weather, both the bailie and I carried each an extra covering. My son Robin, who pleaded hard to be of the party, and was allowed, undertook to carry his own provisions and blanket; and, that our enterprise might not attract notice, we agreed the arrangements should be made at Babelmandel; and that we should start from that village, although it was, at least, a mile farther from the spring than Judiville, independent of the distance between it and Judiville.

When all was in order, we went to Babelmandel on the evening preceding the day appointed, that we might be ready to set out into the Bush betimes in the morning; but I must confess, that I was not altogether well content

with myself for leaving my stranger-wife so soon among strangers; and I had a misgiving of confidence towards the bailie, suspecting we should find his swan but a goose after all.

CHAPTER III.

"I'll lead you about, around,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through briar!"

We rose before the sun: it was a sharp, purple morning, as if the cold air had given Aurora the complexion of a dairy-maid abroad too early. In so far, to me, it was not disagreeable, for the toil of walking in the woods has ever been great to my loose, shuffling feet; and the clambering over prostrate trees and cradle-heaps, with my brief legs, is always warm work. The behaviour of John Waft was not, however, satisfactory; he walked a little off on the one side from Robin and me, and was not, it seemed, in a conversable humour. But I was resolved not to have my trouble for nothing, so I began to jeer him for taking us a gowk's errand, and to make light of the mare's nest he was conducting us to see. He, however, took no heed of what I said, but plodded on straight-forward with his compass in his hand, so that, what with his sullen silence, and the rising wind, and the rough, untrodden road, our morning's journey was not much calculated to soften the austerity of my reflections. In short, before we had been out two hours, during which we did not travel quite four miles, I was growing testy and fretful: but for plain shame, I would have returned.

When we had come to the sixth mile blaize, a boundary mark on a pine, we halted to take some refreshment, near a fine spring that came hopping and leaping, as it were with gladness, out of a rock. This was in a part of the forest where I had never been, and it was a place that seemed to have been made on purpose for travellers to rest at. Here

we tarried some time; and the bailie being, for so long, relieved of his care in tracing the road, resumed his wonted pleasing looks and quaint pawkrie, by which he, in a great measure, restored my comfort. The day, however, was evidently overcast; the thickly interwoven basketing of the arborous vaults above us, prevented the sky from being seen; but we knew by the deepened gloom around, and by seeing no shadows among the boughs, that the sun was obscured. The wind, which had been a brisk steady breeze from the time of our departure, soughing through the forest like the sound of a rookery in the woods of an old Scottish castle, began to grow gusty, and to have an utterance more like the breaking of waves on the shore; which I did not much like, for in that period of the year such mutations in the wind often betoken snow; nevertheless, as we only wanted four miles from the fountain of Æsculapius, as the bailie had named the spring, we girded the loins of resolution, and went manfully forward.

Before we had proceeded above half way, the snow came on; it was the first of the season, small and dry as sand, and cruel as salt. At first, it was very slight, but as penetrating as an evil spirit: gradually it came thicker and faster; and we were often fain to take momentary shelter behind a tree, while the rasping wreath swirled by upon the blast. It was what is called a *poudré*, and it rased our faces, as it were, with wool or tow cards; besides that guish, it was as blinding as dust in March, and se- times we nearly lost our way. Still, setting a stout heart to a steep brae, we however struggled on, and after some time reached the shores of the lake into which the spring ran. But never saw I such a scene of desolation.

The shores and woods around were greyly sprinkled with snow; the waters of the lake were dingy and troubled; and the merciless blasts, with their wintry scarfs, were careering along the surface. There was no sound but the plashing of the water, and the groaning of the woods, and now and then the crash of some unrooted tree falling in the forest.

This dismal sight caused us to mend our pace; and keeping as close to the shore of the lake as we could, with

a quick eye on all sides to guard against falling trees, we at last reached the fountain.

"So, bailie," said I, when I saw it, "this is the spring!"

"And is't no' a noble gush?" exclaimed the exulting bodie, though his lips were almost glued with the cold, and the icle at his nose was considerable.

To do him justice, he had for once practised no deceit: it was, indeed, a vast spring, and uncommonly salt. My son was stooping to take a draught of it, in mere thoughtlessness, when the bailie pulled him hastily back, crying, "If ye ha'e any regard for your inside, I redde you take care how ye drink that pickle."

The cold was so intense that we could not remain long on the spot; but having filled our bottles as the fair maiden did her pitcher, at the well of the world's end, we had recourse to our store and brandy bottle, of which we really stood in need; for, although our journey was only between ten and eleven miles, it had taken us upwards of eight hours to travel it, so rough was the road, and so ill was I at the travelling. But, notwithstanding the coldness, I was in high glee, and full of golden hopes, and humoured the bailie, as he pointed out to me where the hotel should be placed, and a most eligible situation for a row of buildings to face the lake. I allowed him to go on with his castle building, but my own plan was fixed, and I was only anxious to be home, and to make a bargain for the land with the Land Company, if the water proved on experiment fit for making salt. But Nature, through the limited strength of man, restricts the endeavours of avarice and ambition.

The resting had stiffened my limbs, and when we rose with our faces homewards, I felt that it was an utter impossibility for me to travel much farther that evening. It is true, we did not expect to reach Babelmandel: we had provided ourselves for passing the night in the wood; but we had reckoned on getting so far as to reach it in sufficient time next day to enable me to try what bargain I would make with the land-office in Napoleon before going home.

But to spend that wild and howling night unsheltered on the banks of the roaring and dismal lake was terrible even to imagine, while the occasional avalanche of the falling trees warned us of the dangers we had to encounter in the woods: after holding a council of war, we resolved to trust in Providence, and I made the best effort a willing heart could do in the sore labour, as it was to me, of retracing our steps.

Our returning was in some respects less severe than our going; the wind was on our backs, and the air within the Bush was milder than on the bleak shore, but I was so exhausted that it became necessary to halt, while we had yet a good hour of daylight before us. The place we selected to pitch our tent, — if I may say so, for tent we had none, was the middle of a growth of low young timber, which had sprung up after a windfall or a fire,—we chose it because it was at some distance from the large trees, amongst which the increasing wind was making tremendous havoc.

Here the provision-bearers with their axes soon cleared a spot sufficiently spacious, on which we constructed a shanty with bark and branches; and, having kindled a fire, made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night. Soon after dark the wind began to abate, and the snow, instead of continuing that searching and remorseless powder which entered every crevice, changed into broad and Christian-like flakes, which, lodging on the bark roof of our habitation, added much to its snugness. All, therefore, promised well; and we were too numerous to dread wolves or bears; and as for the snakes, on such a night we knew they were all laid up, and knotted in their wintry dens.

It was our hope, as the wind changed at sun-down, that before midnight the snow would cease; but in this we were grievously disappointed, and long before midnight we had great cause for alarm. The flakes continued to fall thicker and heavier; long before the moon rose, and she rose at ten, the snow was more than a foot deep around us; a sad prospect to me, who was so poor a pedestrian. I had, however, made up my mind to pass the night as happily as I could; I had placed myself in the hands of Providence, and, therefore, had I no fear; and I comforted my son

and those about me when they expressed their apprehensions, saying, we know not what a day may bring forth.

Bailie Waft however, as the snow continued to fall, grew more and more alarmed, and at last worked himself into a state of desperation. He could not rest in the shanty, but, although the trees rendered it impossible to see the heavens, went continually out and in, in the hope of discovering some sign of change.

On one occasion, believing there was some softening in the air, he stepped a little farther than usual from the shanty; and, in gazing about, stumbled against something and fell, at which he uttered one of the wildest cries ever heard on the face of the earth. We instantly all bolted up and ran to him, and to our horror found him, by the dim scad of the snow, sprawling over the body, and among the legs and paws, of a huge bear, too sleepy and benumbed to do him any harm. He was soon extricated; but before we could get the axes ready to despatch bruin, the brute had so far shaken off its lethargy as to be able to effect a retreat into the thicket, whither it was not deemed convenient in the darkness and a snow-storm to follow it.

It was, however, no accession to our comfort to know what sort of neighbour we had so near; but the adventure happening to the bailie, put us all in good humour; so we heaped fresh logs upon the fire, and I, for one, wrapped in my blanket, enjoyed several hours of comfortable sleep, though I dreamed that my wife was dead, and laid at my back as cold as the clay.

CHAPTER IV.

"In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth."

As the day began to dawn I awoke; the snow was still falling, but the wind was solemnly lulled. The silence was awful — it was dead, and Nature lay cadaverous in a

winding sheet. Once, indeed, I heard the wood-partridge drumming on a neighbouring tree,—a muffled hollow sound, which reminded me of the nailing of a coffin. As I stood at the door of the shanty, thrilling with desolate fancies, the labouring forest, oppressed with the wintry weight, fetched as it were a deep and weary breath in adjusting its burden, and the snow fell in dumb masses around, as numerous as the yellow leaves in autumn, suggesting spectre thoughts about the end of all things. It was altogether such a morning as may be when the death of universal life shall have come.

The snow reached above my knees, and we were still upwards of eight miles from Babelmandel: as it had fallen so early, it was thought it would not stay long; and we had some idea, our provisions being still sufficient for two days, to remain where we were, in the hope of a thaw; but Bailie Waft sensibly remarked, "What if another snow-storm come before it?" This settled the question. After having taken breakfast, we prepared for the road, but in less desultory array than when we took the field.

The bailie, as compass-bearer, of course led the van—no man could do the duty more carefully. He carried the instrument cautiously in the palm of his out-stretched hand, and without uttering a word, as on the preceding day, he studiously, and with undeviating eye, followed the pointing of the needle. The men with the burdens went next, and then my son, and last of all, to have the benefit of their trodden path, I hirpled in the rear.

It would fatigue the indulgent reader to recount the toil and hardships of that journey, the indescribable labour of the bush travelling being increased manifold by the deep snow. Our exertions never accomplished so much as a mile an hour, and the effect to our limbs was more grievous than if we had walked five; but still we got on, and were cheered by the hope of reaching Babelmandel that night, especially as the snow about sunrise gradually ceased to fall; but as we advanced, the snow became deeper and deeper, until we had great reason to fear we should find it impassable. I kept my heart alive as well as the bravest of the company; but as the snow deepened, I felt at times a touch

of dismay. The courage, however, with which the indefatigable bailie undauntedly led the van, was a heartening example: I would have been a caitiff vile, had I allowed myself to quail behind so bold a captain. But though effort may deserve success, who can contend with his fate?

We came to a place where a small brook ran black across our path. It seemed scarcely more than a yard in width; the stream was a mere dribble — a child would not have swithered to step over it, nor did the bailie; but these swale-runnels are often deceptive, and it was so in this instance: — the brook itself was small, but its miry margins were wide and deep.

The bailie, in jumping across with the compass in his hand, alighted on a fallacious stool of mud, and plunged down into the mire above his knee, by which he was thrown forward, and the compass was dashed in pieces against a stone. My misfortune in doing the same thing was also great. By the exertion, the two buttons on the back part of the waistband of my decencies were torn off. Let no man smile at this as a trifle, but add to the catalogue of human miseries, "walking through an American forest in the snow, having lost the holdfasts of your braces." It was not, however, when the accident happened, that the extent and effects of the damage I had sustained were appreciated; for then we were all too much disconcerted by the destruction of the compass, as it happened to be our only one.

There was great thoughtlessness in bringing but a single compass: I had never imagined such a thing possible, for my son had lain in a store of mathematical instruments whilst we were in London; and I reckoned, that on such an expedition he would not neglect to bring a compass with him. But he had; and there we were, on the untrodden snow, and in the pathless wood, as completely astray at once, as if we did not know our right hands from our left.

For some time we stood in consternation, looking at one another, till Bailie Waft, almost beside himself, gave a shrill laugh of affliction, with the tears hopping down his cheeks, and cried, "Oh dear! if we die on the snow, the wolves will eat us."

"And they 'll have but a tough job with you," said I

sharply, for it was not an occasion to encourage disconsolate councils.

As Babelmandel lay in a south-easterly direction from us, one of the men suggested that we might reach it by carefully observing the moss on the northern side of the trees, but I was decidedly averse to the attempt. The obstinate fellow, however, persisted in his opinion, and left us.

Our situation grew every moment more terrible. After some fruitless marvelling, we all became silent: deserted by hope and human reason, I fell upon my knees and implored Divine aid, which was instantly vouchsafed.

"Friends!" cried I, starting up, "Providence has put a thought into my head that may help us. We have followed the compass in a straight line through the snow; let us go back along our tract some distance, and set up sticks for pickets. By looking along them in the direction of our way, we shall see what trees we should pass by; and thus, although we may not exactly reach Babelmandel, by keeping a little to the left we must assuredly come somewhere upon the road, between it and Judiville."

This providential inspiration cheered all hearts; and lamenting the rashness of the unfortunate man who had left us, we immediately set to work, and were proceeding with confidence, when it began to snow again, threatening to obliterate our path; the wind, too, began to roar in the trees, and we heard around us the crash of several falling; but the most dismal circumstance was the drifting of the snow, by which the tract was overwhelmed, and my companions cast into the depths of despair. One of the men became frantic, and was with difficulty prevented from cleaving poor Mr. Waft with his axe. The bailie, equally wild, threw himself on the ground, and rolled about in an ecstasy of terror; my son stood composed, carefully observing me; and the other man sat down in the lea of a fallen tree, and, drawing his blanket around him, awaited in silence what the Lord might be pleased to do for us. I alone was calm and collected; the heartening I had received by the answer so speedily given to my prayer, comforted me with an assurance that we would yet be preserved. Nor was this

faith vain; for while I was standing ruefully looking around, a wounded deer, tracking the snow with his blood, suddenly bounded by, and convinced us that a hunter could not be far off. "Let us halloo, friends," exclaimed I, "and make a noise; perhaps we may be heard, notwithstanding the roaring of the wind." We did so, and were answered by a gun; at the report we hastened forward in the direction from which it came, and hallooed again. This brought a dog towards us; it belonged to the Cockspurs. Presently we heard another shot, and almost immediately after Mr. Oliver Cockspur appeared in sight. We were rescued, and returned thanks for our deliverance on the spot. But the unfortunate man who had so rashly left us perished in the snow, or was devoured by wild beasts, for he was never more heard of, though some say that bones were found supposed to have been his.

CHAPTER V.

"Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse."

Mr. Oliver Cockspur had a pocket compass, and rejoiced not a little in being the agent of our preservation. He reanimated our exhausted spirits, and put new vigour in our wearied limbs, by the glad tidings of our being within a mile of Napoleon, which, by the course we had taken, was considerably nearer than Babelmandel.

As he appeared to wonder a good deal at what could have been the object of our journey, especially when he heard we had spent the night in the bush, I let him partly into my confidence; and never was a time better chosen for any communication, for he had his tests with him—it being a rule and habit with him and his brother never to go into the forest without them; so that, before reaching Napoleon, my business was in a manner determined, for the water proved excellent brine, and I resolved to purchase the land at once.

Accordingly, though in need of rest and refreshment, I sent the party on to the tavern, to order some repast to be prepared, and went myself straight to the land-office, where I made an extraordinary discovery of the cunning of Bailie Waft. On speaking to the agent for the lot of land, which I described as well as I could, for we did not happen to notice any of the surveyor's marks and monuments — indeed, the weather was such we could not look for them; he mentioned Mr. Waft had been with him some time before, with a proposal to disclose the secret of a mineral discovery he had made on the shores of the lake; but the agent, having no faith in his judgment, did not listen to his proposition. It was, therefore, most fortunate that I had sent him on to the tavern; for had he been with me, suspicions might have arisen, as well as troublesome cross-questioning — a thing which I do not like; I had really had enough of it as it was, for the agent expressed his surprise that I should think of buying only one lot of land so far from the settlements. I got off, however, pretty well, by reminding him of my new wife; and that as Judiville was fast becoming a great town, we might need a country-house in time for our intended young family; observing, that the spot was a situation with which I was greatly taken.

"On which side of the lake?" said he.

"The south."

"The south! why the land there is very indifferent, not half so good as on the northern side; and I understand there is a vile, unwholesome, brackish marsh. How came you to think of the south?"

Here I was a little puzzled; but I said, "Because I like to look on the bright side of things. If you build your house on the northern bank of a river or lake, you have always the sun in your eyes, and must shut your windows during the best part of the day, whilst the shadow of every object you look upon is turned towards you; whereas, from the southern side, all is the reverse, and the windows of the houses opposite sparkle like stars; a beautiful sight when you are sitting in the cool shade."

Having thrown this dust in his eyes, I complained of

my fatigue, which was no joke, and got a bargain for three hundred acres quickly concluded. So much land was not wanted for my special purpose; but I thought, in time, the salt-works would breed a village, perhaps a town, and the cost was not considerable for even so remote a speculation—especially as I paid nothing for the spring—of which nothing was known in the office, and I kept my thumb upon 't.

Having completed the bargain, and received the agreement, I went to the tavern and joined the others, where it was not to seek what I had to say to the bailie for his double dealings.

"So, Mr. Waft," said I, "ye 're a slick hand at secret selling: can you expect to get the hundred dollars, after having been already hawking your ware from door to door?"

"But I did not sell 't though; nobody was the wiser by my telling I had a secret to sell."

"True; but ye told enough to 'waken curiosity. We shall see what a price the agent will ask for the land, when he has explored the shores of the lake, and found out your physic-well, your fountain of Æsculapius. I doubt, my friend, it was a rainy day yon, when you took your hen for sale to the land-office. In short, Mr. Waft, I never was more confounded than when the agent told me you had been with him—for you know well, sir, that, had you stated the fact, I never would have undertaken the fatigue and hazard of this dreadful journey."

"Oh, Mr. Todd," was the reply, "ye need na mount your high horse to ride me down in that way. What I have shown you was a secret; and, saving among ourselves, is a secret still. Nay, nay, Mr. Todd, the hundred dollars is as safe for me as if they were in my own pouch."

"But the land, spring and all, are sold. What do you say to that?"

"If that 's the case, then I will say there is less honour and more roguery in this world than ought to be. Ay! the land sold—and the spring likewise! Who can be the buyer? Do you think he knows the quality of the water?"

"Just as well as I do, Mr. Waft."

"Dear me, dear me, Mr. Todd, but that's pathetical. Who can be the purchaser? Surely, Mr. Semple would never be guilty of that."

"Mr. Waft," exclaimed I, "can I credit my ears; did you tell Mr. Semple too? In the name of honesty, how could you think of taking me in in such a manner?"

"Weel, Mr. Todd, if ye'll be quiet, and no' bow wow at me, I'll tell you the Gude's truth. Ye see, ye were not come here — ye were on the perils of your voyage, and Mr. Semple is a spirity man, and most liberal, as every one knows who deals with him, which is more in a certain sense that can be said of you. So I thought, if I could turn a penny by him, I was under no obligation to wait for you. Now that's the plain truth; but if he has gone in a clandestine manner, and bought the land — where's honesty?"

By this it was quite evident the bailie had been at his old trade; so, after some farther jeering, I told him the land was secured by me, and that he should have the hundred dollars; but while we were speaking, one of the clerks from the land-office came to me in great haste, to beg I would give up the agreement, as the company at Albany had just sent orders on no account to dispose of that particular piece of land, and the letter was in the office, though unopened by the agent, while I was making the bargain.

On hearing this, I observed Bailie Waft fidgety and uneasy, and finally snatching his staff from the corner where he had placed it, he left the room, and we saw no more of him for some time.

It appeared that he had opened a correspondence with the company, and, in the hope of a reward, had disclosed the secret, and described the situation of the spring; but not receiving a satisfactory answer, he came to me. So that, had I not exercised my wonted alertness, I might have been cut off from the happiest chance which had yet befallen my family;—I say family, because, content with what the store and the land spec had done for myself, I only laboured in the affair of the salt-works for the benefit of my eldest son.

CHAPTER VI.

"Shall I abide
In this dull world, which, in thy absence, is
No better than a stye?"

On reaching home, where great anxiety during the snow-storm had been felt for us all, I found an important event had taken place. The two Cockspurs, perceiving that in the prosecution of their country improvements it would not be in their power, particularly during the winter, to be much with their mother, had signified to her they would no longer oppose her union with Mr. Herbert. On the morning after my return, that gentleman called to inform me of this; and it was determined between us, that no time should be lost in completing the marriage.

No event, which did not directly affect myself, ever gave me so much pleasure as this. It seemed to me all that was necessary to consummate the happiness of a most excellent and admirable person; and I had many a consultation with my better half, as to what we ought to do, in order to show our esteem for the gentleman and the lady on the occasion of their wedding. Not that it was to be distinguished by any inordinate doing — quite the reverse. It was, in every way, to be brought about as an ordinary occurrence; but we were anxious to present them with some testimonial of our respect. It was singular, however, and we have often since both spoken of it, that, notwithstanding our earnestness, we never came to any agreement concerning what the compliment should be; which, it must be allowed, was remarkable,—it was ominous.

An early day was fixed for the ceremony, Mr. Bell was bespoken to perform it, and all the nick-knacky preparations usual on such occasions were sedately going forward. But three days before the time appointed, a tremendous drifting snow-storm came on. Mrs. Cockspur, at the time, was with my wife, and, in the hope it would abate towards the evening, consented to spend the afternoon at our house. But the hurricane continued to increase; the violence of

the wind was hideous; no person of Mrs. Cockspur's years could wrestle with it; it tore the roofs off the unfinished buildings, scattering all things that came within the sweep and swirl of its skirts.

Some two or three hours after dark, the outrageous blast began to lower his horns, and to forbear his tossings, insomuch that Mrs. Cockspur thought, with my help and Mr. Herbert's, she would venture to her own house, though the skies were as black as a pall, and the road, filled with ridges of the drifted snow, was as an ocean suddenly frozen in the rage of a storm: we accordingly got her made up as comfortably for the undertaking as possible, and my son Charles went before us with a lantern: we had not, however, proceeded above half-way, when we all began to repent of having left the house, for we stumbled in among the ruins of a large framed building which the wind had driven over into the street, and in which the snow lay piled in huge gatherings.

Not having heard of the accident, we found ourselves entangled in the wreck before we had any idea of what it was; and the more we endeavoured to extricate ourselves, we plunged deeper into difficulties, till poor Mrs. Cockspur became so alarmed and exhausted that she could make no farther exertion. Lights and aids were soon obtained, and in the end she was lifted out of her perilous situation and carried home, but in such a condition, that there was reason to fear she had received some serious injury.

Next day she was very ill: in addition to a dreadful cold and fever, she had received a contusion on the side, that made her unable to raise her right hand, or even to move it without suffering great pain. The distress of her family and of Mr. Herbert was unspeakable; for, although immediate danger was not apprehended, still there was cause to dread the worst so long as the fever continued to increase.

On the day appointed for the wedding, her appearance became alarming, her eyes sank deep in their sockets, her teeth seemed to be protruded, and altogether she was more like the embalmed inhabitant of a tomb than a breathing Christian.

Mr. Herbert was not present, but of Mrs. Todd and myself, when that frightful change took place. Seeing death so manifest, I went for Mr. Herbert, and, as calmly as I could, prepared him for the event fast coming. He accompanied me back to the house; but although I had solemnly warned him of the great alteration, and it had become more awful during the space of my absence, he was so shocked on entering the sick chamber, that it was with difficulty we got him placed in a chair at the bedside.

The afflicted lady looked at him, and, it would seem, intended to smile; but her features became so horrible and ghastly, that he covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, God!" — Nor could I myself look on the dreadful sight.

Mrs. Todd, who had attended her first husband in his last illness, afterwards told me that in his case there had been a similar transformation of the countenance, but that after death the features resumed their original cast. She was much calmer than I was; and the two young gentlemen and their sister being summoned into the room, she dropped the curtains, that they might not see what death was about.

After contemplating the dying lady for a short time, I took the liberty of requesting all present but Mr. Herbert to leave the room: the patient heard what I said, and motioned for her children to come near to her. By this time her voice was inaudible; but she appeared to be quite sensible of her situation, and to be endowed with more strength than her haggard visage indicated. She folded the hands of the three within her own, and uttered something, no doubt her last blessing upon them, and then she signified they might retire. Then, when they had quitted the room, she motioned to Mr. Herbert to draw close to her, and also folding his hand within hers, a woeful burst of tears rushed into her eyes, and looking up in his face, uttered a fearful sound of sorrow, a feeble hollow howl, and expired.

Mr. Herbert looked at the dead calmly and in silence for some time; he then drew his hands across his eyes, and his tears began to flow; but his grief was at his heart, — he showed no other sign of impassioned sorrow.

"My fate," said he turning towards me, "is now consummated! Disappointment has done its utmost, and it has been wonderful in its constancy, and unchanged in its character. Often, often has my cup been filled, and dashed away as often in its brief passage to the lip. Oh, Sophia! — but I shall not tarry long, and when I die our friend will see us laid together; there, when all-confusing time hath mingled our dust, may never herb arise! — barren should be the grave of fruitless hopes and a heart so withered as mine."

He then rose and went away to his own residence; with great kind feeling the Cockspurs requested him at the funeral to do the duty of chief mourner; when it was over, he returned home; and on the seventh day after, I did the same sad duty for him, and I placed him by the side of her whom he had loved so well. The town were all there, and tears were that day shed from many an eye that had long forgotten to weep.

CHAPTER VII.

"You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care."

The death of Mr. Herbert, apart altogether from the anguish of heart with which his sad and simple story affected all who knew him, was to me a great loss: happening so soon after my return, before there was time to fall into my wonted custom, it occasioned me a great deal of trouble. I could not, however, bring my mind to business while any thing remained to be done in his personal concerns; and had it not been for the kind conduct of Mr. Oliver Cockspur, who really acted as if he had been the son of the deceased, I would have found myself in no small measure of perplexity. For Mr. Herbert left several relations, and he had made a little money in the bank: after what I had advanced him was repaid, the adjustment,

though a small affair, was most vexatious. However, Mr. Oliver took it off my hands, and managed it in the end to the satisfaction of all parties.

Another grievous tribulation arose from his loss as manager of the bank,— nowhere could his equal be found; and when I, at the request of Messrs. Haarlem and Breugle, stepped into his place until another could be got, the difficulty I felt myself in, on all points of the business, was unspeakable. Not that banking is a craft requiring a great stretch of understanding, for in that respect my store affairs were as the mysteries of Egypt, and needing the wisdom of the Chaldees' excellence, as compared with it; but it demands a particularity of attention, which does not well accord with my nature; — in truth, it is a trade I never could highly venerate, having uniformly observed that bankers were a class of the commercial community more remarkable than any others for the narrowness of their knowledge, and the straitened circumstances of their intellectuals. However, there was I placed, by that mournful event, behind the bank counter, and so tethered to the spot that I had not a minute to spare for a crack with a neighbour, though his news were ever so interesting.

Mr. Hoskins, too, caused me also to have a great deal to do in his particular affairs. Being confined to his chamber by a sore leg, and being of a disposition not to believe any thing could be well done that he did not see to himself, it is not to be told how he fretted. In short, the first six months after returning from my visit to the old country, and in which I had counted on many days of pleasantry and pastime with my daughters and their new mother, was of all the periods of my life the most beset with importunate cares. Indeed, had it not been for the cheerfulness which Mrs. Todd kept up in the house, and her kind endeavours to stop the plagues of such manifold business at the outside of the door, I verily think I must have gone demented. But in her calm and sensible conversation I was indemnified for many troubles: in thrift and householdry she was not perhaps so eager as her predecessor; still to a vexed man she was a more agreeable companion— in this respect, I think, she was more so than even

Mrs. Cockspur would have been, who was certainly, I'll allow, her superior in many refined ways — above all, in the fine style of lady-like English which she spoke; an accomplishment which persuaded me that no gentlewoman can ever be properly genteel that speaks with the Scottish accent, whatever may be the virtues and merits of her character — for Mrs. Todd is, in point of virtues and merits, inferior to none. In goodness of heart she cannot be paralleled, and the interest — I may say the affection — she evinced towards Miss Volumnia Cockspur, after the death of the distressed lassie's mother, was not in the power of a mother to have excelled: I have no doubt it helped to hasten on that connection which is now happily established between the two families, which began to kithe soon after the interment, and in this way.

Miss Volumnia, being lonely and melancholy, was often with my wife, and in consequence an intimacy grew between her and my son Robin, who, though two years her junior, was yet a handsome, well-grown young man, and of an open generous disposition, which was greatly taking with every body who knew him. I was the first who discerned what was coming to pass, nor did it displease me: on the contrary, it delighted me; for where was he likely to fall in with a young lady equal to her? and as to the difference in their years, it was, in my opinion, and in that of my wife, a positive advantage. I however made an impregnable point, that they should not be married until the salt-works were fairly established. In the mean time, Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur was now and then casting a sheep's eye at Marianne, my eldest daughter, and it was clear to be seen that another wedding was brewing.

But in that period of cares and forethoughts, one happy event should be noted. My brother, who, from before the time of my first marriage, had fallen into such delicate health as to be obliged to give up his trade and become a clerk, came to see us from Philadelphia, where he had been some years in a bank. There was a small matter in our father's affairs to be settled between us, namely, the value of the cottage standing in Bonnytown — for the good old man left little more; and to see my prosperity and his new

sister-in-law, as well as to adjust this great inheritance, he paid us the visit. We had always kept up a brotherly correspondence; and I was very anxious that he should have gone home with me, but it was not in his power; a circumstance which I lamented at the time, as we had not for several years met.

This meeting was a source of great delight to me; and happening when it did, I could not but regard it as another of those providential events with which my life has been so singularly distinguished; while I could not but chide and murmur at myself for not reflecting, that by his having been so many years used to the banking business he was perhaps qualified to take Mr. Herbert's place, more particularly when it so turned out: for, although he was not in talent equal to that great and good character, he was yet a steady and prudent man of business, with quite as much information and capacity as the generality of bankers commonly possess or stand in need of.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "Well; he in time may cure to clear himself,
> But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
> Of a strange fever."

Passing by without further circumstantiality the matters of business, I ought, nevertheless, to notice that I narrowly escaped a tough lawsuit with the Albany Land Company, owing to the double dealing of John Waft, and it required some dexterity to get the matter amicably settled — in the end, however, settled it was; and by the time Mr. Hoskins was able to stir about again, the construction of the buildings for manufacturing the salt was actively undertaking. In the mean time the bailie had disappeared; he was never seen at Judiville from the day of our return from the lake; and it was reported, that in the expedition he had caught a severe cold, which made it doubtful if he would be able to weather the winter. It was on the day

of Mr. Herbert's funeral that I first heard of his illness; but thinking it was only a cold by which he was affected, I paid no particular attention to the news.

When my tribulations began to subside, after the establishment of my brother in the bank, and I had leisure again to look about me, I missed the bodie, and heard with unfeigned concern that he was still far from being well. In fact, I never had thought there was much more the matter with him than shame for the way he had acted in the disposal of his discovery of the spring; and as the question respecting it between me and the company was adjusted, my wrath did not burn against him always, so that I would have been glad to have seen him on the old free terms of banter, give and take, in which we had so long lived.

But one day his wife, a shrewd old carlin as cunning as himself, came to our store, and after some loose talk about this and that, all to very little purpose, she began to wipe her eyes with the corner of her shawl, and to whine about the black prospect before her, and what would become of her if the gude man was taken away; then she softly slipped in a word or two of cajolery anent my great friendship to them; and finally worked upon my feelings, until she almost persuaded me that the bailie's heart was breaking for the thoughtless manner he had incurred my everlasting displeasure; concluding with saying, that it would be a great comfort both to her and him if I would come up some day to Babelmandel and speak kindly to him, for it was hard to say if he would ever rise again from his bed.

Being thus importuned, and having really no malice against the man, I offered to visit them the very next day, and in the mean time told her to tell him to keep a good heart, and when the warm weather came he would be as lively as ever. She, however, under some pretext or another, which I do not recollect, declined my visit at the proposed time, and fixed another day, some four or five off.

At the time appointed I kept my promise; and, to convince the bailie I was without guile or ill-will towards him, I took with me a hundred dollars, to pay him for the disclosure of his secret, according to our compact.

On entering the room where he lay, I was grieved and shocked to see him, though every thing but himself was evidently put in order for my reception. There he lay on the bed, with oppressed eyelids and a long unshaven beard, groaning from the depth of his distress. I wondered, considering how tidy all around him was, that he had not been in better order: I thought his beard might have been reaped, especially as it did not appear to be of long growth, not certainly above a day's more than from the time of Mrs. Waft's visit; but according to her account he was not able to bear the fatigue. It never occurred to me that it was, maybe, a stratagem concerted between them to work upon my compassion.

I sat down beside him, and spoke softly, while Mrs. Waft took her place at his pillow, and began to sigh and shed tears. The afflicted man could only say, at heavily breathed intervals, — "My good friend — kind Mr. Todd — who could have expected this from you?" with many other broken sentences of malady and contrition: after some time, I requested to feel his pulse; and he stretched forth his hand, saying, "I have had a wonderful regular pulse from the beginning of this affliction, which is, I understand, one of the most fatal signs about me." And sure enough no man's pulse could be more regular; his skin, too, was cool and healthy; but Death, to all appearance, was sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, on his breast, making his breathing dreadful to hear.

By and by there was a change to the better; he breathed at times easier, and now and then a word or a phrase came from him in a clear and healthy tone, which caused his wife to caution him not to exert himself, and led me to speak on the business of the hundred dollars. Somehow, as I spoke, his strength improved; and before I had paid him the money, we were jeering one another at a brisk rate in our old way — I forgetting his indisposition, and he doing the same, until it manifestly appeared that his illness was a sham, put on after he got the better of his cold, to wile by pity the hundred dollars from me, which he despaired of receiving.

I am sure it will be conceded to me, that if I had not

been of an indulgent nature, this was a man I ought to have treated far differently, not only for his conduct in this affair, but on other occasions, and yet I did not break off with him; on the contrary, I allowed him to have a share in the salt-works, and a situation in the employment of the concern, by which a comfortable provision was secured to him for life. He was, however, a restless creature: as soon as he found a person willing to give him a sum of money for the place and share, and who was acceptable to the managers, he resigned in his favour.

But the bodie was not all bad; he had some heart, even though his conduct might be so easily construed as to make him appear sordid without restraint of principle. I am the more particular in mentioning this, as, from many things herein stated, it may be alleged that it argued little for my discretion to have treated such a tricky character with partiality. The matter, however, to which I allude, must not be discussed in this incidental manner. For it was truly the most wonderful event in my history; and the part the bailie took in it was calculated to wipe off the score of many faults, at least in my humble opinion.

CHAPTER IX.

——"I shall do well;
The people love me."

THE courteous reader must have seen by this time, notwithstanding my juvenile indiscretion as a friend of the people, I was not naturally of a political turn: I had, indeed, from my first outset in life, too much to do in my private affairs, to have any leisure for meddling with those of the public. Thus it happened, that I took little interest in the principles of our newspaper, "THE JUDIVILLE JUPITER;" I scarcely knew to which of the two great parties in the Union it was attached; all, in fact, that I did know, was, that the first editor, Dr. Murdoch, was a British republican, and that when he was sober he wrote clever articles to which

I did not very strongly object, though I liked them better for their fond familiarity with old Scottish matters and things, than either for the argument or the language, though the latter was considered very good. When he was in his cups, there could not be a greater Herod for beheading; all who thought not as he thought, he regarded as delinquents that ought not to live; in verity, the paper was seldom in my hands.

It was not so with neighbour Semple; he was much of a politician, and of the democratic order; so were all the men about his mills; and of course he did not highly approve of the sentiments of the newspaper, which were more federal. This led him, now that the town had tripled in population since the establishment of "THE JUPITER," to concert with certain opulent new settlers for the establishment of another paper, which they called "THE CHOPPER; OR, THE ORACLE OF THE WOODS," and Mr. Dinleloof the schoolmaster, whom I have mentioned as a friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, recommended by Miss Beeny Needles to my patronage, was appointed the ostensible editor; the real editor, the writer of the leading and influential articles, was a Mr. Scholly, a clerk to the Mill Company, and who looked up to Mr. Semple as the friend that was to bring him forward in life.

There was nothing in the plan as here expounded to call for any special remark, but the plot was deep. Mr. Semple, finding himself waxing warm in his circumstances, began to nourish ambitious conceits; and the true purpose of his newspaper, as soon became manifest, was to open the way for him to be elected a representative to the state legislature.

Mr. Scholly, being a young and inexperienced man, did not manage the business just so prudently as one of more wisdom would have done, and poor dominie Dinleloof was no check upon him. The consequence was, that he raised such a rout about the democratic party, and the Junius Brutus virtues of Mr. Semple, that men of moderation were offended, and began to snuff a taint in the wind when either the sentiments of "THE ORACLE OF THE WOODS," or the Roman soul of Semple the miller, were mentioned.

The affair was not in the least interesting to me, only I

thought it an upsetting thing of Mr. Semple, though he was in a very thriving way, to think he might be chosen a representative, which may be translated into English, a member of the House of Commons; many others were of the same opinion, and heats and animosity were kindled in the town about it. At last Mr. Bell became so grieved to see the political schism spreading among his hearers, that he came to consult with me as to what he ought to do; it being his idea, as well as that of moderate men, that a candidate of more weight and popularity should be started against Mr. Semple, who, though a man of wealth and talent, was not overly well liked—in a word, he proposed that I should let my name be sent forth as the candidate of the federal party.

Such a proposition required time for consideration, and so I told him; when just then Bailie Waft came into the store. As I really felt it was a ridiculous conceit to think of me for a lawgiver, I told the bailie, in jocularity, what we were talking of, and asked his advice. This led on the conversation, until it came out that Mr. Bell and his friends were not in sincerity desirous to exalt me to such dignity, their object being only to repress the arrogance of Mr. Semple. Now this was what I did not like; I could never demean myself to be a tool in the hands of any set of men, and I said as much on the spot.

The bailie, seeing how I was minded, and yet discerning a great deal of plausibility in what the minister stated about my popularity, said nothing, but remarked that all the purpose of asking me to become a candidate would be answered by putting me on the list of candidates without lo or leave. So passed off that deliberation; but what does the bailie do? He knew the smeddum that was in Dr. Murdoch's pen when sober, and he goes straight home with the news to Babelmandel, and fortunately finding the unfortunate man in a rational mood, he explained to him what great things might be done for him if he espoused the cause I was proposed for, and wrote in my behalf in "THE JUPITER."

By this time the learned Doctor was tired of his school, and was casting about to find some more agreeable occupation, so that nothing could have been better timed than Mr.

Waft's suggestion; for he knew I had a great deal in my power; and as the bailie kept my objections to the business out of sight, it was natural in him to conclude — I being supposed somewhat inclined to vanity, a most unjust disparagement — that he could not do me a more agreeable piece of service than to fall on the Semple party with beak and claw.

Accordingly, and surprising to hear, he kiggit himself, that is, pledged himself not to taste strong drink for a month, and the first-fruit of his virtuous resolution was an article in the next "JUPITER" — an article which, for bir and sarcasm, sound sense and correct views of a legislature's character, could not be matched. It not only thrashed the laddie Scholly into chaff, but scattered that chaff down the wind. Not a word was said of me in it, but innuendos were thrown out, which pointed out who of all the settlers in Judiville — meaning me — was the fittest to be the new representative.

A swearing and tearing reply to this came out in the next number of "THE CHOPPER," every word of which was intended to be as the stroke of an axe at the root of a tree; and Mr. Semple was spoken of as the paragon of animals, with other bombastical decoration sickening to read. Dr. Murdoch expected this, and his faculties being refreshed by his abstinence, his answer was most dreadful: he was as a bull-dog with a rat; not content with crushing every bone in its body, he tore it in pieces, he growled over it; and when he had made it rags, he then, in a composed manner, compared Mr. Semple and me, weighed our respective qualities, as it were, in a pair of scales, and shook him out, not only as wanting, but compared him to a lumby bawbee in an old Scottish tumbling-tam, in such a comical manner, that he set the whole country side into a guffaw. Mr. Semple grew in a manner frantic, and withdrew from the contest.

This was Bailie Waft's work; but he did not rest with that triumph; he went about to make up a party for me in true sincerity, and acted in it with a sagacity that made us all wonder. He was, no doubt, assisted by Mr. Bell, and some of the most sponsible settlers, but every body agreed

that he worked with an instinct in the business that nobody could have previously imagined of him; and so working, long before the month of Dr. Murdoch's probation had expired, that erudite personage, with some six or eight of the most reputable men in the town, came in form to ascertain if I would serve if the election fell upon me. To them I gave the same answer which I gave before to Mr. Bell, but in a different strain; for then the thing was like a youth's hope, but now it was a matter for the calculations of experienced manhood.

My brother, who was one of the party, was amazed at my hesitation, and told me that he thought I affected coyness overmuch; but he did not know my mind so well as he imagined, nor, though the son of the same parents, and brought up at the same fire-side, was he so ingrained with the auld-lang-syne feelings, that made up the better part of the individual man within me. Still, as the proposition was a great honour, and might be the herald to greater hereafter, it would have ill become me to reject it at once; so I told the deputation, that I would send them a candid answer in the course of three days, and, in the mean time, I would reflect upon their proposal as a man should do, who was not only desirous of renown, but anxious to serve the community; thereby giving them to understand how much I was disposed to accede to their wishes, if, upon weighing the matter with the gravity it required, I thought myself qualified to satisfy their expectations.

CHAPTER X.

"What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain."

The proposal to send me to the legislature was perplexing. It was an honour — undoubtedly a great honour; but it is harder to deal with proffered honours than with threatened evils. What shall I do? — and I reasoned myself thereon, till for satisfaction I earned but vexation.

When adversity marks us for her quarry, and her evils are ready to pounce upon us, our part is to stand firm, to summon our native courage, and to trust to Providence for aid to withstand the onset — then to have confidence in himself and in his destiny, sets the man upon the rock of fortitude, above the waves and the tides of fortune; but when the evil is more doubtful, and may yet by strength or adventure be overcome, then is the time to call in friends to counsel and to solicit their aid. I could play my part better, thought I, in either case, than where the question is the acceptance of honour; for there is some chance that under misfortune pity may move to good and sincere advice — but honours are enviable; it is not fair to expect from human nature sincerity of opinion, when you would propose yourself to be a candidate for offices which will raise you above your friends, unless it be from your adversary.

Such aimless and unamiable reflections molested my brain all the remainder of that day; — my sons evidently counted on my acceding to the proposal; and Bradshaw Cockspur, who called at night on one of his wooing visitations to my daughter, set it down as a settled matter, and joked with me about my speeches. He did not then know I had been one of "The Friends of the People," and accounted among them a rising orator, though in the fashion of my figure there was but little dignity.

Mr. Bell, the minister, an ambitious man, also called in during the same evening, to combat my scruples, for he did me the justice to believe I had really conscientious scruples; but the course he took was extraordinary. Knowing I was a firm and true Presbyterian, it was no less than to suggest, that by being in the legislature, I might get some pre-eminence established for our sect over the Methodists, whose power and increase were as gall and wormwood to his spirit. This old country conceit and priestly pretension only served to divert me, but I was not much flattered that he should have imagined me capable of so weak a folly; all I said, however, was, that I thought he had been long enough in America to have known better than to think the achievement practicable. "No, no, Mr. Bell," said I; "if ye

thirst for sacerdotal superiority, the easiest way to quench the drowth is to turn Methodist yourself."

Never on the countenance of man saw I such a cloud blacken. I had seen him in distress of heart, and stung with mortification; I had witnessed him in unjust wrath, and had pardoned him for unprovoked insolence; — but his visage on this occasion was as the skies seen on the seas at midnight, when the winds are up, and snow and hail strive with the lightnings for masterdom. He rose like winter, and left the house.

Mr. Hoskins, who was present, recumbent in an easy chair, with his damaged leg upon a stool, listening to our conversation, looked over his shoulder as the high-priest departed, and said, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do such a thing?"

By which saying it was plain that the discerning old man thought I had pricked the conscience of Hazael Bell; nor was he mistaken; for when the Syrian saw I could not be his instrument more on this than on former occasions, he joined himself to Mr. Semple's party, and before twelve months were over, he was the Mons Meg of the Methodists, thundering from the high place in the grand church about which arose our first difference.

With Mr. Hoskins I held no particular consultation, for he was one of those who thought laws and governments often inconvenient and always troublesome. "Live and let live," was his motto. But he had his weak side as well as other folks; and from his dark sentences, I could make out that he would be pleased were I elected. In short, I was on all sides beset with friends urging me to consent to the proposed honour, or confident I would accept it. Mrs. Todd, my wife, alone said nothing; on the contrary, she could not be persuaded to interfere; for on one occasion, when my brother entreated the aid of her advocacy, she replied, "It is a male business, and does not become a woman to meddle in it. If your brother thinks he can spare the time from his other concerns, and can act his part in it with satisfaction to his conscience, he will no doubt consent; but how it can be consistent with the zeal and truth of a Scottish heart, to abet councils that may be for

the molestation of his native land, is beyond my feminine capacity to comprehend."

Now it was in the latter clause of this brief sentence that the source of my perplexity lay, for my conscience could not away with the thought of renouncing the right to claim paternity with Sir William Wallace and the brave old bald-headed worthies of the covenant; my father's household gods, on whose altar, our lowly hearth, the incense of a special thanksgiving was every Sabbath evening offered to Heaven, for having sent them to redeem and sanctify "our ancient and never-conquered kingdom of Scotland."

It is true, that America had been to me a land of refuge; verily, a land flowing with milk and honey, commended to my affection by the experience of much kindness, and hallowed in the petitions of my nightly orisons, for many blessings of which it had to me been the Goshen. It contained all that was dearest to me in friends, and kin, and substance; and what was there in the far-off valleys of Scotland to fetter me from serving, by head or hand, the country of my adoption? On one side stood an aged matron, pointing to the churchyard where my forefathers lay at peace; on the other, a sturdy youth, with an axe upon his shoulder, bade me look where my family was spreading and prospering around.

All that night the oscillations of my mind traversed, as it were, between the past and the future; and when I arose in the morning, the doubts only became more active. The livelong day I pondered alone in the forest, and called to mind, that the wise and good of all lands and times had ever revered the love of country as sacredly as the love of parents.

Attempting in vain to reason myself into a right decision, I cast myself before the Lord and implored his assistance: nor was it withheld; for even then it was whispered in the ear of my spirit, that in "His Book" were instructions prepared; upon which I rose and went home, and opened the Bible, and beheld these words: —

"If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my

tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

And I said to myself, as I closed the oracle, truly it is an awful thing for a man to forswear his native land.

CHAPTER XI.

"Nay, then, thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this dear."

Instead of writing to the foreman of the deputation, by whom I had been solicited to allow myself to be nominated a candidate, I resolved, after considering the business well, to make my communication to a public meeting. Accordingly it was given out, that on the day I had promised to send my answer, I would explain personally to my friends, in the ball-room of the Eagle tavern, the sentiments by which I was actuated.

At the time appointed a multitude assembled; the room was crowded, and besides my friends, a great number of persons were there from curiosity, and a few, no doubt, for a less commendable purpose. Among others, was our minister, of whom, in the mean time, it was reported that he had openly withdrawn himself from my cause, and had represented me as a weak, vain, and indecisive character, incapable of expressing two consecutive sentences with becoming seriousness.

Whether I merited any thing so derogatory from the lips of Mr. Bell, or whether, from my opinion of the man up to this period, I was likely to have believed he would be guilty of such backbiting, the courteous reader has the means of judging. However, the report was not without foundation; and in the meeting, and at the head of the room, there he was, sitting with the proud and crimson countenance of a conqueror, as he thought himself. But though I must thus speak of him as the truth claims; and though I also must say, that from this epoch I regarded him as a man too much given to secular ambition for a minister of the Gospel; the truth of his doctrines. and his power in the

pulpit, still obtained from me the reverence which I entertained towards them from the first time of his preaching at Babelmandel.

Another thing which I heard of just before the hour of meeting, also disconcerted me. It was the part Bailie Waft and Dr. Murdoch were playing: lifted out of themselves by the success of their manœuvres, they did not wait for the trumpets of others to sound their praises, but went about bragging of what they had done, and how they were the means of obtaining in me, for the state, a man of the greatest natural talents any where to be met with, and other such fustian phraseology. It may, therefore, be easily conceived, that when I walked into the room, attended by my brother and the two Cockspurs — my sons and Mr. Hoskins had seats in the crowd — and saw Mr. Bell seated next the chair, on the right — verily in the scorner's chair — and the winking bailie and the drunken Doctor — then, however, newly shaven and sober, on the left, — I was not in such a serene mood as the occasion required, especially when the bailie-bodie rose and cried aloud, bustling and big, — "This way, Mr. Todd; make room there for Mr. Todd! Will ye no' stand back and let in Mr. Todd?" and so forth. But I mastered my agitation, and pressing through the crowd at last got to the head of the table.

Great applause had followed me from my first appearance, and was redoubled when I attained the place which had been prepared for me; but judge of my consternation, when, in the very act of taking the chair to address my visiters, Mr. Bell stepped into it, and said aloud, —

"GENTLEMEN,
"The occasion of the present meeting is ——"

My corruption was so raised at this arrogance, that, with the agility of a magpie, I was in a moment on my legs on the table, where, pushing the intruder back with my foot, I thus spoke: —

"FRIENDS!
"The manner in which this black ram has pushed him-

self into our flock, would justly warrant us to drag him to the door by the lug and the horn; but let us have compassion upon him — a creature so void of all sense of propriety, as he has shown himself on this occasion, and maybe on others when he was a younger man, is not to be corrected by rough handling."

This speech was received with an ocean's roar of applause, while Mr. Bell, as pale as a lady's smock, with open mouth and goggling eyes, sat down as if he had been smitten with a sudden judgment. Bailie Waft was out of the body with delight; he laughed, he keckled, he snapped his fingers, and waved his hat long after the shouts of the multitude had subsided. That merry laddie, Bradshaw Cockspur, also, might have been tied with a straw; and Mr. Hoskins, who was sitting between my two sons, actually smiled — a great sign and symptom for him of inward satisfaction.

By the time the calm was come again, Mr. Bell had recovered his audacity, and made another attempt to be heard; but the multitude, with all its voices, cried out against him, and "Down with the black ram!" thereby maintaining liberty and the freedom of election. By this time, also, I had recovered my self-possession, and waving my hand stilled the uproar; I then said sedately, that as I had invited the present meeting to hear my sentiments with respect to the great honour proposed for me, I trusted my reverend friend would not take the head of the table, or offer any opinion as to the entertainment, especially as he was an uninvited guest! and I added, in a facetious pleasant manner,—"But when we have dined, I'll allow him to make what hashé he can of the broken meat. He shall then be welcome to my trencher, and to please his palate also to as meikle pepper and salt as he chooses to make use of."

The poor black ram was even more affected by this than by the deg and batter I had given it on the ribs, for he could better endure sarcasm than ridicule. His countenance showed that he would have given the world to have been in his bed, with the blankets over his head, and only dreaming of all that was passing. I was moved to pity him,

he sat so destitute-like; but he had given me such provocation, that it was not in human nature, at least in mine, to refrain from pursuing the victory, for even in my compassion I could not but cry, "Will somebody open the windows, for Mr. Bell's like to faint with humiliation."

At the which words, snuff-boxes and scent-bottles were handed up from all parts of the room; and Bailie Waft, who had provided a decanter of water, with a tumbler, for me in case of need in my speaking, poured out a glass and presented it to the desperate man, who snatched it in frenzy, and dashed the contents in the bailie's face.

This, however, was carrying things too far; so, in order to recall quiet, the obtruder being sufficiently baited, I begged the company to be seated, and I would as briefly as I could proceed with the business for which we were assembled. I then requested the bailie to give me a glass of water, with which having cooled my tongue, and being still standing aloft on the table, I thus began: —

CHAPTER XII.

"Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat to virtue, consecrate
To justice, continency, and nobility."

"MEN AND BRETHREN!

"Though it has been said of me, as it was of the Apostle Paul—'his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible,' yet will I say unto you, as Paul said to King Agrippa, I shall answer for myself this day.

"My manner of life is known to you all. Born in Scotland, and brought up in the religion and sentiments of my forefathers, I have always been proud of the Scottish name, and yet I stand here esteemed by you, who are of another nation, worthy to be trusted among the warders in the watch-tower of your rights. I am deeply sensible of this great honour; but, in proposing it, have you considered the infirmity of man? Have you weighed the

temptations wherewith I may be tempted—temptations with which mine integrity hath never yet been tried?

"Did the trust you would repose in me require but honesty in the arbitration of such plain questions as arise between man and man, then might I venture to accept it; for over the balance-sheets of trade and the schedules of reciprocities Honesty may withstand the affections of Patriotism. But the questions which rouse the animosities of nations are of that kind in which I am conscious of being least able to sustain a proper part. You are persuaded, by the character I have earned amongst you, that justice would be the guide of my judgment. But search your own hearts, and then say, if you can, that in a national quarrel you would be satisfied with only justice. Do you believe that I am so superior to the sentiments of youth and the principles of manhood, that I would stand as an American by the American cause in a controversy between your country and my old native land upon the point of honour? that for a stain on the stripes and stars, I could in my heart be consenting to require, with true zeal, indemnification at the expense of any British prerogative?

"It may seem to some of you that the land which contains a man's business, property, and family, is his country — and I know that this is a sentiment encouraged here; but I have been educated in other opinions, and where the love of country is blended with the love of parents — a love which hath no relation to condition, but is absolute and immutable — poor or rich, the parent can neither be more nor less to the child than always his parent, — and I feel myself bound to my native land by recollections grown into feelings of the same kind as those remembrances of parental love which constitute the indissoluble cement of filial attachment.

"Philosophy may reason against this: I have heard men of much learning, of unblemished virtue, and most exemplary in the practice of all domestic duties, maintain, that when we are free to judge for ourselves, the obligations between the parent and the child cease, and become subject to the determinations of our judgment, and that this is the law of Nature. — Yes: truly it is the law of Nature among

the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, which know no other law. But are we dogs to follow mere instincts? Have not we the Law of God, and a special law, commanding us to honour our parents;—And for what? Are any causes assigned for which we are to render this homage?—No! but only that they are our parents. In like manner there is no specified reasons which take the form of obligation to bind us to the land of our birth. It is enough that it is our country. Nature makes up the obligation of our attachment to it, from the reminiscences of our enjoyments there, just as she forms our filial affection from the remembrance of the caresses of our parents.

"No, my friends; I cannot in honesty accept the honour you propose for me, but my gratitude to you is not the less;—I cannot serve your national interests with all my heart, and I have plainly explained to you the reason: I can, therefore, but answer like the maiden solicited by a rich and noble suitor; all I can give, honour, esteem, the love of the mind, you already possess, but the heart's love —that love which was bred and twined within my bosom before we ever met—cannot be given, for it belongs to one that is far away."

Such was my speech; no doubt I said much more, for the speaking occupied a considerable space of time, but that is the substance; and it was heard with attention, and crowned with applause. I trow, after it, Mr. Bell never ventured to say I could not speak two consecutive sentences like a reasonable man. He sat awed and cowed while I spoke; and when I concluded, he had neither the power of utterance to address the meeting, nor courage to stand up. He was indeed withered, and looked as debased as if he could have crawled into a hole in the ground for an asylum. But though he well deserved his punishment, and the effects of the refutation I had given to his derogatory insinuations, I could not see him slink out of the room, as it were, with his tail between his legs, without a touch of remorse; and I still reproach myself with having used the scourge with more bir than was consistent with merciful charity. Truly, a victory is not always a triumph.

Many of those who heard my speech were surprised, both at its vigour and matter, for it was not expected that I would have declined. There were, however, certain countrymen of my own, as well as English and Irish, who did not approve the straightness and strictness of my doctrine; which I was grieved to learn, for flexibility in principle is a proof of brittleness in affection; still, even these professed their amazement and satisfaction at my bravery and candour; so that I may venture to assert, that the refusal augmented the consideration in which I was held among my neighbours. Mr. Hoskins, who joined me as I was leaving the room, said nothing, but shook me heartily by the hand, — a testimony of kindness and approval he had never bestowed before.

Bailie Waft and Dr. Murdoch were in a sorry plight; nothing could be farther from their fancies than that I would refuse. They were petrified; they sat looking at each other like two effigies during the whole time I was speaking, and when the great peal of applause broke out as I concluded, they both fell back in their chairs, and gazed as if they beheld the solid world moving away from before them. Indeed it was no wonder; for although, at the outset of their canvass and striving, John Waft was moved by a sense of gratitude for the kindness I had always shown him, yet, as the prospect of my success improved, his disinterestedness gradually dwindled, for he imagined, that were I elected, I would, like a member of the British House of Commons, possess a power over the disposal of the remaining twelve baskets of loaves and fishes; he had even gone so far, on the morning of the meeting, as to tell my eldest son that he would be content with a wee bit postie about the government, till something better would cast up, for he could no' just hope to be made either a collector or a comptroller at the first.

As for the learned Doctor, I never heard what he proposed to himself for the reward of his services, but on the same morning he had held some discourse with Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur, concerning a plan for a college at Judiville. I'll not say that he contemplated to be the principal, or Lord Rector of it; maybe he did — but nothing ever after

was heard of it; for that night, despite his vow of sobriety, of which a whole week remained unexpired, seeing his occupation in the election gone, he went upon the rove, and was, for several days, in a state of the most divorlike inebriety; reeling about the streets, and taking hold of every one he knew by the button, and demonstrating to them in inarticulate language. It made me angry to hear, and squeamish to scent the odious jargon of his debauch.

PART IX.

CHAPTER I.

"The midwife and myself."

I KNOW not if the courteous reader will accord in opinion with me, that the proposal to elect me into the legislature was the greatest event in my life, but such I have always considered it, because the refusal was the result of a great mental controversy, and from that time I steadily began to knit up all my manifold concerns into the smallest possible compass. In doing this, I neither proposed idleset for myself, nor the remission of my wonted activity; on the contrary, my main object was to be free to give my mind and experience to the furtherance of my sons' fortunes, chiefly of Robert's; not for partiality, though he was the first-born, and the son of my first love, but because my family by my second wife were amply provided for by Mr. Hoskins, and because I did not intend, having assigned my interest in the salt-works to Robin on his marriage with Volumnia Cockspur, that he should partake in the division I proposed to make of my other property; moreover, though it may be regarded as a thing with which I could not properly be said to have any thing to do, he received with his wife a handsome fortune, well on to six thousand pounds sterling, which, however, her brothers with great prudence made a point of having settled on herself.

Charles was fixed in the store; and when I publicly announced my secession from business, Mr. Hoskins, in accepting him for a partner in my place, gave him a share in the bank, which was doing wonders—coining money!

My brother, on succeeding Mr. Herbert as the manager of the bank, also succeeded to his share, and was grateful for the part I took in leading him on to such good fortune. My daughter Susannah was married to Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur in the spring following the election affair; an event that gave all friends on both sides great pleasure, for he is a young man of a blithe and jocund humour, none the worse of a snaffle, however, and she is a staid, judicious creature, who manages him as if he were a very lamb. Every body who knows them says it is a pleasure to see their happiness.

As for Judiville, it is still a growing wonder; at this present writing, two years after my secession from business on my own account, the population exceeds seven thousand souls; they have six churches, and three of them have steeples, one of which is very handsome indeed; they have likewise a theatre, — for, as I have read,

> "Where'er the Lord erects a house of prayer,
> The Devil's sure to build a chapel near;"—

and the river is crossed by three bridges, one of them of stone, and built after a beautiful design by Braddy Cockspur, as I have come to call him since he became my son-in-law.

"But what has become of your old affliction Bailie Waft?" methinks I hear the courteous reader jocosely enquiring. "Well and hearty," I may reply, "and none mitigated in his disposition to play at hooky-crooky with me whenever he can get an opportunity. He has, however, made no addition to his visible property, though it is well known he has never ceased to thrive; all he gets is hoarded in the bank; and I suspect, though he has himself never told me so, that he means to return to Paisley, and to spend his gatherings among his old friends; otherwise, wherefore would he be so devoted to ready money. If such be his intention, it has my fullest approbation."

Here I ought to mention, that in the course of some three or four months after my oratorical exploit in the Eagle tavern, a wonderful shower of gold fell upon the bailie, and induced him to move from Babelmandel and

pitch his tent amongst us at Judiville. My wife, about that time, took it into her head to grow thick in the waist, with the promise of an addition to our family; and being of a Scottish particularity, she was determined, if possible, to have at the occasion a howdie instead of an accoucheur. One day in the store, as some of my cronies were talking news at the stove, I happened, in consequence, to say that I would give something handsome for a midwife; upon which the bailie, who was present, started up, and taking me aside, told me his wife had been of that order of the faculty in Paisley, and was accounted very expert.

"What for, bailie," cried I, "has she so long hidden her enndle under a bushel? she might have lighted her fortune by this time."

"'Deed," said he, "I'll be candid with you. We thought, when we came to America, that we would set up for something better than we were at home; so we blew out the candle and set it on the shelf; but if you think Mrs. Todd would like to speak to her, we can light it again."

It accordingly came to pass that Mrs. Waft was summoned to the conclave council of my wife and Mrs. Hoskins, and in the end was duly trysted to serve the want at the fulness of time.

When it was known that Mrs. Waft was thus engaged by Mrs. Todd, her renown began to spread, and other worthy matrons who were, in the words of the Douglas tragedy,

"As ladies wish to be who love their lords,"

called in her wisdom likewise. Mr. Pestle, the surgeon and professor of midwifery, was not content at hearing this, but he comforted himself with the persuasion that the evil, as he called it, would cure itself. However, he calculated too fast, for my wife had a most fine time o't, and Lucky Waft soon mounted to the top of the tree, and her name was in such fragrancy among the married ladies, that it was a favour to get her. Misses bespoke her with their wedding-gowns, and the bailie bought a fine lantern to show her the way on night-calls; but his rest was in the end so often disturbed, that he hired an old black man to

be her convoy, while he, as he said himself, took the world at his ease like a gentleman.

He did not however, to do him justice, live altogether on his wife's earnings. Having seen, when he came to reside at Judiville, that many of the new emigrant-settlers were in want of advice, and others had different small affairs to transact, which took them off their employments, and were in consequence more costly to them than to pay an agent, he set himself up as a universal broker. It mattered not what the business to be done was, for he was ready to undertake any or all sorts of business, and it was amazing to see how much he had to do in a short time. It was said he made pactions with the store-keepers, by which it was covenanted that they were to allow him a commission on all the custom he brought to them, and I don't doubt he did so; but although Hoskins and Todd received a fair share of his favour, he certainly never asked them for any allowance, but declined it, when, at my suggestion, my son Charles proposed it to him, saying I had paid him already; and for this, though he was the most excruciating to me of God's creatures, I am bound to maintain that, for all the defects of his crooked policy, he was yet not without something of a right heart.

I wish it were in my power to say as much for Mr. Bell. I have already intimated that soon after the catastrophe between us at the public meeting, he went over to the Methodists, and became a great gun among them. This, though it savoured of some apostacy, I yet did not greatly condemn, for it was a blessing to the flock of that barren pasture to obtain such an able Calvinistical shepherd. It manifested, no doubt, in him a stronger bias for secular influence than consorted, in my opinion, with the simplicity of a true pastor's character; and the manner of his secession was not so open as it ought to have been, for he gave his Presbyterian lambs no notice, but left them to the wolves at once.

Late on a Friday night he sent the keys of the kirk to me, with a note to show the elders, informing us he had accepted a call from another congregation; a cold farewell which could not be considered as the breathing of a Chris-

tian spirit, and therefore I was determined it should be treated as it deserved. I sent at once for the other members of the session, though it was far in the night, and persuaded them to invite Mr. Dinleloof to preach for us on Sunday; and if he consented, to publish a handbill, stating as the reason of calling on him to take the pulpit, that Mr. Bell had deserted his flock. It may seem to well-disposed persons that this matter of the handbill was a work of supererogation; but at the time, and since, I have never been able to regard it as otherwise than a just measure, and sternly required by the arrogance and high hand with which Mr. Bell was attempting to snool us all.

CHAPTER II.

"I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you."

Mr. Dinleloof, as the courteous reader probably recollects, is the sticket minister whom Miss Beeny Needles, my wife's aunt, recommended to my attention, as "a perforated clergyman." On the increase of the town, he was induced to set up a school, of a grade inferior to that of Mr. Bell, and was also nominal editor of Mr. Semple's newspaper, "The Chopper, or the Cracle of the Woods." He was a man that, from natural modesty, shrunk out of society; but those who were within the narrow circle to which he limited himself, spoke favourably of him. I knew him but slightly, for he was such a sequestered creature that, unless you went and drew him out of his shell as you would a whilk or a snail, you could make no acquaintance with him, and I had too many things at all times upon my hands to be able to do that often. Perhaps he therefore thought that I did not pay him quite so much attention as Miss Beeny had led him to expect; for once or twice, when I fell in with him in the street, it struck me that he eschewed me; if he did so, it was without reason.

As I have intimated, it was late in the evening when we of the session resolved to ask him to preach, and but one day could be allowed for him to prepare, if he agreed. I may be wrong in supposing that Mr. Bell, by leaving us no time to procure a minister, counted on drawing a part of our congregation after himself to his new tabernacle: whether this was an unjust supposition on my part, or was the effect of a fair estimate of the man's inordinate character, I leave it to the sagacity of the reader to determine.

When I entered the humble habitation of Mr. Dinleloof, he was certainly much surprised, and gazed at me with a look of alarm, as if he thought I had come with strange news or evil tidings. He was about going into his solitary bed, for he was a bachelor; his upper garments were already cast off, he had also quitted his trowsers, and was standing in his drawers, with one leg bare, and a stocking in his hand. On seeing me, he took the quilted bed covering hastily up, flung it round him as a plaid, and replacing the stocking on his limb, requested me to be seated.

I did not think, considering the condition he was in, that it was necessary to spend much time in explanation; so I told him off-hand my errand, and said, "We," meaning the session, "could not reasonably, on so short a notice, expect that night a decisive answer; but we trusted he would give our solicitation heed and reflection, and let us know in the morning whether we might hope for his assistance." I thought it also expedient, as a retainer, to say, that if he gave us satisfaction, it was not impossible but we might be in a situation to offer him an engagement for a season.

He did not make any immediate reply, but remained thoughtful for about a minute, when he rose, and lifting his watch, which lay on his night-cap on the table, placed it under his pillow: he then resumed his seat.

"I think," said he, "I can give you an answer at once, and so save trouble and anxiety. I am not much used to preaching, but I have a few sermons ready by me, and I'll do my endeavour to give you satisfaction through them on Sunday. After you have heard me, we can then talk of the future;" and he added, "I have never preached since I came over to America."

This answer pleased me; it showed that, notwithstanding his humble and retiring nature, he had yet some confidence in himself; but as the night was very cold, and he was not in a state to maintain a long conversation, I bade him good night; not, however, until I had invited him to take his dinner with me next day, in order that I might get some farther insight into his character; for I was surprised at his readiness, having prepared myself to meet with some diffidence, and at least the affectation of reluctance; for the young clergy are bashful chickens, whatever bubblyjocks they may be after they get kirks.

On returning home, the street was still, the sharpness of the freezing air had driven every body to the stoves, and scarcely a sound but the noise of the river was heard. The young moon was not set; she hung on the verge of the horizon, and sent long and broad black shadows from every object, insomuch that it was not easy to discern the appearance of any one standing within them, while they threw a kind of ghastliness around that made me eerie as I plodded my homeward way alone.

In approaching my own house, I was seized with a fit of coughing, and presently I saw the gleam of a female's white garment flutter at the corner and disappear behind it, while the dark figure of a man ran suddenly from the spot, and was lost sight of beyond the rubbish and lumber in the streets, and the shadows which lay like pools and streams among them.

I am far from being of a suspicious nature, but this chance seemed to me extraordinary; perhaps it was the chilly, superstitious dread on me at the time, that made me take any notice of it at all. Be that, however, as it may, surprised I was, and uneasy too, because I could in no way conjecture what brought such phantasmagorian doings about my doors; I thought, after a moment's reflection, it might have been one of the servant girls with her jo; an innocent conjunction: but the coldness of the night assured me it was not a casualty; and when I entered the house, I saw by the colour of the gowns of the two kitchen nymphs, that it was not either of them who had been keeping tryst.

My wife was sitting in the parlour in her wonted com-

posed manner; and not seeing my daughter Mary with her, I enquired what had become of her.

"She has been in bed more than half an hour," said Mrs. Todd; "she complained of a headach."

"Ay, in her bed!" exclaimed I. "Madam, my dear, will ye just step to her room and see how she is?"

Mrs. Todd went immediately, and soon after returned, a little disconcerted: Miss had not been able to get into bed, but was undressing in a great fluster.

"I must no longer conceal from you," said my wife with concern, "that this is the second time Mary has equivocated with me in the same manner. What can it be that draws her away from the warm parlour to sit in a fireless room in such weather? I cannot devise any cause to make her, all of a sudden, act in this manner. Surely she cannot have imagined I have done her ill; I am unconscious of having in any way whatever given her the slightest cause to avoid me; I wish you would question her about it."

I made no immediate answer to this, but it grieved me. It was plain the simpleton had formed some clandestine connection; I did not, however, at that time say any thing of what I had seen to my wife, but affected to make light of her molestation, while I was resolved to watch the damsel, and to catch her foot in the trap before she was aware. Seriously, however, the incident gave me great anxiety: things had for so many years gone thrivingly with me, that I was afraid of the slightest symptom of blight.

I was quite unable to conjecture on whom the girl could have cast her affections; for no less could explain the mystery, than that she had done so on somebody to whom she knew I had objections. I revolved in my mind the names of all the young men in the town with whom she was likely in any degree to have formed acquaintance; but the cogitation was unsatisfactory, — I could fix on none.

While thus ruminating, Mrs. Todd happened to say, that in the course of the day she had fallen in with Mr. Bell in the street, and was surprised, considering how matters stood between us, at the friendly manner in which he had addressed her.

"That's the fellow!" cried I, springing from my chair,

to her amazement. — "It is Walter Bell, — scoundrel! his impudence is as large as his father's."

I then related what I had seen; and she agreed that the conjecture was not improbable, especially as for some time I had evinced a degree of coolness towards young Bell, who was reputed to be of loose morals, and addicted to obstreperous company. I discountenanced also my son Charles from cultivating companionship with him; in consequence, he had not for some time been invited to our house. But that Mary the cutty, would be gallanting with him in secresy, was a thing I never once imagined, and the thought of it made me most uncomfortable. Both on account of the conduct of his father and mother, he was a connection I could not covet; and it was determined between my wife and me, that we should lose no time in breaking off the intercourse: accordingly it was settled that Charles, who was a shrewd and discerning young man, should be taken into our confidence in the morning, and it was full time.

CHAPTER III.

"Fye gae run, and fye gae ride."

Troubled as I was with the mystery in my family, I yet did not neglect my public duty. At the time appointed, the session met, and I repeated what had passed with Mr. Dinleloof, expressing my persuasion that we would find him a man of more efficacy than we suspected from the simplicity of his demeanour. But when it was proposed to issue the handbill which I myself had suggested, I was startled; the bare possibility of a connection between my family and Mr. Bell's shook me; and under the constraint of that apprehension, I blemished mine own esteem by weakly persuading the elders to abandon the intention.

It was, however, a lesson of awe and wonder to see how rapidly one humiliation after another came to stir up the

worst sediment of Mr. Bell's nature. I sometimes thought of it with alarm, for it was as if Fate were giving pledges for the performance of some dreadful thing. In all the instances wherein I was myself the agent, an irresistible impulse was upon me, an impassioned necessity to do as I did, which could not be withstood.

When he heard, which was not until late in the afternoon, that the handbills were not to be circulated, he believed the design was only postponed in order to be executed with the greater effect on the Sabbath morning, and his ire against me became as the unquenchable fire. It may, therefore, easily be conceived how the furnace raged, when in the course of the evening Mr. Oliver Cockspur waited upon him from me regarding the clandestine conduct of his son towards my daughter. The immediate cause of sending that message was this: —

During the time I was absent on the business of the minister, my wife found an opportunity to let Mary know of the discovery I had made; and the maiden, unable to equivocate with the circumstances, acknowledged that Walter Bell had been with her. When I heard this, and that there was no engagement between them, I determined with my wonted promptitude to nip their love in the bud at once; but conscious of the quickness of my own temper, while I remonstrated with her both as to the libertine reputation of the young man, and his want of means to keep a wife, I sent for Mr. Oliver Cockspur, whose mildness and fortitude of character were highly esteemed in the town. I explained to him my sentiments on the subject, begging him to wait on Mr. Bell, and also on Walter Bell, to apprise them both of my decided opposition to the connection.

Mr. Oliver described the behaviour of the father as something terrible to have witnessed. At the mention of my name he broke out into a maniac fury; accused me of harbouring a malignant hatred against him, asserting that I never did him even a seeming favour but to humble him and to make him an object of contempt with the public.

I can easily imagine the surprise of Mr. Oliver at such an address, and also the calmness with which he enquired what motive I could have for such conduct.

To that question the Bedlamite made no reply, but stamped with his foot, and dared the serene young man for calling his veracity in question. It was well he had a person of such happy equanimity to deal with. Mr. Oliver saw it was useless to reason with him, and accordingly simply told his errand and wished him good-night.

Just as he was leaving the house, Walter, who had been abroad, came to the door, and he requested him to take a few minutes' walk, during which he stated the object of the visit to his father, and also the message he was charged with to himself. He expected that the communication would have raised the young man's blood; but greatly to his surprise, he heard him with patient silence; and when Mr. Oliver advised him to desist from attempting to entangle the girl's affection, and to refrain from secretly besetting the house, he coolly replied that he would think of it, and abruptly left him.

"Be assured, sir," said Mr. Oliver to me, when he related what had passed, which he did that same Saturday night — "Walter will be incited by his insane father to persevere in the courtship, were it only to annoy you; and the obdurate young man himself will do so earnestly, merely because he has been forbidden. It, therefore, becomes necessary to consider what you ought to do; for the peace and honour of your family, I do think, are in some jeopardy between these two implacable persons."

In the mean time I had laid my strictest injunctions on my daughter to renounce the company of Walter Bell, to break off their intercourse, and, under the penalty of my severest displeasure, not to make any appointment with him.

Though the morning was clear that succeeded that anxious night, a cloud was upon my spirit, and I had a foreboding of impending disasters. I was, therefore, heavier with temporal cares when I went with my wife to the church than befitted the occasion. Miss, in consequence of the admonition I had given, had declined to accompany us; she remained in her chamber, and did not even come down to breakfast — perfidious baggage!

Contrary to all expectation, we found the church crowded

to overflowing. The novelty of a new preacher had attracted many; but there was a notion in the town that Mr. Dinleloof was what was called a man of genius, and a vast number of young men were assembled by curiosity to hear him. Among others, Walter Bell was there. I did not, however, observe him; but Mrs. Todd saw him, and, as she afterwards told me, he looked towards our pew, and, seeing Mary was not there, left the church.

Upon whatever foundation the young men had built their opinion of the untried preacher, it soon proved to be well supported. Unlike Mr. Bell, vehement in argument, powerful in citations, and cleaving into the very marrow of divinity as it were with a hatchet, Mr. Dinleloof began like the soft spirit of Christianity itself, and won upon our hearts with the sweet temperance of charity, until every one was enchanted, and all thoughts but of the holy things he taught were absorbed in listening to him. I had but one sentiment when he concluded, and that was of my own unworthiness in having so little heeded a man of such gifts.

On returning home, the elders called upon me; and we were during the interval between sermons so occupied with ecclesiastical matters, that I had no leisure to reflect on parental. I had, however, the gratification to see my delinquent damsel dressed to go with us to the afternoon service, and wonderfully kind and complaisant she was; which was not very common with her, especially when any thing went against the grain. Mr. Hoskins, who had a hawk's eye, saw something that he surely did not like; for he remarked that she seemed to be sailing with a fair wind, and her behaviour in church was certainly fidgety and unsettled, though Walter Bell was not there.

When we returned home, she took her book, and turned over the leaves, and yawned, and sometimes was as abstracted as a statue in a niche in the wall; at others, she talked much, but not so pleasantly to the purpose as usual. All this was, however, pardonable in her situation, and neither Mrs. Todd nor I thought of noticing it, as we regarded her as in a sense crossed in love, and were willing to allow her time to recover.

At the accustomed hour she retired to her own room,

and she shook hands with us as she bade my wife and me good night; an unusual ceremony with her, but it was received as the token of a disposition to comply with my wishes. After she had left the room, Mrs. Todd and I sat some time conversing together, and in due season we also went to our chamber: scarcely, however, had we laid our heads on the pillow, when the most terrific yells and cries for help were heard on the outside; I started up, and opening a window, cried, "What 's the matter?"

"I'm hanged! I'm dead and gone!" cried Bailie Waft from under my daughter's window: his lantern was lying on the ground at some distance from him, and Lucky his spouse was struggling to relieve him from a rope. By this time the house was roused; my wife was up and had a light; but no Miss Mary appeared. The bird was flown; her ne'er-do-weel jo had provided her with a rope-ladder during the forenoon service, by which she had descended into his arms when she believed the house to be all at rest, and away she had gone linking with him. It turned out, that soon after, the bailie, while conducting his wife on a professional summons, ran his head into one of the meshes of the ladder, at the same time entangled his feet, by which he believed himself to be in the peril of an unaccountable noose. I speak of this affair now with a light and a playful pen, but what I suffered at the time beggared the capacity of tongue to tell or writing to describe. A hubbub and a hobbleshow was soon gathered by the bailie's cries, and foot and horse were sent in all directions in pursuit of the fugitives, but by some strange infatuation I never thought of seeking them in his father's house. This was fate; it never once occurred to me that they might be there, not all that night over, till my two sons came from the salt-works in the morning, where Robert then resided, and where Charles had gone on the Saturday to see him. The first question my eldest asked was, "What does the minister say?" I staggered as if I had been stunned by a blow, and cried, "For Heaven's sake, run and see!" both of them did so, and were introduced to Mrs. Walter Bell. The minister had married them.

CHAPTER IV.

"Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike."

THE manner in which my daughter had cleared out with Walter Bell greatly disturbed me; I was angry undoubtedly, but sorrow was mingled with my anger. She had connected herself with a set that I did not like; it would be harsh to say they were bad, though the young man's conduct was far from being in good odour; but they were all heady and irascible, and something was daily befalling the minister to exasperate his fierce passions. On more than one occasion, his behaviour had been so wild, that some folk said he was touched in the brain, and others that he was fey, and would surely commit some rash act. Loving, therefore, as I did with all fatherly affection my poor misguided Mary, as my anger cooled my grief increased, and I wist not what to do; but I had a large experience of my wife's good sense and prudence in the midst of my affliction.

So long as she saw my mind in a state of heat and irritation she said nothing, and she cautioned my friends and the rest of the family to abstain from speaking to me on the subject; John Waft was not permitted to enter the door: but when the whirlwind was over, and I was beginning to gather again my scattered thoughts and affections, she softly led me into a discourse on the necessity of helping the young couple. I had myself been turning the matter in my own mind, and was pleased with the motherly kindness which led her to be the first to speak of it. It was therefore agreed between us, that in consideration of Walter Bell's unsteady character, the settlement from me should be on Mary, for her own particular behoof.

Accordingly, in the course of the same day, I went to Mr. Document, the attorney of Hoskins and Todd, and directed him to prepare a deed to that effect; — he did the

business of the concern; but Mr. Hoskins had another, one Mr. Special, who managed his private affairs: indeed, there was no lack of the profession, nor of doctors either, in the town: — it could not be that such an accumulation of life and property as had taken place at Judiville would yield no carrion for the birds and beasts of prey.

In this transaction I deemed it advisable not to consult Mr. Hoskins, because he had made a judicious will in favour of my family, and it would, perhaps, have been improper to say any thing to him respecting another settlement. But he was already beforehand with me: as soon as he heard of the marriage, he went within the hour to Mr. Special, and caused him to make a deed, by which he assigned during his own life the interest of the legacy he had willed to Mary, at the customary rate of seven per cent., and secured the principal to be at his death for her own use, independent of her husband.

I will not undertake to say whether in this matter either Mr. Hoskins or I acted with an overly rigour towards Walter Bell; but his father thought so, and upbraided the old gentleman in the street for it. In him, however, he met with his match; for Mr. Hoskins replied, with his usual phlegmatic b evity, that if he was to be bug-bitten for what he had done, he would put a clause in the paper, that the annuity was only to be paid so long as the castaway young woman refrained from speaking to that chum of Beelzebub her father-in-law.

By these settlements a respectable income was provided for the thoughtless pair; and I caused my eldest son, who could by this time well afford it, to make his sister a present of two thousand dollars, without any stipulation whatever, in order that she might give it to her husband to help him into a way of business. So that, without being inordinately sanguine, we had all good reason, as we thought, to hope the marriage would turn out happier than in the outset it promised to be. But unfortunately another cause was at work in the mean time, stirring up, like a poker, the burning coals of the minister's animosities.

Mr. Dinleloof had given such exceeding satisfaction by his two sermons, that we of the kirk-session hired him for

twelve months, at the same rate of salary we had paid to Mr. Bell, who ought not to have repined at any such agreement: nor, perhaps, at first did he do so, though every body was well aware he had not expected his place could so soon have been so ably supplied.

But the manner and the matter of Mr. Dinleloof's discourses were very different from Mr. Bell's, and out of that came the tribulation; they were full of tenderness and good-will towards man, breathing, like the delicious perfume of the vernal morning, a delightful persuasion to cultivate kindliness and simplicity of life. The young ladies became all enamoured of the gracious spirit of his piety, and trooped in flocks to his church, like doves to the windows; and the young men followed them, but whether for gallanting, or for the elocution of the preacher, their own consciences best can tell.

Owing to this circumstance, a visible hole was, in the course of a short time, made in the congregation of Mr. Bell; and he somehow contrived to insinuate that I was at the bottom of the desertion, as if it had been in my power to have made Mr. Dinleloof such an effectual orator.

This was not all. It was well known that Mr. Dinleloof had barely been able to support himself in his humble school; that he owed some small debts to different stores, and, among others, the materials for a suit of black to Hoskins and Todd, with which he had provided himself when he was engaged for the year. Without saying a word to me on the subject, or to any body but Mr. Hoskins, my son Charles sent the worthy, modest man a receipt for the amount of his debt. This respectful testimony awakened the emulation of other young men, and they held a meeting on the subject, at which it was agreed to raise a subscription, that a sum of money might be presented to Mr. Dinleloof.

I knew nothing of this, nor of what my son had done, till the managers of the subscription came to request me to head it by a donation. This I did most cheerfully, thinking nothing of Mr. Bell, but only of the good the money might do; and not ill-pleased to find the affair had originated in the good feeling of my son: a considerable sum

was thus obtained, to which my eldest son and the two Cockspurs were most liberal contributors.

No doubt, in the whole of this proceeding, there was something which Mr. Bell could not like: as for the part I and mine had in it, I have stated the unvarnished truth; but he saw farther into the malice of the plot. His clear eyes discerned the springs and vitals of the machination; and it was said, when he heard the amount of the gift, he was as wild as a hurricane, thundering his imprecations against me, and threatening unutterable revenges, till he so terrified my poor Mary, who happened to be present, that she swooned away, and was with difficulty recovered.

Such extravagance could not be permitted with impunity. Mary complained to her sister, Mrs. Bradshaw Cockspur, and Braddy being a mettlesome champion, went straight to Walter Bell, over whom he had some influence, and remonstrated against the violence of his father.

"I do not ask you," said he, "to speak to him; but you must protect your wife from insult, and provide her with a house of your own, or all connected with her father will interfere; and our first step will be the revocation of the settlements. I give you till the morning to consider of this."

Mr. Walter Bell tried to mount his high horse, but brave Braddy told him, —

"I have not come either to hear reasons or to listen to apologies; you must do — mark my words — you must do what I have said, and have your wife in another house before twelve o'clock to-morrow, or the deeds shall be revoked."

Bradshaw then came and told me what had happened, and what he had done; which was so prompt and decisive, that I could not but commend it. From the first I had always a warm opinion of him, but I did not give him credit for such strength of character. His firmness had the desired effect. Walter Bell and his wife removed that same evening to the Mansion House hotel, where they remained till they procured a house for themselves; and from that time, as my daughter herself assured me, her husband's kindness continued to increase.

Nothing, however, could allay the burning brimstone in the bosom of her father-in-law: surely the unhappy man was infuriated by some strange frenzy against me, for in this event he discovered only new causes for hatred, and was known to give often way to passionate explosions at the bare mention of my name. It was, indeed, the opinion of every body, that were he to meet me in one of his fits, while he was under the dominion of the demon by which he sometimes appeared to be possessed, they would not be surprised if he attempted to do me some bodily harm; and yet, from our connection, I was loth to take any step for security against the outbreakings of his madness, for no less could I regard it.

By all these things, the courteous reader will discern that in my retirement from the responsibilities of business, there was no sequestration from cares; indeed, it was only when I had accounted myself above the world, that I first began to taste the bitterness and misery which may be in the lot of man, when seemingly all his desires are satisfied. My wife was deeply afflicted at finding ourselves subjected to such trials, proceeding from such a quarter, and so inaccessible to reason; and more than once she expressed an earnest wish that I would remove from Judiville, she did not care to what other place. "Your family are now settled," said she, "and their happiness and prosperity are in their own and the Lord's hands; for their worldly circumstances you can have no anxiety; and as for me and our child, it matters not where you fix our habitation, only let us be placed beyond the peril with which the maniac is constantly threatening our comfort."

CHAPTER V.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all is phantasma."

After the vexations rehearsed in the preceding chapter, the light for some time was under my eyes, a glare and strange dazzle disturbed the forms and the colours of every object, and I had a sense of bewilderment which caused me to suffer both from fear and distrust. I was as a man who hath a malady upon him, and cannot tell in what way he is affected.

I rose with the dawn of day and walked abroad alone, though the winter was drawing her chains closer, and driving home her bars. I thought of what my wife had said about changing our residence, and sometimes I was inclined to yield to that suggestion, and then speculated as to where we should go. In the evening twilight I also rambled by myself, and often did not return until the moon was up, and the leading star of the night was muffling its lustre in the western mists and amidst the top boughs of the forest.

I was almost dejected, and my mind was saddened with dismay; I could give no sound reason, as things go with mortal man, for this alienation from all the interests in which I took so lively a part. I had but one truly consoling reflection — I was not obliged to abide at Judiville longer than suited my own purposes.

One afternoon I went forth by myself in the mood I have described, the complexion of my thoughts as pale as sickliness, and the condition of my spirits nervous and shaken. I turned my step towards the Falls, to which a tolerable path through the forest was by this time trodden out; and as I walked along, and heard the far-off roar of the cataract swelling through the stillness of the evening air, it seemed to me as if there was a solemn composure in Nature which I had never observed before; the calm and

clear iciness of the air, had, as it were, a crystalline crispness in it; a something of winter felt but unseen.

When I had walked about half-way to the Falls, I beheld a man coming towards me, and soon after discovered it was Mr. Bell. No doubt he also knew me; but as soon as I saw who it was, I resolved to pass him without speaking; and not to give offence, I turned aside at once into the Bush, walking, however, forward on, in the direction of the cataract.

When we were come opposite to each other, although I was at some distance within the underwood, I heard him muttering to himself, and striking his staff often with vehemence on the stones and bushes. As soon as I thought he was at a sufficient distance, I returned into the path, and, looking back, saw him standing near the spot where I quitted it.

"Can he be waiting for me? and what can he want?" said I aloud. Nor was I long to debate about it, for, as soon as he saw me again, he came hastily forward. I had no time for much deliberation; I therefore changed my course, and walked sedately back, determined to meet him.

For the space of a minute or two he mended his pace; then he stopped and looked forward; and seeing me still leisurely advancing, he turned round and hastily walked homeward: at this I also turned and pursued my original intention of visiting the Falls. I had not, however, proceeded above fifty yards, when, hearing some one coming up behind, I looked round, and there was the agitated man following. On this occasion I did not think it necessary to alter my course: if he has any thing to say, thought I, he can speak as he passes; if he has not, there is no call for me to disturb his cogitations.

I heard him coming faster and faster, but I did not look round; I then heard him stop; presently his feet were again in action, and at last he came up to me with his staff firmly grasped; he however said nothing, but affecting to whistle, passed me as if he did not see me. However, I continued to advance without changing my pace, and he walked on so much faster that I soon lost sight of him by a turn of the road.

He was not lo[illegible] out of sight till he re-appeared coming back. This I did not like; we were at the time in a dark pine barren, a solitary and silent place,—such a place as the mind is apt t[illegible]njure up dread and dismal fancies in; but I resolved t[illegible]eet him.

As he drew near, [illegible]ould perceive that he was powerfully moved by some inward conflict: his face was pale, and his upper lip hideously pursed; while his eyes, drawn deep into their caverns, seemed like two hungry tigers in their dens, couchant and ready to leap out upon their prey. I, however, preserved my countenance steady, and stepped to the other side of the road to give him room to pass, which he did, increasing his haste almost to a run till he again disappeared.

I was thankful he was gone: the trunk of a large tree happening to be lying near on the road-side, I sat down on it, more troubled in mind and saddened by the solitude of the scene than I could have justified or described. Whilst ruminating there, I saw him again, and resolved to let him go by, and to return myself homeward; but he did not approach many yards when he again wheeled round and again disappeared.

"I must not let myself be disturbed and circumvented in this manner," said I; and rising, proceeded towards the [illegible]bject of my walk with a firmer tread. I felt that I had done him injustice in allowing myself to think he harboured any evil design against me; and as it were in penance, though the sun was by this time set, I went on to the Falls, and stood some time contemplating the vast turmoil of the waters, and giving my imagination the reins about all things that relate to might and majesty.

The thunder of the waters mastered all lesser sounds, and I became entranced into a forgetfulness of every care; but the deepening shadows, and the coldness of the night air, admonished me that it was time to return home; and when I moved to go, there, within a few yards of me, stood Mr. Bell, leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his whole figure cramped together.

When I recollected it was near the spot where we stood that we saw his wife launched into eternity, I was melted

with sorrow; I doubted not that his stern aspect was the effect of his resolution to overcome the remembrance of that appalling sight, or perhaps of his own headlong errors since;—I regarded him with compassion for some time, and then went towards him to speak, for the noise of the Falls rendered the voice inaudible, save close to the ear; but again he darted away from me. His conduct was incomprehensible; and as he so strangely at once sought and avoided me, I resolved to return by the path on the river's bank, and let him take his own way, without being molested by my presence. Accordingly I stepped from the little eminence on which I had been standing, and walked homeward by that other path.

I had not, however, proceeded far, when I again beheld him standing in my way, and on an elbow of the road, round the angle of which the river rushes with great violence. He had so stationed himself, that I could not pass unless he stepped aside behind a projecting mass of the cliff; nevertheless, I went forward; it had been pusillanimous to have hesitated; but when I was within four or five yards of him, a strange awe and shivering tingled through my whole frame, and I thought, "What if he intends to push me into the stream? What spot is so fit for such a purpose?" This fearful apprehension caused me to halt, and he came forward; but before he had time to speak, I nimbly sprung past him, and reached the place where he had been standing.

It was a narrow track close under the cliff, and turned round the projecting rock so abruptly, that it was necessary to leap across a chasm of some extent, into which the rapid river swirled with a swift eddy. I reached the place, leaped, and was landed safely; but in the same moment a wild cry burst behind; I looked back, and the miserable man was floating in the eddy; I flung myself flat on the ground, stretched out my arm, caught the skirts of his coat, and drew him to the bank — another minute, and he had perished.

"I doubt, Mr. Bell," said I, when I saw he was safe, "I may say to you as David said to Saul, when he allowed him to depart unharmed from the cave—'The Lord judge

between thee and me, and the Lord avenge me of thee, but mine hand shall not be upon thee;' " and with those words I parted from him.

I had not walked, however, above a hundred yards, when he came breathless up with me, and caught me by the hand, and wept over it. I took him gently off, bade him make haste and go home, the frost was keen, and his clothes were wet. " Another time! another time! I may listen to you, Mr. Bell; but, in mercy to your poor family, for the present hasten home." But he clung to me, and with accents of horror exclaimed, " I thought to do the deed in the wood, but something bright and fair came always between us; I dared not go near enough to strike. Avenging Heaven! I stood at the gap to intercept you, to push you into the stream; you flew past me; as you were in the act to leap the chasm, I sprung to drive you headlong in; you escaped, and with my own impetus I was hurled headlong into the vortex."

" Go home, go home!" cried I, scarcely knowing what I said; " I forgive you, I forgive you — this night you might have been in Abraham's bosom."

" No!" replied he, with voice as if a tomb had spoken, it was so hollow, horrible, and deep; " I might have been in my wife's — and she's in hell."

What more he would have said I dared not stay to hear; I ran from him; I dreaded to look behind; my heart fluttered like a limed bird; my breath and my limbs failed; I was obliged to halt — to cast myself on the ground — to cry out, I knew not wherefore; a phantasma overpowered me, and I swooned away

CHAPTER VI.

"Alas! how is 't with you,
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy?"

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" were the first sounds I heard on recovering from the faint into which I had fallen; and the first object I saw was Mr. Waft, with the tears coursing down "his pitiful nose," standing at my side and wringing his hands. "Are ye dead, Mr. Todd? — oh! oh! Mr. Todd, are ye dead? are ye dead?" were the next sounds.

Having recovered my senses, I said to him, "Help me up, bailie."

"I 'll do that, I'll do that, Mr. Todd," cried he, stooping down and taking me under the right arm and hauling me up with might and main.

"Where 's Mr. Bell?" said I softly, and cautiously looking round — "where is he? I hope he is gone home; poor man!"

"Oh, Mr. Todd, Mr. Todd, if it had na been for you and your dexterity, where indeed would have been Mr. Bell, or his precious soul?" exclaimed the still distressed bailie: "he would have been over the Falls, food for fishes — food for fishes."

Being by this time quite recovered, I requested the bodie to compose himself and to lend me his arm to help me home, for the shadow of the world was coming on, and the night had closed her window-shutters. I then again enquired in a more collected manner for Mr. Bell.

"In his drookit condition," replied the bailie, "what could he do but to run for help? He just said ye had snatched him from perdition, bade me look to you till he could send help; and with his teeth chattering with the cold as if his jaws were mill-hoppers, he ran off to the town. Gude guide us! how did he happen to fall into the water? surely it was not a fell-in-the-sea concern; he did

na mean to drown himself, though every body says he is by himself."

"No, Mr. Waft," was my grave and solemn response; "ye may contradict whoever says he intended to drown himself;" but in a moment I was smitten with a consciousness of having laid an emphasis on the last word that had been better softer; and therefore I added, "This pathway on the raging river's brink is not a road for folk to take in the twilight; alas for him, he was in great jeopardy!"

"That's true, that's a God's truth," said the bailie, in an awful whisper, holding up his left hand shaking; "but it's among friends, it's among friends, it shall go no farther from me; and, Mr. Todd, although ye dinna think me, as I well do know, a man of wisdom, yet I'm a Christian of the old leaven, and the less that's said of the poor demented man's mischance the better; let us keep a calm sough."

I could perceive by this that the bailie had seen or overheard something of what had taken place, and I was troubled. Mr. Bell was now a very near connection to me and mine; for worldly reasons, therefore, as well as for Christian compassion, I had strong cause not to disclose his error—his crime, so I said, scarcely well knowing what was in the words,

"Yon's a dreadful jump yonder, Mr. Waft, it gars me grue when I think of it. Poor Mr. Bell, what made him come so suddenly after me?"

"Do you not know, Mr. Todd?" exclaimed the bailie: "Is't a possibility ye're in such a state of ignorance? It's happy for you to have such innocency of mind. But I know both what and who made him peril his temporal and eternal life; it was the Deevil—Beelzebub, Belial, Satan, Diabolus, Old Nick, Cluty, or any other opprobrium ye may have for him."

"What do ye mean, Mr. Waft?" said I, fain to put out of his head the dark knowledge which he had somehow acquired.

"Ah!" cried he, with a perturbed voice, "Providence has always a witness ready whenever an ill deed is to be done, in order that when justice comes there may be no

lack of evidence. Ye'll no' be pleased, however, to hear what I know, and less how I came to learn it."

He then proceeded to tell me, that taking his evening stroll, he happened, being walking in the Bush, to overhear, unseen, Mr. Bell speaking vehemently to himself, uttering my name with imprecations, and betraying a spirit full of hate against me; but that just as he was about to interpose and to reason with him on his unreasonableness, he had seen me coming along the road, by which he was led to keep himself concealed in the Bush until he should see something like a come-to-pass taking place. In this spirit he had dodged both our progressions and our tergiversations, until he suspected his fears were greater than reason could approve. But in returning homeward he happened to halt on the top of the cliff which I had to pass, and where Mr. Bell had posted himself to waylay me, and he saw his gestures, and heard what was said between us. It was therefore of no use to equivocate; still, however, while I neither contradicted nor disputed what he mentioned and surmised, it was not prudent to allow him to imagine I gave credit to the half of what he said. But still, here was a third person in full possession of the evidence which might be brought against the frantic man. I did not, however, advert to the criminal purpose of Mr. Bell, or even in any particular manner to the testimony Mr. Waft by law and conscience might be constrained to bear against him. Therefore, without alluding in any particular way to the event, — I may say, without alluding directly to it at all, — we walked on towards the town; but I could not divest the bailie's mind of the conviction that Mr. Bell was actuated by a murderous intent against me.

Suspicions often beget the events they dread. It seemed to me, that, independently of all other considerations, if Mr. Waft allowed himself to speak of what he had seen, Mr. Bell might be driven to perpetrate something either on himself or others. My situation, and the credit of all connected with the poor insane, were in fearful hazard; I however said nothing; but on reaching home retired to my own chamber, and ruminated with sorrow on the events of this critical evening.

The conduct of Mr. Bell was too terrible to be thought of; I could not think of letting even my wife know of the danger to which I had been exposed; but while I acknowledged to her discerning eye that I had met with something which had discomposed me, I gave her no reason to suspect that it was at the hands of so near a relation, or by an attempt so wicked.

What I did tell her, served, however, for new matter to the argument with which she urged her wish that we should leave Judiville. That her wish was taking root in my own mind could not be denied, but that it was likely to have been strengthened by the influence of such an adventure no one could have foreseen; sometimes I thought of telling her at once all, and of consenting to quit the place without farther delay; but a tender interest prevented me from doing any thing prejudicial to Mr. Bell. Without, therefore, coming to any decisive resolution, I preserved silence; and Bailie Waft, odd, perplexing, and afflicting as the bodie was in general, had the good sense on this painful occasion to hold his peace.

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, wretched state! oh, bosom black as death;
Oh, limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged. Help, angels! make essay;
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!"

About two hours after my return home, as I was sitting by myself in my chamber, having requested my wife to leave me alone, a messenger came from the Eagle tavern, to beg me to go thither where a gentleman was waiting anxiously to see me. I went immediately, and was shown into a private parlour.

On entering the room, I perceived nobody, but only a table-lamp with a moon-shade: as soon, however, as the waiter closed the door, Mr. Bell came from behind it.

I was greatly agitated at the sight of him; but without

speaking he walked round to the far-side of the table on which the lamp was standing, and looked at me with a strange but steady stare.

Being a tall man, the light was cast in a very awful manner on his countenance, the shadows were thrown upwards, and the dark hollows of his eyes made his visage as dismal as a memento mori.

I waited to hear what he had to say, resolved that my words should be few, and, if possible, well chosen: at last he broke silence in these strong terms: —

"So, you think me capable of committing murder."

"You have told me so yourself, Mr. Bell," was my answer; "be thankful you have been preserved from the guilt of so great a crime. What have I done to exasperate the sin within you to an issue so terrible?"

He looked at me for some time with a solemn eye and a resolute serenity of countenance; it was superhuman: he then said, —

"You have done me many kind favours, and yet I have been constrained to hate you."

"Constrained, Mr. Bell! What do you mean? By what have you been constrained?"

"By Satan," replied he: "my reason, my will, are at war within me, against the foul phantasy by which I am possessed."

"Mr. Bell," said I, "it were better we talked no farther on this business; go home and implore Divine assistance to enable you to overcome the prideful demon that has of late had you too much in his power. Allow me to wish you good night — good night."

"You shall not go!" cried he, coming round to where I stood; "I must explain to you the controversy of my spirit — you cannot else know how much I merit your pardon. Oh! heaven and hell, burning and glory, death and light, bliss and perdition, mingled to make a chaos in this bosom before the conception of murder was complete."

"This, Mr. Bell, is passion — what avails it to yourself or to me now, to tell me of your purpose; I trust the infatuation has gone off, and that yet you may enjoy many days of happiness and honour. Be you calm, and it will remain

a secret: I pray you, let me go home: may Heaven compose you!"

While I spoke these few rapid sentences, his visage underwent an appalling change, and he grasped me by the right wrist with his right hand, and looked in my face with a glare that made me shudder.

"No!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse and hollow voice, — "no: my purpose is unquenched."

I started from him, and cried, "In the name of all that's holy, why have you sent for me? I ought not to stop one moment longer."

He followed me, and laid his hand upon my shoulder: "You shall not go;" and he fell on my neck and wept like a child.

When the paroxysm subsided, he sat down on a chair; but there was in all this such manifest madness, that I had a dread upon me lest he would attempt violence, and compel me to call for help.

"Mr. Bell," said I, "by what strange frenzy are you driven to hate me? — when we were both poor men, equal though unequal, I regarded you as a friend, and I believe you so considered me; I had then confidence in my destiny, and you had the same — not in your own, sir, but in mine. Your service was useful, and for it I admitted you into the chances of my fortune; and by partaking of them you have risen to a rank, to which, if you did aspire in your hopes, nothing in your life or conduct warranted you to expect. Unhappy man! I pity you, and for your sake will hereafter avoid you: — again I wish you good night."

"Demons have been before cast out of men," cried he, rubbing his temples wildly with both hands, "and the Devil hath once more departed from me. I am now calm, and have a tale to tell, that, even were you sunk beneath my knife, would make you pity me. During these whirlwinds, some horrible thirst instigates me to long for your blood; to quaff it would be as the enjoyment of love."

I could listen to no more; I saw him kindling again, and opening the door, called aloud for help; he stood amazed — dejected; several persons who were in the bar-room obeyed the summons.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed I, "Mr. Bell this evening met with an accident; he fell into the river; he has not taken care of himself; a fever has come on, and it attacks his brain."

He cast on me a glance of indescribable intelligence; it expressed a wild thankfulness for my forbearance; in the same moment he threw himself again into a chair, and gave way to the most demoniac bursts of laughter.

Doctor Phials was sent for, by whom he was bled; he was then put to bed in the tavern, and two men appointed to watch him. From that time he remained silent; and when at a late hour I approached his couch to bid him good night, he took hold of my hand, and pressed it with kindly warmth, looking up in my face with such sad and solicitous eyes!

I had not left him many minutes, when, it seems, he started up, and tearing the bandage from his arms, broke out into hideous imprecations on himself; insomuch that the men were obliged to employ force before they could get him subdued and the bleeding stopped. But though they afterwards described the scene, and their alarm, as believing him under the disaster of a fever, one of them next day curiously enquired if I did think Mr. Bell was really delirious.

Certainly I did regard his disease as of the mind, and for that, before returning home, I went, regardless of the late hour, to Mr. Dinleloof. I roused him from his bed, and related to him as much as I thought he ought to know of the case, entreating him to go to Mr. Bell, persuaded that the sweetness in his piety could not fail to appease the bitter thoughts of the demoniac's remorse. And it was well I did so; for on seeing Mr. Dinleloof he became calm; and after some time, having persuaded him to dismiss the two attendants, he made a clean breast of the insane vengeance which at times attained such awful masterdom over him.

This confession the gentle dominie confided to me in the morning, and I charged him, as no crime had been committed, to bury it in his own breast. About mid-day, after a refreshing sleep, the penitent returned to his own house, an altered, lowly, and dejected man.

It is dark and solemn to believe oneself hated to death; all lesser enmities may be known with comparative ease of mind, but the knowledge of such a sepulchral fact is poison in the cup of life—it is a spectre haunting you in all places. The shadows of the twilight take form and substance from it; the scratching of the pilfering mouse becomes like the inbreaking of a burglar with murderous intents; the visiter's knock hath the horror of a 'larum in it; the casual glance of the stranger is mysterious; the haste of a follower in the street startles you; the fields are full of fear, and in the woods "the sound of the shaken leaf shall chase you."

CHAPTER VIII.

"He to England shall along with you."

My mind being made up to leave Judiville, I set about the necessary preparations, but not without some tugging at the heart before I could screw my resolution to the sticking point. With respect to worldly means, my elder family were all well provided; three of them, in their domestic condition, had as fair a prospect of felicity as commonly appertains to the state of man; but still I was loth to leave them, especially to leave my discreet and sagacious Charles, who had not yet found a conjugal helpmate.

I had also some anxiety concerning where to fix our place of rest; but, after due consultations, both my wife and I agreed that we ought to make our first domicile in London, where we could enjoy ourselves in our own way more unheeded than in the country; and that, as I had no cause of business pressing for haste, we should take our journey and the voyage at our leisure; as the song sings, said I, "Let us live by the way."

It was soon known we were about to move; indeed, it had been expected from the time I retired from the responsibilities of business; and so far it was fortunate, for some rumour began to spread of Mr. Bell's wicked animosity;

and, but for the previous opinion, it might have been thought I was fleeing from his hate; which would have been a woeful thing to have heard as causeway talk, considering the connection between our families, and that he was a minister of the Gospel. For myself, I did every thing in my power to arrest the rumour, and to pacify the feelings of the miserable man, by showing him all manner of outward respect. The reverence of the mind I could not give, and I was grieved at feeling myself so little of a Christian as to be so contumacious.

I suffered also sorrow at the thought of bidding old Mr. Hoskins and his peaceful wife farewell for ever. He had been to me a kind friend and a wise counsellor, and in all the oddities of his nature I had never found a knot. He was a bird's eye maple, full of specks and swirls, but firm and beautiful in the grain. His wife had been as a mother to my daughters from the time their own was taken away; she had brought them up with commendable habits of household thrift; a solid foundation, upon which Mrs. Cockspur and their stepmother raised the lighter ornaments of parlour proprieties, and made them competently fit to assist in the ministration of the ample means with which it had pleased Providence to endow their lots.

And truly to confess, I was not quite content at the thought of parting for aye from that cruet of vexation, John Waft; for how it was no man can tell, but to a certainty I had a strong regard for the bodie, although we never met without fighting a duel with needles and pins, pricking one another to the quick. I was not, however, left long to croon over a "Fare thee well, and if for ever," concerning him; for about a week or ten days before the time settled for our departure he called on me.

"So ye're a-going, are ye, Mr. Todd?" said he; "and no doubt with a purse ye may shake against the wind; na, if a' tales be true, in the very teeth of a hurricane—lucky for you! A blithe day was that, and ought to be considered so, when ye were transported from the pier of Leith to the wilds of America for sedition or high treason—whilk was't? However, I'm no' come to speak peace and consolation at

this time, but to consult you, if ye have leisure, anent a sma' matter of business."

"What is't, bailie? for I must beg you to be brief, as ye see me busy making up my papers."

"Well then, Mr. Todd, I'll use but few words. Ever since I came to this settlement, ye have been the best of friends to me; for, notwithstanding your fashious temper, I'll maintain alway that ye're no' void of every virtue, but can be both friendly and even civil when ye happen no' to be in your tantrams."

"Mr. Waft," said I, not having time then to talk much to him, "I request you to come to the point, for I see very well that ye're wising and fleeching to get the weather-gauge of me? What is it you have to say?"

"No, as sure's death, Mr. Todd, I'm noo on sincere business: I just have come to ask you how ye would advise me to send my bit gathering home?"

"Home! Gude preserve us! Are ye thinking of going home too? — that's news!"

"'Deed am I, Mr. Todd; for what would I do with mysel' when ye're gone? I would just dauner about and dwine away, thinking of you, my auld friend, and the blithsome cracks we have had wi' one another, and would some morning be found cauld dead at the root of a muckle tree. If I didna loup o'er the linn, a man demented for having nothing to wreak himself upon."

"I really must say, Johnny," replied I, softened to hear him so speak, for it was in unison with my own feelings towards the troublesome creature — "I must say, it's a satisfaction to hear ye're in a circumstance to return home; and I would advise you to go to my brother in the bank, and he'll send your money just as ye wish it."

"That, no doubt, Mr. Todd, he can do in a most correct manner; but then he charges pre-cents for something he calls the exchange, and a pre-cent for the negotiation; noo, as I ken nothing about exchanges or negotiations, I would fain be counselled by you."

"What may ye have to remit, bailie?"

"Oh, no great sum; ye needna speer that, and the pre-cent would take the bowels out of it. Now, if ye would,

just in consideration of the many funny days we have had in the woods together, take my mouldy pennies here, and give me two lines, that ye'll pay 't back at home, it would be kind and serviceable."

"Well, bailie, I suppose it must be so. — How much have ye to remit?"

"Only a trifle. Oh! Mr. Todd, although you yoursel' have been a most fortunate man, it has not been so with every body that has come to America. Your brother kens the particulars of my hainings, which I cannot say mysel' exactly — just give me a scrape of a pen to him to transfer the amount to your credit, telling him ye have agreed to take it and will repay me in Britain. Among friends that have confidence in one another, like us, there 's no need to be standing upon bills and bonds, and siclike ceremonies."

Well, I did accordingly as the bailie requested, and he went to the bank and settled the matter outright. The money was passed to my account, and he wheedled my brother to give him an original and duplicate of a letter describing the transaction; but the courteous reader may well imagine my surprise, when I heard that the remittance amounted to upwards of two thousand pounds, and the devil of a bodie had contrived to get the better of me to the tune of more than two hundred and thirty pounds, for I had no conception he was so rich; I need not say, therefore, that I was seriously angry to have been so taken in, and vowed in my displeasure never to speak to him again.

"In the name of honesty," said I, when upbraiding him, "how have you made so much money?"

"How would ye like, Mr. Todd, if I would say, 'In the name of dishonesty, how have ye made your inordinate riches?'" was his reply.

It was of no use to argue with him — what's bred in the bone is ill to get out of the flesh; so, when I reflected on my own circumstances, I resolved to let this loss drop; — but I could not divine how such a trifling silly bodie, in every thing, got so the better of me. It was really a mystery I could never explain.

CHAPTER IX.

"Give me your hand,
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and Aves vehement.—
Fare you well!"

On the day preceding our farewell to Judiville, I assembled all my friends and the connections of my family; I even invited Mr. Bell, but I must honestly confess this was not done without a struggle; not that I bore him any ill will, nor could doubt his penitence sincere; but he had manifested such an ungovernable spirit, that I never could reconcile it to my notions of propriety, to countenance a man who had raised his hand against his neighbour's life.

There may be those who will think I was actuated by the murderous intent having been aimed against myself; and from the secret recesses of the heart, whence influences issue upon our wills unknown to ourselves, doubtless some antipathy may have worked upon me to that effect. But I was unconscious of the evil—I believed myself to have pardoned his fearful malignity, with a charity that had not a scruple of reservation in it; but, nevertheless, I could not escape from a sense of horror, when I thought of his demoniac purpose. Still, as the occasion was little short of a death's leave-taking, I stifled my feelings, and, on account of our relationship, invited him to be present, and he came.

We all spent a jocund afternoon together; the women overwhelmed me with small commissions to execute for them in London. I thought they ought rather to have employed my wife; but she was of a sedate humour, and they at all times used more freedom with me than with her. Of course I was not wanting in giving good advice to my sons, nor did I think my daughters and the gentle Volumnia, my eldest son's wife, without the need of a modicum of that same unction — at least they got it.

Mr. Bell sat almost quite silent during the greater part of the entertainment, but his countenance was less morose

than usual; and when he did make an observation, there was a penetrating pathos in his voice deeply affecting.

As we proposed to set out on our journey before break of day, I had my own particular part of the play to bring forward. Without letting even my wife know, short-bread, seed-cakes, and wine — a full service of all the elements commonly in use at a Scottish burial — were prepared for the occasion; and just as the ladies rose to separate, I caused this banquet to be brought in by the men of Mr. Dovetail, the carpenter and undertaker, all in mourning, as if they were serving a funeral. I took myself the first glass of the offered wine, and thought to have calmly, but with solemnity, taken a last farewell, and given my blessing without agitation: but, when I looked around, and beheld my children, my brother, so many that I loved and valued, standing, as it were, at the bed-side of my departal, and considered myself destined to see some of them no more within the scene and sphere of time, my heart swelled, and I was obliged to set down the glass, and give way to an agony of tears.

It was a weak conceit to prepare that pageant, but I intended to mark by it the awful point of life, to which the parting from so many that were so dear to me had brought us. I had not, however, sufficiently considered the infirmity of my own character, nor could I have anticipated what ensued. The women, yea all present, even Mr. Hoskins, caught the feeling by which I was moved, and resumed their seats, many of them in tears. At that crisis, Mr. Bell stepped out from the corner in which he had sequestered himself, and coming into the midst of the circle, and lifting his hands, began to pray.

Such a prayer! so awful, so penitential in the acknowledgments, it smote every heart with dread; it was as if he stood face to face in THE PRESENCE, confessing every sin that the recording angel had written in the ancient volume of the Book of Life against him. My grief departed from me like a vapour as he spoke, and my tears were dried up with sorrow and wonder.

After this vehement burst of contrition had subsided, he

turned himself towards me, and implored my pardon; for, in the passion of his tremendous orison, he confessed his guilty intent against me; and harrowed the souls of all who heard him, with his story of the temptations on that dreadful night. But for this avowal from himself, the secret would never have been divulged by me.

Such was the manner of the pay-way of our departure from Judiville. In the morning, before the east was dappled, the extra engaged to take us to Utica was at the door, and with my wife, our child, and my son Charles, took us beyond the environs of the town before the dawn appeared. It was so intended, for I knew what I must have suffered had I been obliged to bid farewell to my friends and neighbours in public.

In our journey to New York nothing special occurred; we travelled leisurely at our pleasure, and on our arrival there, made up our minds to remain a month. This was a fortunate decision; it afforded time for my son to forgather with Naomi Primly, the daughter of my old friend, by which occurrence we were induced to prolong our stay until we saw them married.

Soon after the wedding we embarked for London in the Brighton, commanded by Captain Sebor, one of the elect for mildness; and were safely landed on the twenty-sixth day from that on which we took our departure from New York.

We had not been much above a week on shore, when who should come in upon us, but aunty Beeny? who, on hearing of our arrival, had, as she said, made an elopement from Edinburgh by the James Watt steam-boat to offer her salutations on our return into the circumference of Christendom, and to enjoy with us the entertainment of curiosities which adorn the metropolitan summit of Britannia's empire. She brought me two lines which had been addressed to me at Chucky Stanes from Bailie Waft, telling me that he and Lucky his wife had been safely set down in Paisley, and wanting my advice about the disposal of "the bit gathering" he had, with so much hard labour, pains, and industry, earned in the wilderness of the woods

of America. That, however, in these bad times, is a question not easy to answer, so I shall tell him. In the mean time, I here conclude the history of a life that has been in many points not made up of every-day occurrences, and which serves to show how little of good fortune is owing to our own foresight.

Should I
have deter
notice of n
I think ma
the return
homes.

But bef
apology, in
remained i
bourhood s
and never l
that period
in my neigh
to remove.
was almost
the care of
2000) woul
been in the
tachment, b
is life still.
never rose a
at this. It
wit nor philo

Besides, o
been destroy
days after m
equal numbe
ground. Bu
who generou
compelled by
and shelter I
I have not se
here remind

APPENDIX.

No. I.

New York.

SHOULD I live to see the city again visited with the yellow fever, I have determined to remove as soon as my neighbours. I took notice of many things during the prevalence of the late fever, that I think may be of use to the inhabitants to be informed of, should the return of another such calamity compel them to leave their homes.

But before I proceed, I owe my friends and neighbours an apology, in return for the interest they took in my fate while I remained in the infected district. I have resided in this neighbourhood since the death of Dr. Treat, in the year 1795, and and never left it during the prevalence of the yellow fever in all that period; and as the fever never, till this last season, prevailed in my neighbourhood, I did not take the alarm till it was too late to remove. In my house resides an old infirm female relative; it was almost impossible to remove her — and to have left her in the care of a stranger would have been cruel. Our plants (near 2000) would have all perished in a few days: any person that has been in the habit of raising plants, knows there is a certain attachment, beyond their value in dollars and cents — vegetable life is life still. I know those cold, calculating mortals, whose ideas never rose above a bale of cotton, or a cask of molasses, will smile at this. It only shows, that they are neither burdened with mother wit nor philosophy.

Besides, our whole stock of seeds, peas, and beans, would have been destroyed, as the rats came round me in hundreds in a few days after my neighbours removed; and had not the cats in nearly equal numbers quickly followed, I could hardly have stood my ground. But these useful cats, (like some of our good democrats, who generously serve the public for ten or twelve dollars per day,) compelled by hunger, and no doubt, in gratitude for what food and shelter I gave them, so completely cleared the premises, that I have not seen a rat since the 10th of September last. Let me here remind the public, should they again leave their homes, not

to forget these poor animals, and suffer them to die by hundreds in the streets with hunger. A wise king once said, "A merciful man is merciful to his neighbour's beast." What are we to think of them who had no mercy on their own beasts? And here, if I could command words, I ought to record the philanthropy of two Long Island milkmen, and a generous-hearted Irishman, who, for several weeks, left at my doors each a quart of milk for the good of the starving cats; also, of a very big coloured woman, residing at the corner of John and Cliff Streets, who might be seen every morning in the street before her door, dividing the offals, which she had collected from the market, among forty or fifty cats.

On the 7th of September, having sent the last of my family to the country, and considering it my duty to remain, I made my arrangements for life or death, just as Providence might order. I engaged a nurse to live in my house, and after several fruitless attempts, a respectable physician undertook to attend me, if wanted. I rose at my usual hour every morning, wrought as usual all day, and went to bed at ten, my regular hour for many years past; and by way of preventive, as has always been my custom whenever the fever prevailed, put on my *winter clothes*, and before I left my room in the morning, took half a glass of *Rue water*, which is made by putting two ounces of green rue in a porter-bottle, and adding one pint of clear rain water, and one pint of Holland gin.

From the most particular observations I have been able to make, I am satisfied in my own mind, that we would have no yellow fever in New York, in a public sense, and but few cases in a private sense, without a *first exciting cause*. I believe the air of the city was in a state to receive infection, but the flames would not have burst out, except some foul vessel, like the match applied to the powder, first commenced the blaze. I found this opinion on the fact, that the fever has always commenced its march from the neighbourhood of our wharfs; and for several weeks previous to the late fever, a number of very dirty, suspicious looking vessels, apparently Spanish or Portuguese, lay near the spot where it first commenced. What effect the contents of one of these nasty vessels might have, could they be discharged among the inhabitants of Bergen or Harlæm Heights, it is hard to tell. But one thing we all are sure of, that neither the sick, the dead, nor their bedding, has ever spread the contagion in the villages.

By fever in a private sense, I mean individuals who took the fever. I believe there was not one who remained in the infected district till the beginning of October, but what had the seeds of the disease ripe in their blood; and wanted only some act of imprudence, such as intoxication, colds, over-fatigue, &c. to set the disease a-going. I could fill a volume of instances in support of this opinion, to which I was an eye-witness in the late and former fevers.

Yours, &c.

No. II.

In my last I stated that I never saw a single instance of what I would term a *spontaneous case* of yellow fever. The first case in my neighbourhood the season past, was Mr. Tate, a respectable coloured man, temperate, strong, and healthy. He was one of the temporary watch — was on duty the night of the 3d of September, was dressed in thin clothes, no great coat — it rained in the night, he got partially wet, complained of pains in the bones next day, was out next night again — no great coat — weather very hot. He told me it changed about two o'clock in the morning, and that he felt the cold very sensibly. At half-past five the thermometer stood in my yard at fifty-two. I took hold of his hand — his pulse beat high — I advised him to call a physician — he was afraid of being reported — he took medicine: while under its operation, was out and in — sometimes dressed, sometimes in bed. On Saturday the 7th, at five P. M. I spoke to him in the street; on Sunday evening a physician was called for the first time; and by half-past seven he was dead. Sept. 14. — It rained early this morning. Smith and his wife, residing at 21½ Nassau Street, stood near half an hour collecting water from a gutter — got completely wet — taken down same day. Smith died in seven, and his wife some days after him. James North, stocking-weaver, in my house, having business in the Bowery, met with an old acquaintance — stayed till night — was overtaken by a thunder-shower — got completely wet; next morning had the fever in its highest degree, and died the seventh day. Two out of the five sugar-house cases commenced in a similar manner; but as all their places of residence were in the upper part of the city, I never got any account of the others. There is one fact worth recording here, viz. Mr. Christian, the foreman, a sober, regular, temperate man, was the only person about the works who ate and slept nearly the whole fever season at the sugar-house, and he enjoyed his usual health. The other man slept up town, and came to work in the morning. It appeared to me, from the manner in which the doctors reported cases to the Board of Health, that they had entered into a conspiracy to scare the already frightened inhabitants of New York. About the 10th of September, Peter Sims was reported sick of yellow fever in Orange Street; it was added that he had attended Tate. This was incorrect; for Tate had no attendance: the fact is, Sims was at Tate's funeral. Next day, being a little indisposed, he called a physician, who, as soon as he learned where he had been, pronounced it yellow fever; however, he was able to go about his usual business in a few days.

Next week, Abraham Gordon was reported sick of yellow fever, with the addition, he had been in Tate's house. Gordon belonged

to the temporary watch — lay down the fore part of the evening, and having over-slept himself, hurried out, forgetting his watch-coat; in one hour was struck with a chill, had a sharp attack of the fever, but recovered.

A man was reported sick of yellow fever, and by way of addition, it was stated, this man assisted to extinguish the fire in the coal-yard, at the bottom of Rector Street. Here was a most alarming instance of the poisonous atmosphere in Washington Street. Now for the *whole truth*. The fire was extinguished between twelve and one o'clock P. M. — a very hot day; if I am not mistaken, the 21st of September. This man, covered with sweat, dust, and smoke (and maybe a little stimulated withal), throws off his clothes, and plunges in the stream. I have no doubt but the doctors who reported the above cases knew the attending circumstances; and had they been reported along with the cases, it would have tended to diminish the terror of the infected district, and thrown light on the commencement of this terrible disease: but, however important this might have been to every inhabitant of this city, it appeared (at least to me) there was something like a premeditated plan to suppress every thing that might throw light on the subject. When a physician was called, his first enquiry was — *not* how the patient had conducted himself for the last two or three days; whether he had been exposed to extra fatigue, cold, or excess of any kind — but, where have you been? If it was ascertained that the patient had been in any part of the city to the southward of Beckman Street, his case was immediately pronounced *yellow*, although, as in several instances, it proved to have been only a slight attack of *barley fever*. It was enough to make common sense blush to read the daily reports at this period. It was only after a long and violent contest, that any fever to the east of Beckman Street was admitted to be yellow; while it was as clear as a sunbeam, that the fever began at the water's edge on the west point of the city, and marched with a steady step, till it reached the eastern shore at Corlær's Hook, and there stopped, having no more subjects to feed on.

Yours, &c.

No. III.

One beautiful moonlight evening, towards the end of September, I walked up Broadway to view its desolations. I stopped fifteen minutes near the spot in Chamber Street, where the man used to fix his spy-glass to look at the moon. It appeared as if I then stood on the line between the living and the dead. Below was the stillness of death, only interrupted now and then by the groans of the

sick and dying, the rattling of the hearse, the voice of the solitary watchman, and the squalling of the starved cats. Above, was the usual bustle of street-walkers; and the wind blowing gently from the north, I could plainly distinguish the broad, hoarse laugh of the crowds around the doors of the circus, whose interior was crowded with our citizens, who only a few days previous had fled before the face of death, but now, in the full tide of fancied security, joining chorus with master sweeps and their apprentices, made the air resound as if all hell had broken loose. I thought if these people had any feelings, they could by no means be of the finer kind.

I will now conclude my remarks, by giving you a few of my thoughts on things as they passed. I thought the machine used for conveying the sick poor to the hospital was the most improper that could be contrived for that purpose, as I never could discern any difference between it, either in shape, size, or colour, and the one used for carrying the dead to Potter's Field. The rich who were removed after being taken sick, fared little better; only they were dragged off in a gilded chariot, while the former rode in a hearse: but few, very few, of either rich or poor, who were removed when sick, ever returned. I thought the life of the patient was generally decided by the treatment they received during the three or four hours after being attacked by the prevailing disease

On the 14th of September, I received, through the post-office, letters from two respectable physicians then out of town, exhorting me, by all the arguments of religion, nature, and friendship, to fly from the infected district, as a man ought to fly whose house was on fire, &c. In my mind I felt very grateful for their disinterested and kind intentions; and had it been in my power, I would have left the city, had it only been to please them: but I had a post which I thought it was my duty to keep, even at the risk of my life; besides, the comparison of a "house on fire" I did not think was strictly applicable to my situation. I thought it was more like going into battle, where every shot might kill me or my neighbour; — but all would not fall; and though death flies thick, the man or officer who leaves his post, is deservedly punished. I thought, when I saw a man issuing from the war-office with his commission to fight the battles of his country, and another issuing from a surgeon's hall with his diploma to practise the healing art, that both, in some sense, took their lives in their hands; the one to defend his country's rights, and the other as a guardian of the public health. I thought, when I saw the lamp-lighter every morning come from Greenwich, climb the infected fence, to trim, and again at night to light every lamp in the district, — when I saw the bakers from the Bowery, and the milkmen from Long Island, come their rounds every morning, (men who lived in pure air,) and not take the fever, —I thought that fear had fallen on certain doctors, where no fear was. When I saw six or seven respectable

physicians daily go their rounds in the infected district, some on foot, and some in their chairs, and at times attending the sick poor from whom they could never expect any compensation, I thought they deserved a statue of gold. When I saw the assistants of the Board of Health every day, with about fifty pounds' weight of keys, exploring every infected corner of this district, and the same drivers of the hearse daily pass my doors with their load of mortality, I thought either the doctrine of the fever's being communicated by smell or breathing, was not correct; or that Providence, in mitigation of this calamity, by a miracle preserved the lives of these men in the performance of their necessary duties. — There was another remarkable fact: I never could learn that any of the regular city night-watch took the fever, though they stood their regular tours through all the infected district; nor the men who watched the banks by night and by day. But these men were sober, steady, cautious livers, who knew the value of great coats, even in a summer night. It is true, five or six of the temporary watch died; but they were a different sort of men from our old sober-sided Dutch cartmen, many of whom compose the city watch. I do not mean to say that no temperate livers fell victims to the yellow fever: I know many: and I have known some of this class to sit from nine to eleven o'clock at night in the long cool passage of their houses, enjoying a most agreeable current of air, and think they were promoting health by checking perspiration. I have known some, by taking preventives, reduce their bodies till they raised the fever in their blood: one of this class I could name, who died of yellow fever, with his pockets full of antibilious pills. One or two cases were reported of persons who, it was said, came from the country, walked in the infected district, went home, took the fever, and died. It may be true; but I suspect, if the circumstances had been properly investigated, they would have borne another complexion. Amongst a hundred instances I could mention in opposition to this doctrine of *instantaneous infection*, I will mention only one: the wife of Mr. Christian, foreman of the sugar-house in Liberty Street, removed to the country with her three children, about the beginning of July. About the middle of September, hearing of the many cases reported in and about the sugar-house, she got so alarmed for the fate of her husband, who still resided in the sugar-house, that she returned with her children, and lived eight days in the sugar-house — went back to the country — came to town again in November with her children, all in good health; neither of whom had one hour's sickness, though they had eat, slept, and breathed, in the most infected spot of the whole infected district, for eight days and nights. How well this fact corresponds with the cases of two children in Dutch Street, reported with great pomp, no doubt, to the Board of Health, who, as the report stated, had been looking through the broad fence, corner of Broadway and Liberty Street!

It turned out, however, that they had been at market — fell in with a *liberal* Dutch marketman — (a rare occurrence !) — got as many peaches as they could eat — took sick ; but in a few hours they were playing in the street as usual !

I will now conclude with two short remarks : I cannot think the churchyards produce yellow fever. For twenty-five years that I have lived within ten yards of one, I have not been one day sick. Had the fever either commenced, or lingered in its march when it reached a churchyard, there might have been some foundation for the idea ; but I think, if the advocates for burying in town were to visit the beautiful stillness in death that is visible in and about the burial ground of New Haven (where the weary seem emphatically at rest), they would no longer wish to lay their departed friends in vaults, running under the pavements of the streets, where their bones are kept in perpetual motion by the rolling of carriages and carts.

I think when our worthy friend B. R. came down Broadway, exploring the dry gutters and clean pavements in search of the origin of the fever, had he just put on his spectacles, he might have seen, at the foot of Rector Street, the spot where it began ; he might have seen it spread along Washington, before it reached Greenwich Street ; he might have seen it in Lumber, then creeping up Rector Street ; and being a master of figures, he might have counted near forty days from its commencement before it spread its poisonous breath among the clean, healthy, and airy mansions of Broadway. Had he taken the above precaution, I don't think he would have laid the blame on the poor water-carts sprinkling the light dust of the street with clear salt water. Had I not found the name of so respectable a citizen to the work above quoted, I would have thought it was a conspiracy among the *patent coat cleaners and sellers of cough drops*, to encourage trade. Fifty years ago, the small-pox created as great an alarm, and proved as fatal, as the yellow fever does now. The very mention of yellow fever inspires the minds of most people with such a terror, that they are unable to think or speak aright on the subject. The ghost of Buonaparte, landing on the battery at the head of a thousand Cossacks, could not have produced a more precipitate retreat than was witnessed in New York last August. If our great men and little men, wise men and learned men, would agree for a while to suspend their fast-held opinions — let it once be said, the same cause will produce the same effect every where ; that the same degree of heat, filth, and moisture, will produce the same poison in New York as it does in Havanna ; that the foul air in the hold of a vessel, coming from a higher latitude, will gather more strength and virulence from having been pent up for weeks or months, and, if allowed to explode at our wharfs, will catch our already inflammable air, as certainly as the spark from the flint applied to

the powder — surely, every friend to a besieged city will agree to put down the enemy within, as well as prevent his approach from without. Let those whose business it is, act like rational men, and make the best use of the means Providence has put in their power: then may we expect, through His blessing, to escape this dreadful scourge.

NOTES.

NOTE TO PART I.

The outlines of the foregoing pages are derived from Mr. Thornton of New York. I have retained in them unchanged all the truth and beauty of his original narrative: in the pathetic parts I have not ventured to offer any amendment, because I could not; but I have dealt with more freedom in those that were lighter.

The recital of the baptism of Rebecca could receive no augmentation from the pen of a more ambitious writer; and in that of her death, though perhaps I may have added something more picturesque than the author could discern through his tears, I am yet sure that nothing has been given to a scene of natural sorrow that is not in its fitting place. I have enlarged the narrative and added to the incidents, but I have not presumed to think that I could improve a story which Nature had taken so much pains to relate.

NOTE TO PART II.

I have in this Part deviated considerably from the narrative of Mr. Thornton. The character of Mr. Hoskins is entirely new, but it is not altogether an invention, as the model existed in the person of my friend Philemon Wright, of the township of Hull in Lower Canada. It is not the first time that I have introduced this shrewd and practical man to a wider circle than his own merits would have taught him to seek. Hoskins, however, is something of a caricature, and I should not do justice if I were to withhold the example of Mr. Wright, it being one which well deserves to be imitated. He has written an account of the progress of his settlement at Hull, which has had the rare honour of being printed at the expense of the Legislature of the province of Lower Canada, and affords a singular monument of what patience and perseverance may accomplish.

It reflects honour on the Earl of Dalhousie, that when his Lordship was Governor-general of Quebec, Mr. Wright was a frequent guest at his table; nor will it detract from the affability of the Countess, that she was among the number who laughed at Mr. Wright's solicitations to drink wine with her as Mrs. Dalhousie. I have a cheerful recollection of those scenes, and I reckon the time in which I first became acquainted with Mr. Wright as among the happiest in the epochs of a life not unvaried. I dictate this from a bed of sickness.

NOTE TO PART III.

In this Part, as I have wholly escaped from the manuscript of Mr. Thornton, the narrative might claim the epithet of invention, were it not more strictly described as a compilation; it contains stories that I have heard, and incidents that have befallen actual settlers.

The description of the storm and breaking up of the waters is derived from an old story. When about ten years old, I was a great reader of wild and wonderful books; among others, "Travels on the Isthmus of Darien," fell into my hands: I forgot the author's name; but a description which he gave of a storm and rain by night dwelt upon my mind, and ever seemed to me peculiar and appalling. More than thirty years after, I happened to dine with my old friend Constable, the bookseller. Of all days in the year, it was the afternoon of that on which he had received from the then undeclared author of Waverley, the manuscripts of that celebrated novel, and of several others belonging to the same series. He intended then to deposit them in the Register-office of Scotland; but times soon after changed with him. On that evening he proposed that I should write the adventures of Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England and of the Darien expedition. Some months after, on returning to London, I made a collection of books for the purpose. After that he fell into his troubles, and circumstances induced me to go as a commissioner to Canada. Some years subsequent, having returned home, I resumed my intention of writing the life of Paterson; and on opening the parcel of books I had collected to assist me, I had the good fortune to find in Dampier the self-same volume that I had perused with intense delight five and thirty years before, and among other passages in that striking volume I met with the description of the storm which had affected me so much. The account in the foregoing perils of Lawrie Todd is imitated from that description, and may be considered as a copy from remembrance of a picture seen many years before.

NOTE TO PART IV.

Many of my friends, on whose taste and judgment I have the greatest reliance, are of opinion that the Fourth Part of Lawrie Todd is the best written of all my compositions, and contains even strokes of originality and genius. I am myself, however, not of this opinion; at the same time, I am not disposed to call in question a dogma of criticism so flattering to the self-love of an author; for although I boast of paying little attention to criticism in general, I have a very hearty dread of the strictures to which I am liable; and if I had not laid down for myself an early and judicious rule, there is no saying what a fool I should have been by this time.

Soon after the appearance of my first book, I was exceedingly nettled at some of the observations, which I deemed unjustly made upon it, believing at that time (simpleton as I was) that critics were very well informed and erudite personages. More acquaintance with the world has corrected my notion of them, and diminished my sensibility at their remarks; the consequence of which has been, that I am very invulnerable to the shafts of their satire. Before I get vexed at their animadversions, I endeavour to ascertain who the gentlemen are,

and how they are esteemed among their friends; then, if I find them praiseworthy characters, I adopt as well as I can their suggestions and advice; but if on the contrary, which has been often the case, I am informed that they are young lads who have been fed upon morsels, and are strange and wayward among their acquaintance, I pay but little attention to their assertions — content that if my books have merit, they will survive flippant criticism, and if they have not, they will deservedly perish.

NOTE TO PART V.

I do not recollect to whom I am indebted for the incidents of which I have formed this Part; I rather imagine that they are altogether inventions. The stories of Mr. Herbert, and of the Cockspurs, are pure inventions likewise. It does not occur to me that I have heard of any memoirs resembling the episode of Robin Todd, and yet it is a very simple narrative. In Bailie Waft I have had in view a particular individual; but I am sure the respectable person who may have sat for the model, would not think that his peculiarities could be so turned to account. Bailie Waft is not, however, a caricature.

NOTE TO PART VI.

I have endeavoured to give to the foregoing incidents an air of familiarity, "a local habitation and a name;" but they are purely the creations of fancy. Perhaps in that respect they may have the more merit with some readers; but I deprecate the criticism of others, who, in many points, will probably discern the wide difference between what is natural and what is fictitious. I have, no doubt, in the course of my life, observed individuals possessed of endowments that I think were likely to have led them to act as my imaginary characters have done in the situations I have invented; but as I have not seen such situations myself, I claim only the sympathy of my readers in believing the likelihood of my sketches.

NOTE TO PART VII.

I do not agree with those friends who are of opinion that the preceding Part is the worst of the book. I have carefully read it over, and I think it natural and affecting. The incident of Miss Beeny Needles is not altogether a fiction, and I rather feel disposed to think it is softened from the tale I heard. The return and the residence of Lawrie Todd at Peebles is not imaginary, but it did not happen to Mr. Thornton of New York.

In one of my voyages across the Atlantic, I happened to have a fellow-passenger, an elderly man who had made a comfortable competency in the United States. He had been at home in Scotland, and had visited the scenes of his youth; from him I learnt the feelings which such a visitation was calculated to call up, and I have not exaggerated his sentiments, while I have attributed to them something of the gaiety and confidence that I have ascribed to Lawrie.

NOTE TO PART VIII.

The friends of an author are not the best judges of his works, nor is the public; but they are the best judges of what pleases: there is a wide difference between what is excellent and what is agreeable.

According to my notions, an author is the shrewdest judge of the comparative merit of his productions, although I am free to confess that he has not always the perception to discern what will please the generality of his readers.

At the request of a friend in whose taste and judgment I have great confidence, I have read over the two preceding Parts with the view of abridging them, but I do not see in what way that could be done without diminishing the breadth and fulness of the characters. If, therefore, it be thought that an error has been committed, the author has been greatly to blame, for he has adhered to his original opinion in opposition to that of one whom he much esteems; and he differs from him only, because he feels that he would probably have committed a greater fault, had he endeavoured more to gratify disinterested wishes

---

NOTE TO PART IX.

I had not seen this book over from the time of publication till I was called upon for this edition. In the second edition a few slight alterations have been made: these, perhaps, remain; but I have perused the whole work carefully, without being disposed to change or abridge the narrative.

In writing "Sir Andrew Wylie," I was led by the opinion of a friend, on whose judgment in literary matters I have great faith, to make it more of a common novel than was intended. I wished to show a friendless Scotchman rising by the force of his own abilities into opulence and consideration; but I was induced to give him a patron. In this work I have reverted to my original plan, and my endeavours to represent unassisted merit have not been a failure. The alteration, however, has given the public two books in place of one, and I shall be happy if it is thereby a gainer. For myself, the character of Lawrie Todd is better developed than that of Sir Andrew Wylie; and I wish that it was in my power to say that the character of the Reverend Mr. Bell is altogether a fiction, though I have masked his features.

GLOSSARY.

THE YANKEYISMS ARE IN ITALICS.

ASHYPET, a familiar creature, kept about the fire-side, a dog, a cat, or a guinea-pig.
ATOMY, anatomy, properly skeleton.
AULD FARRANT, shrewd.

BACHLE, old shoe.
BALK, rafter or joist.
BARDY, impudent.
BEDSTOCK, bedside.
BEIN, comfortable as to circumstances.
BIR, energy, vis.
BLACKFOOT, ambassador, or go-between.
BLETHERS, nonsense.
BOGLE, a scare-crow.
Boozer, a, a drunkard.
Boss, a, an overseer of mechanics.
BRAE, hill.
BUBBLYJOCK, a turkey.
BUCKIE, a twisted shell, which seems always to have a sound within it; hence a crying child is called a roaring buckie.
Bush, a, the wild woods.

CANTRIP, spell or charm.
Cent, a, a coin, the hundredth part of a dollar.
CHAP or CHAPPY, a boy, or short thick-set little fellow.
CHUMLA LUG, chimney-corner: it is not, however, the exact meaning, for the lug of the chumla was a sort of handle projecting from the corner of the grate.
CLACHAM, hamlet or village.
Cleared out, a, run-away.
CLEEKING, taking hold of the arms.
CLISHMACLAVERS, idle talk.
CLOUTS, rags or old clothes.
Cocktail, a, a dram of bitters.
COOMY, sooty.
COSILY, snugly.
COUTHY, kindly intimacy.
CRACKS, familiar conversation relative to news.
Cradleheap, a, the remains of the decayed trunk of a tree.
CROINING, drying up.
CROON, churme or hum.
CRUNKLY, anything harsh and uneven; for example, Habakkuk is a crunkly word.
CUTTY, a pert little girl, supposed to resemble such as have mounted the repenting stool.

Damndest, a, worst, do your worst.
DAIZT, confused, stupified.
DARG, day's work.
DAUNER, saunter.
DEPARTAL, death.
DIGHT, wipe.
DISJASKET, wearied, dishevelled, faded, or rather the effect of all three.
DIVORS, shabby persons.
DOER, a guardian.
DROOKET, thoroughly wet.
DROWTH, thirst.
DUDDY, ragged.
DUNKLE, a hollow from a blow on a metallic vessel. See Porter Pots.

EERIE, superstitious dread or apprehension.
ETTLE, endeavour or try.
EVEN, equal.
EVENING, comparing one thing as like to another.

FASH, that which troubles.
FASHERIE, trouble or vexation.
FASHIOUS, producing trouble or vexation.
FEEDAM, an indication of fatality.
FEY, fated.
FIRIK N, firkin.
FLEECHING, enticing or seducing.
FYKIE, the disposition to teaze. N. B. Sea Fyke, a hint to Pickles— Take the dry sea-foam found on the shore, pulverise it in a shovel over the fire, and rub the powder slyly on the cheek or other delicate part of a maiden aunt, and make your escape.

GABERLOONIE, a beggar man.
GARS, obliges, compels.

GAUSY, comfortably fat. See many landladies, aldermen, and church dignitaries.
GIRDLE, a thin plate of iron for baking cakes upon.
GLOAMING, the evening twilight.
Go the whole Hog, a, literally buy the whole carcase.
GOUPING, palpitating, throbbing.
GOWAN, the mountain daisy.
Grade, rank, degree.
GRADAWA or GRADUATE, a physician.
GRUE, shudder, or the moral feeling which accompanies it.
Guess, a, think.
GUFFAW, a loud horse-laugh.
GUMASHINS, gaiters, properly stockings without feet, worn with shoes, and serving for boots. Query, is this from "*Come o'er shins.*"

HAININGS, savings.
HANDLING, a domestic bustle.
HARLD, rough cast.
Help, a, a domestic female servant.
HECKLE, a machine for clearing and combing flax, used figuratively for scolding or such like tribulation.
HIRPLE, the action of a cripple or lame person in walking.
HERRYING, rifling.
HOLMES, the flat open meadow land at the turn of a river between the bank and the higher land.
HOOLY, gently, softly.
HOWDIE, a midwife.
HUML'T, without horns.
HUNKERS, the hams.

Immigration, a, the incoming of emigrants.
INKLING, a hint.
INNS, a tavern or inn.

KAIL, colewort.
KAILYARD, kitchen garden.
KEEKING, peeping slyly.
Kegget, a, a vow not to drink any liquor for a certain time.
KEN, know.
KINKHOST, hooping-cough.
KITTLY, ticklish.
KILFUDYOCH, much ado about nothing.

LAMITER, a cripple.
Logging, a, drawing the trunks of trees into a heap to be burnt.
LOOFE, the palm of the hand.
LOZEN, a pane of glass.
LUCKY, used in the sense of mother, or dame, in England.
LUG, ear.
LUM, chimney.

Madder, a, mad-angry, madder, more angry.
MARROW, companion, equal.
MEIKLE, many.
MIDDEN, dunghill.
MINTED, hinted, intimated.
MODIWART, a mole.
MORTIFICATION, a legacy to a parish.
MUCKLE, large or big.
MURGEONS, grimaces.
MUTCH, a female's cap.
MUTCHKIN, an English pint, or the fourth part of a Scotch one.

NEB, bill of a bird.
NEIGHER, foolish laughter.
NEIVE, fist.
NOTOUR, notorious.
NOUT, black cattle.

OWER, too.
OWNING A FAULT, confessing an irregular marriage.

PACE, Shrovetide.
PAWKIE, sly and shrewd.
PEAT, turf for burning.
POOPIT, pulpit.
PLACK, an old Scotch coin one third of a penny.
PREJINCT, particular in manners and dress.
PRESINTER or PRECENTOR, precentor, clerk of the church.
PUBLIC, a tavern.

QUILT, coverlet.

RABIATOR, a furious animal.
RAMPAGEOUS, rampant with rage.
RANDY, a romp of low inclinations.
REEK, smoke.
RAVALING or RAVELLING, entangling.
RIDDLES, sieves.

Scow, a, a small raft with sides.
SEAM, a piece of needle-work.
SHANKS NAIGIE, on foot.
Shanty, a, a hut made of bark.
SHEARERS, reapers.
SICLIKE, such like.
Slick, a, clever.
SMEDDUM, energy.
SMIDDY AUZE, smith's ashes.
SMUR, small thick rain.
Smack, a, a hasty refreshment.
Snag, a, a stump or any impediment in the way.
SOUGH, the sound of the wind.
SPAEWIFE, a female fortune-teller.
Special, a, remarkable.
SPEER, enquire.
SPIDERS, an iron utensil for some kitchen purpose, the exact use not known to me.
SPUNK, spirit, animation; *figurative from fire.*
STICKET, incomplete.

Stoop, a, virandah.
STOOR, dust in motion.
SUMMER COUTS, a visible fluctuation of the atmosphere in warm weather.
SWALE, a springy piece of ground.

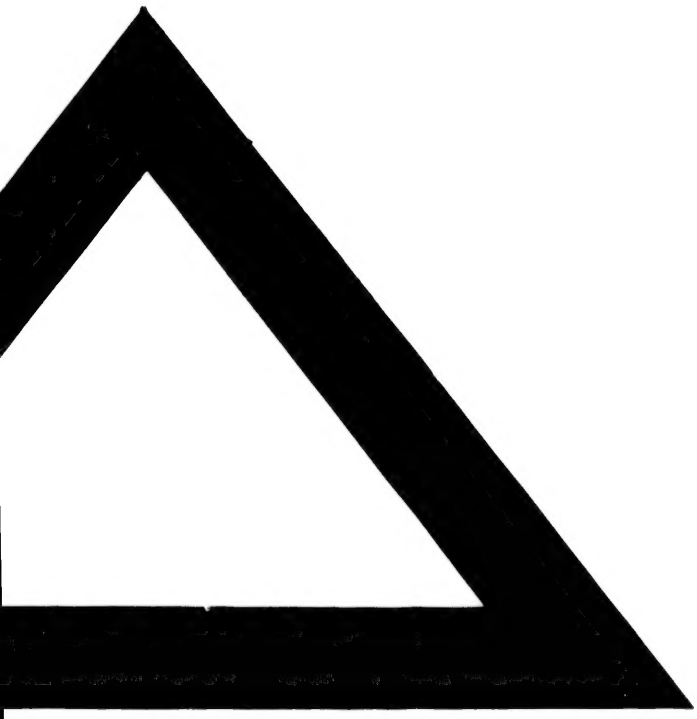
TANTRAMS, caprices.
TAUZE, the schoolmaster's strap.
THOUGHT, a degree, a little.
TOUZLE, romping.
TUMBLING TOM, a machine in use in the West of Scotland, about or before 1789, to weigh halfpennies.
TRAM, the shaft of a carriage.
Trade, a, barter.
TURN, job of work.

UNCO, strange, remarkable.

VOGIE, vain or proud.

WAIFE, a strayed thing.
Water privilege, a, mill seat.
WERSH, vapid, insipid.
WHAMLE, overturn.
WHILK, which, or a periwinkle.
WINTER DYKES, a screen.
WILING, seducing, enticing.
WISING, persuading.
WILED, seduced, enticed.
WYTE, blame.

YELL, having ceased to give milk.
YULE, Christmas.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.